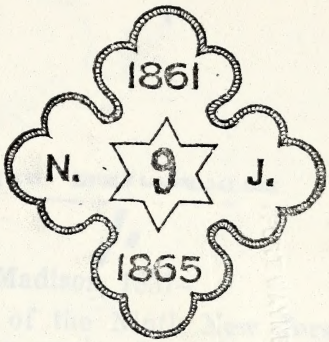
THE HISTORY

OF THE

NINTH NEW JERSEY VETERAN VOLS.



A RECORD OF ITS SERVICE FROM SEPT. 13TH, 1861, TO JULY 12TH, 1865,

WITH

A COMPLETE OFFICIAL ROSTER, AND SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEMBERS, WITH ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS AND THRILLING REMINISCENCES,

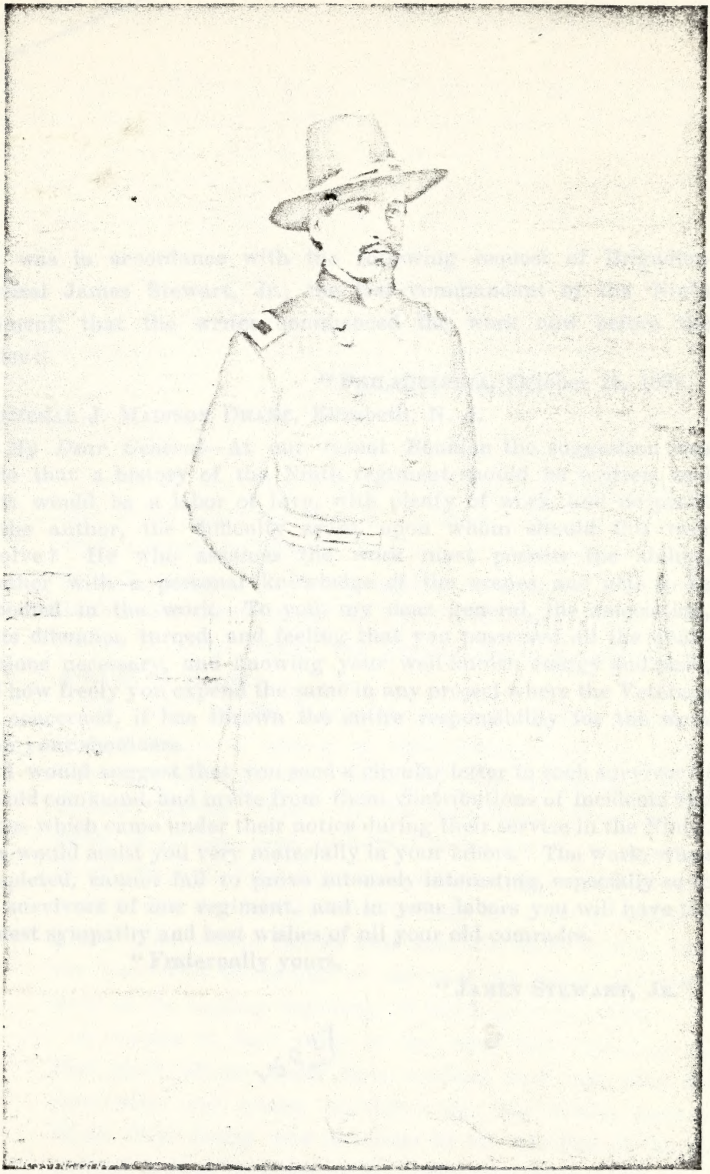
BY

CAPTAIN J. MADISON DRAKE,

Bt. Brig.-General N. J.

ILLUSTRATED

ELIZABETH, N. J.
Journal Printing House, 74 Broad St.
1889.



BRIG. GEN'L CHARLES A. HECKMAN,

SECOND COLONEL OF THE 9TH REGT.

It was in accordance with the following request of Brigadier-General James Stewart, Jr., the last commandant of the Ninth regiment, that the writer commenced the work now before the reader:

"PHILADELPHIA, October 25, 1887.

"GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, Elizabeth, N. J.

"*My Dear General*—At our recent Reunion the suggestion was made that a history of the Ninth regiment should be written, and as it would be a labor of love, with plenty of work, and no profit to the author, the difficulty arose, upon whom should this task devolve? He who assumes the work must possess the ability, together with a personal knowledge of the scenes and acts to be embodied in the work. To you, my dear general, the association, in its dilemma, turned, and feeling that you possessed all the qualifications necessary, and knowing your well-known energy and push, and how freely you expend the same in any project where the Veterans are concerned, it has thrown the entire responsibility for the work upon your shoulders.

"I would suggest that you send a circular-letter to each survivor of our old command, and invite from them contributions of incidents and scenes which came under their notice during their service in the Ninth. This would assist you very materially in your labors. The work, when completed, cannot fail to prove intensely interesting, especially so to the survivors of our regiment, and in your labors you will have the earnest sympathy and best wishes of all your old comrades.

"Fraternally yours,

"JAMES STEWART, JR."

PREFACE.

As in all our wars with external foes the brave men of the north and south stood shoulder to shoulder, who could dream that one section would be arrayed in deadly hostility against the other? Yet in the strange and unaccountable occurrences of men and nations such a day came, when in April, 1861, southerners arrayed themselves in arms against the government their patriotic fathers had assisted in creating.

The shot at the starry banner on Sumter, which was heard around the world, instead of intimidating, fired the northern heart, but none answered more promptly than the descendants of the immortal "Jersey Blues" of the revolution. The author has a just pride in having been permitted to be one of the throng that composed the first fully appointed brigade that reached the national capital and the first to march across the "Long Bridge" into Virginia. The author, too, on that beautiful night in May, was accorded the honorable distinction of carrying the stars and stripes at the head of the leading regiment, of which he was ensign.

A service of four years in the army fully convinces the author that good officers make good soldiers, and that poor officers will demoralize and render worthless the best soldier material. The Ninth New Jersey was fortunate in the selection of the officers appointed to lead it—none better could have been found.

The Ninth New Jersey, a peculiar organization in many respects, as its checkered history will show, was fortunate in being selected by General Burnside to accompany his expedition to North Carolina, where it became distinguished for its valor and daring, as well as

its ability to sustain fatigue and the greatest exposures both on land and sea.

The members of the Ninth, yet surviving, conscious of the proud record of their brethren in other New Jersey commands, feel confident that when an unvarnished history of the Ninth is written, which will "naught extenuate or aught set down in malice," which the author hopes to give, it will be cheerfully acknowledged by all candid readers that his own and his comrades' pride in their favorite—the Veteran Ninth, the *first* and *last* New Jersey regiment to engage in battle during the civil war—is not unreasonable or exaggerated—due in large measure to the patriotism and bravery of their leaders—Heckman, Zabriskie and Stewart.

The record, will, I trust, be found complete in all that goes to make true patriots and good soldiers.

What the author has done (in the pages which follow), to perpetuate the brilliant history of his companions-in-arms, he much fears, will be but an epitome of what might and should be recorded in honor of this brave old command. Such as it is, he dedicates it to those who fell on the field of battle, with faces to their country's foes

J. MADISON DRAKE.

Elizabeth, N. J., December, 1888.

NINTH ❊ NEW ❊ JERSEY ❊ VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

THE Ninth regiment was organized under the provisions of an Act of Congress, approved July 22, 1861, as set forth in the following official letter from War Department, Washington, D. C., dated September 5, 1861, authorizing the raising and organizing of a regiment of riflemen. In accordance with the authority above mentioned, recruiting was commenced, and as soon as the companies were raised they reported at Camp Olden, Trenton, and were immediately mustered into the service of the United States by Charles H. Brightly, First Lieutenant Fourth Infantry, U. S. army. The first company was mustered September 13, the last company October 15, 1861. The regiment, consisting of twelve companies, remained at Camp Olden, engaged in drilling and perfecting its organization until the fourth of December, 1861, at which time it left the state with a full complement of men: officers, 44; non-commissioned officers and privates, 1,115; total, 1,159, Upon arrival at Washington, the regiment went into camp on the Bladensburg turnpike, about a mile from the city, and remained there until the fourth of January, 1862, at which time it was assigned to the First brigade, (Gen. Jesse L. Reno,) Burnside's expedition, proceeded to Annapolis, Maryland, and joined the troops assembled there, awaiting transportation for service in North Carolina. On January ninth, the expedition embarked, in due time arrived at their destination, and the regiment entered upon an active and brilliant career. Their operations were confined to the States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. On the eighteenth of November,

in compliance with General Orders, No. 126, Par. 1, War department, Adjutant General's office, Washington, D. C., September sixth, 1862, the regiment was reduced from twelve to ten companies. Companies A and L were disbanded and the enlisted men transferred to different companies in the regiment. Company M was designated Company A. Under the provisions of General Orders, No. 191, War department, Adjutant General's office, Washington, D. C., June 25, 1863, the greater part of the enlisted men re-enlisted in the field for three years or during the war. Those who did not re-enlist and whose term of service having expired reported by order at Trenton and were mustered out December 7, 1864. At different times during the years 1863, 1864 and 1865, the strength of the regiment was increased by the joining from draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J., of a large number of recruits, with a few substitutes. The regiment continued its organization and remained in active service until the close of the war, and those coming under the provisions of General orders, No. 73, Head Quarters Department of North Carolina, dated Raleigh, N. C., June 2, 1865, were mustered out at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, 1865, by A. B. Smith, Captain 100th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Commissary of Musters, Twenty-third army corps. The remainder were mustered out of service by the same officer, at Greensboro, N. C., July 12, 1865, in compliance with Special orders, No. 113, Department of North Carolina, July 6, 1865.

This regiment was first attached to the Second brigade, Casey's division; then to the First brigade, Ninth corps, Burnside's expedition; then to the First brigade, Second division, Eighteenth corps; then to the Second brigade, Second division, Tenth corps; then to the First brigade, Second division, Tenth corps; then to the First brigade, Foster's division, Department of Virginia and North Carolina; then to the Second brigade, First division, Eighteenth corps; then to the Second brigade, Second division, Eighteenth corps; then to the First brigade, Second division, Eighteenth corps; then to the First brigade, Carter's division, District of Beaufort, N. C.; then to the Second brigade, Second division, District of Beaufort, N. C.; then to the Second brigade, Third division, Twenty-third corps.

The Ninth regiment took part in the following engagements: *Roanoke Island, N. C.*, Feb. 8, '62; *Newbern, N. C.*, March 14, '62; *Fort Macon, N. C.*, April 25, '62; *Young's Cross Roads, N. C.*, July 27, '62; *Rowell's Mills, N. C.*, Nov. 2, '62; *Deep Creek, N. C.*, Dec. 12, '62; *South West Creek, N. C.*, Dec. 13, '62; *Before Kinston, N. C.*, Dec. 13, '62; *Kinston, N. C.*, Dec. 14, '62; *Whitehall, N. C.*, Dec. 16, '62; *Goldsboro, N. C.*, Dec. 17, '62; *Comfort Bridge, N. C.*, July 6, '63; *Near Winton, N. C.*, July 26, '63; *Deep Creek, Va.*, Feb. 7, '64; *Deep Creek, Va.*, March 1, '64; *Cherry Grove, Va.*, April 14, '64; *Port Walthall, Va.*, May 6 and 7, '64; *Procters, Va.*, May 8, '64; *Swift Creek, Va.*, May 9 and 10, '64; *Drury's Bluff, Va.*, May 12 to 16, '64; *Cold Harbor, Va.*, June 3 to 12, '64; *Free Bridge, Va.*, June 16, '64; *Before Petersburg, Va.*, June 20 to August 24, '64; *Gardner's Bridge, N. C.*, Dec. 9, '64; *Foster's Bridge, N. C.*, Dec. 10, '64; *Butler's Bridge, N. C.*, Dec. 11, '64; *South West Creek, N. C.*, March 7, '65; *Wise's Fork, N. C.*, March 8, 9 and 10, '65; *Goldsboro, N. C.*, March 21, '65.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
OFFICE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL,
TRENTON, January 11, 1888.

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, Elizabeth, N. J.:

SIR:—In reply to yours of January 6th, asking for a copy of the order from the secretary of war authorizing the raising of the Ninth regiment, New Jersey infantry volunteers, with any letter or telegram relating thereto. The following is a copy of the letter of authority for the raising of said regiment. There is no telegram or other correspondence on this subject, on file.

On the sixth of September, 1861, the following letter from the War department was received:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, September 5, 1861.

"To His Excellency, CHAS. S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey:

"SIR:—You are hereby authorized to raise and organize a regiment "of riflemen, to be ready for marching orders in thirty days. The men "will be mustered into the service of the United States in accordance "with General orders No. 58 and 61, herewith enclosed.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS A. SCOTT,

"Assistant Secretary of War."

Under the authority of Act of Congress, approved July 22, 1861, and in compliance with the provisions of the foregoing letter and general orders, the Ninth regiment of New Jersey volunteers (riflemen) was raised.

The General orders No. 58 and No. 61 referred to are from War department, adjutant general's office, dated August 15 and August 19, 1861, respectively, and are but orders of general instruction for the raising and organizing and mustering of troops, and were issued to the governors of all the states at that time. If these orders are necessary to you I will have copies made and sent you.

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,
Adjutant General of New Jersey.

In response to Governor Olden's call, under this order, came bright-faced men, in the hey-day of youth, from their happy homes on the mountains, as well as from hamlets embosomed in picturesque valleys, where freemen grow stalwart and their souls are fired with love of country. They came from the cabins which dot the sandy beach from Monmouth to Cape May, from which our seamen had been accustomed to go forth to join their associates, who "go down to the sea in ships"; from cottages by the river side, and along those artificial streams by which commerce avoids the perils of our treacherous coast; from the lines of our railways which their sinewy arms assisted to construct; from the mines whose ores were being delved to forge instruments of war; and they came from college, office, workshop, mill and factory, determined to lend their best efforts in resisting the reckless men who were striving to subvert the nation's liberties. Shoulder to shoulder with their patriotic brethren of the two brigades which had preceded them to Virginia, these young men were anxious to be led from our glorious little commonwealth to paths of honor and glory,—no bounty or short term of service stimulating them to perform the sacred duty they voluntarily assumed.

The first men who volunteered to compose the Ninth regiment arrived at Camp Olden, near Trenton, on the thirteenth of September, from Newark, and received the company designation of "A." They were mostly Germans, many of them boasting of having seen military service in the Fatherland. Major Charles A. Heckman of Phillipsburg, who had served as

an officer in the American army in the war with Mexico, and who had but just returned to his home from the three months' campaign, (in which he had served as a captain in the First Pennsylvania regiment,) had been placed in command of the camp, at the urgent solicitation of the governor. A better selection of commandant could not have been made, as the glorious deeds performed by the Ninth regiment for nearly four years on the battle fields of three southern states were in a large measure due to the excellent instruction received from the painstaking major. Of all men at Trenton, he knew how difficult it was to manage a large body of recruits and mould them into first-class soldiers. But however arduous and thankless the task, he succeeded with less perplexity of mind than he had anticipated, and in an amazing short space of time had organized, disciplined and equipped a regiment that was destined to be the first from our state in battle, and whose valorous deeds were forever to shine brightly on the pages of the nation's history.

On the fifteenth of October, the ceremony of mustering the last of the twelve companies (which number composed the Ninth), was performed, and from that time until the command left the state for the seat of war, there was no relaxation from duty on the part of officers or men—the work of drilling, guard duty, dress parades, and reviews being constant. Major Heckman inspected the recruits on their arrival in camp, and frequently expressed his admiration upon the admirable appearance of the men, declaring that the material was the best he had ever seen, and that they would, with proper training, acquit themselves in a creditable manner, no matter in what situation they might be placed by the fortunes of war.

Most favorable reports of the strength and character of the Ninth having reached Washington, the secretary of war requested the governor to "forward it without delay." But while the men of the Ninth were anxious to proceed to the seat of war, and bear their part in the final settlement which many thought close at hand, Major Heckman advised that the command "do not leave the state until supplied with serviceable arms," the men having at first been provided with old Belgian rifles, both cumbersome and unreliable.

The governor promptly coincided with the major, and notifying the national authorities of his decision in the matter, Springfield rifles (army pattern) were shortly afterwards sent on to Trenton. Officers and men were delighted at the change of arms, and when the regiment appeared on dress parade for the first time with the new and handsome rifle, a feeling of intense pride took possession of all—the glistening of the bright barrels in the setting November sun adding to the general joy. A range was established for target practice, and scores were made that would put many sharpshooters of the present day to blush. Many men in the Ninth, (without the present new-fangled theories,) were able to hit the *bull* at two hundred yards and five hundred yards, having been accustomed to the use of the rifle from boyhood. So thoroughly proficient did a respectable percentage of the men become with the new rifle, that when the regiment went into camp at Meridian Hill, Washington, the crack shots of the Berdan regiment, encamped near by, declined to compete with them.

One morning in the early part of November, the regiment was formed on the parade-ground, and an order read by the adjutant that one W. J. was to be expelled for conduct unbecoming an American soldier. In a moment the ranks were opened, and the front rank faced to the rear, when an ear-piercing fife and a couple of drums, heard on the left of the line, announced that the doleful ceremony had commenced. The prisoner, with shaved head, pinioned arms and downcast look, marched between files of men carrying their rifles in an inverted manner so that he was encircled with bayonets. Not a sound broke the stillness of the beautiful forenoon, save the strains of the musicians who played the "Rogue's march" with astonishing vigor. As the fellow passed the men in either rank fastened their eyes upon him, but none looked with pity—all believing that he merited the signal disgrace, and that the command was better off without him. As he passed out of camp at the guardhouse a number of hoodlums from Trenton saluted the recreant with contemptuous cries. Never again was it found necessary to carry out such a sentence in the Ninth regiment.

Rev. Mr. Hale, on behalf of the citizens of Pennington, pre-

sented Company F with a handsome silk flag, which Captain Curlis pledged himself to take good care of.

Mr. John Kean of Elizabeth presented each member of Company K with a neat copy of the book of Common Prayer.

A pair of mittens was given to each man in the regiment—the same having been forwarded by the ladies of New Jersey. As most of them were excessively large, the men had no alternative except to use them for head-dresses while sleeping.

Company K received a beautiful flag from the citizens of Elizabeth, Rev. Mr. Haley making the speech of presentation. Shortly afterwards we found we had no more use for the flag than for the mittens, as a regiment is permitted to carry but two colors, and they were provided by the state. But we took everything that was offered, even if we had to throw the articles away after reaching the field of action. While the first regiments were forming, the young soldiers received all sorts of things from friends at home, but they were abandoned at first opportunity.

Joseph W. Allen, who had been commissioned as colonel of the Ninth, was a gentleman widely known and much esteemed. He had been educated as a civil engineer, for which he possessed qualifications of a high order, but he had had no military training, and in camp gave his attention to the equipping of the men, leaving the administration and instruction of the regiment to his able and indefatigable major, who was commissioned lieutenant-colonel on the third of December—the day previous to the departure of the regiment for the national capital.

The Ninth was moulded into a first-class command in about six weeks, at the end of which time it was ready for any service the government might ask it to perform. The men had been hardened by drill in camp, by guard duty, and by long marches on the roads leading into the country, and when the regiment with its eleven hundred and fifty-nine men paraded in Trenton, a few days previous to its departure from the state, a spectacle was presented that has had no parallel since. No such body of men had ever before been banded together in New Jersey, and when company after company with perfect precision filed past, the populace had nothing but favorable com-

ment and generous applause. The sight was inspiriting—one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed or participated in it.

A company of "home-guards" quartered at the arsenal—a pretty safe place during the war—came out on the turnpike to meet and escort the regiment into the city, and as the command marched by stood at "present arms." It was never known to the rank and file of the Ninth why the colonel commanding did not halt and form line, and thus allow the ambitious militiamen to precede the regiment, but he kept straight on and marched over the prescribed route, leaving the "home-guards" to retrace their steps back to the arsenal at their convenience and pleasure. The "slight," as the militiamen afterwards called it, was never forgotten by the heroic men who sacrificed so much for their country by serving a few weeks at the arsenal.

No such parades as the Ninth made at Camp Olden had ever been seen there, and many citizens of Trenton visited camp regularly to view them. Major Heckman was fortunate in having for Adjutant Abram Zabriskie. This young officer, imbued with the spirit of his commander, performed his arduous duties in a masterly manner, winning encomiums from all.

Life was very pleasant at Camp Olden, notwithstanding the fact that the men were kept closely within its limits. So thoroughly had the idea of a soldier's duty been impressed upon us, that all—officers and men—regarded any violation of orders as a heinous crime. Friends came daily to see those who were dear to them—often lingering until night fall—before taking their departure, and those who were deprived from visiting camp sent boxes of good things which oftentimes were generously turned over to the company mess. I saw less selfishness in the Ninth regiment during my term of more than three years with it, than in any other organization or society I ever associated with, if I may except the Elizabeth Veteran Zouaves, in which command there was a sprinkling of the Ninth's old members.

Early in November we heard that our fleet had captured Port Royal, S. C., and before our cheers had subsided a cannon on the parade-ground joined in the glad refrain, continuing

until a national salute had set its seal of approbation on the heroic conduct of our gallant tars.

Among the distinguished bodies that visited our camp was the grand lodge of Odd Fellows, headed by Judge Cleaver of Newark, who, after witnessing the evening parade, paid a high tribute to the command, declaring that he had never before looked upon a more robust or patriotic body of young men. Colonel Allen, in responding, thanked the distinguished gentlemen for their visit as well as for the kind words uttered.

The two weeks immediately prior to the departure of the regiment from the state were occupied in putting the finishing touches on our military education, it being generally believed that we should have no other opportunity of receiving instruction in camp, previous to actual engagement with the enemy. For a week we were in readiness to move forward, the men meanwhile being in a terrible state of uncertainty owing to the countermanding of orders. At that time we all thought it dreadfully provoking to be so disappointed, but long ere we had served our four years under the Ninth's colors, we had become accustomed to annoyances, beside which those at Camp Olden were highly pleasurable.

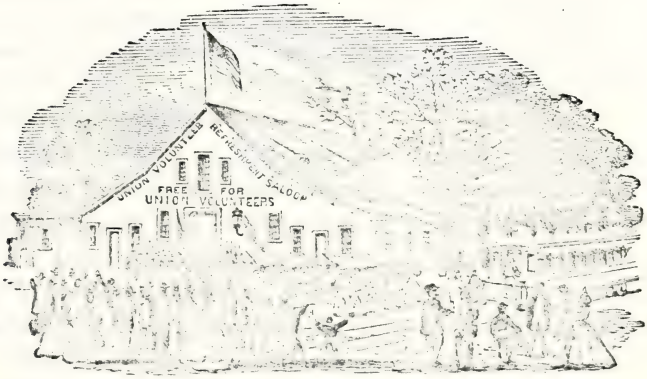
Wednesday, December fourth, 1861, will ever be memorable in the history of the men of the Ninth, as before daylight on the morning of that beautiful day we were awakened from our slumbers by the blasts of ten buglers, and summoned to prepare for a march. In half an hour we had partaken of coffee and dry bread—the last meal that hundreds of those brave boys were destined ever to enjoy in New Jersey—and "striking" tents, which were loaded upon our own wagons, formed line and were marching towards Trenton just as the sun came up over the sand hills to kiss and cheer us on our way.

Despite the early hour hundreds of persons assembled at the point of embarkation to witness our departure. It required three lengthy trains of cars to convey our twelve companies, horses, wagons, ambulances, etc., and as the cars moved away, bells were rung, whistles blown, handkerchiefs waved and cheers given. There is always more or less delay in the movement of troops by rail or water, and in this case there was no

exception to the rule, as all along the route to Camden there were interminable delays.

At Bordentown and Burlington the excitement among the people was intense—the inhabitants being the neighbors and friends of Colonel Allen, whom they had ever honored and whose words of wisdom they had devotedly followed. None in that multitude on that joyous occasion imagined that in less than three weeks that stalwart and handsome form, so proud, so strong and vigorous, would be bent in death—that he who was so zealous to serve his country, and selected to aid in striking a terrible blow at her enemies, would perish in a remorseless sea, that swallows up alike the hero and the faint-hearted.

Crossing the Delaware river at Camden, we landed in Philadelphia at dusk, marching direct to the Cooper refreshment saloon, where, after a refreshing wash, a meal that satisfied all wants was partaken of. A Philadelphia paper, noticing the arrival of the Ninth, said :—" The men looked finely, as though



THE NINTH IN PHILADELPHIA.

amply fed and cared for, and are just that kind of material that the rebels will most have occasion to avoid. The Jerseyman is *sui generis*. He can turn his hand to anything, from digging a trench to burning charcoal, and after a little drilling makes the best soldier in the world. He is down on all flummery and nonsense, and, having the proper confidence in his officers, would march, if ordered, into the mouth of a volcano.

The men were mostly in a comfortable way of living, and take to arms from the early reminiscences of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, and a pure love for the country that guarantees the permanence of their liberties. The men of this regiment, twelve hundred strong, are different, in the respect with which they regarded their officers, from any others we have seen. They are alike decorous and dignified, and nothing could have exceeded their appreciation of the kindness of the refreshment committee."

At ten o'clock we embarked on trains, and shortly after sunrise next morning, reached the monumental city, through whose streets we proceeded with band playing and colors waving. How different the greeting we received from that extended the patriotic men who, without a moment's warning, left their business and everything most dear, at the outbreak of the war, and hastened to the defence of the national capital. Now, a great majority of the citizens of Baltimore, no matter from what cause, vied with each other in welcoming the defenders of the national government and its starry flag, and no battalion was allowed to pass through without partaking of refreshments, provided through the liberality and under the auspices of the Union refreshment committee.

The men being notified to assemble at noon, were allowed to look about the city until that time, when we embarked in comfortless cars, and after a dreary all-night ride, landed under the shadow, as it were, of the national capitol at an early hour Friday morning. It was with great satisfaction that the regiment marched into a capacious building near by, known as the "Soldiers' Rest," where cheerful blazing fires and an abundance of hot coffee and fresh bread awaited us.

It was high-noon when the "assembly" sounded for the formation of the regiment, and shortly afterwards the line of march was taken up for a camp on the Bladensburg turnpike—two miles outside the city, where, ere the roseate sun sank from view, we were almost as comfortably situated as at Camp Olden. True, we had no straw with which to fill our ticks, but readily adapting ourselves to the situation, procured an abundance of dried leaves on which we reposed with satisfaction and genuine

pleasure, sleeping as tranquilly as though our beds were composed of down.

December 7.—The buglers woke us bright and early, and many answered roll-call in no very cheerful frame of mind, being cold and quite stiff in their joints—the trip from New Jersey having nearly exhausted them. For the first time they began to realize that in soldiering for one's country there was another side besides the playful one. Heretofore, while attentive to duty, they had experienced no particular hardships—nothing more than a drenching in the rain while on guard, or uncomfortable rest and broken sleep at night. But now they were in the tented field, far from home—no loved ones to soothe and caress. Dire war was their occupation now, and must be until the end, be it sooner or later.

Heavy artillery firing in Virginia, plainly heard at camp, reminds us of the profession we have voluntarily assumed, and many wonder if "Little Mac" had at last decided to engage the enemy at Manassas. The men frequently expressed the hope that the Army of the Potomac would not move forward until the Ninth was allowed to join it. For over six months this grand army had been preparing for its "on to Richmond" movement, and although it lacked for nothing, it was kept in continued idleness. Before another six months had rolled round its idolized commander was known as the "great unready." He fitfully threw away golden opportunities—such as few men ever had.

The new major of the regiment—Captain James Wilson, of Elizabeth,—joined us to-day, coming over from Virginia, where he left his company, "A" of the Second New Jersey, and in the afternoon he exercised the left wing in battalion drill. He had been considered a thorough company drill-master at home, but the Ninth had become so thoroughly proficient in Casey's tactics under the intelligent and assiduous instruction of Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman that the rotund and at times jocose major soon ascertained that but little had been left for him to do in this direction. The major, who balanced the scales at something like two hundred and seventy-five pounds, was unfitted for active campaigning.

Although encamped within plain sight of Washington, Georgetown and Arlington Heights, we were kept strictly within the limits of camp, neither officers or men being allowed to leave. The strictest discipline prevailed, and every soldier knowing his duty was expected to perform it cheerfully. Visitors bestowed many compliments upon the command, remarking its neatness in equipments and apparel, as well as its accuracy and precision in drill—at which the men were kept several hours each day. No other command in its vicinity performed so much work, and for a time the men of the Ninth considered that almost too much was required of them—especially as they daily saw large squads from regiments near by, going to and returning from the city. But we all, not very long afterwards, saw the benefits of this unceasing care and attention on the part of our commanding officer—our perfection in drill giving us absolute confidence in each other. As Colonel Allen had been placed in command of contiguous regiments—the Eighty-fifth, Eighty-sixth and Sixty-fourth New York regiments, together with the Ninth—Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman commands the regiment.

December 14.—The regiment was aroused an hour before daylight, and provided with an early breakfast, and as there was an unsual stir at the surrounding camps, many surmised that the much talked-of and long-expected order to proceed to Virginia or some point where fighting was to be done was about to be issued. But nothing of the kind! After two hours' hard drilling we were directed to polish our shoes, neatly brush our uniforms and fall in on the parade-ground, from which we at once marched to Meridian Hill, where twelve regiments, composing the division of General Silas Casey, were already drawn up for review. But few in the Ninth had ever seen so many troops in line, which made the spectacle all the more brilliant and wonderful to them. No command in that host was so strong as the Ninth, and as it passed in review with the long swinging step which afterwards made it famous in more than one army, a buzz of admiration was heard among the staff and the hundreds who had gathered to see the magnificent sight. Among the spectators was Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, who,

as was afterwards ascertained, became so highly pleased with the fine appearance and conduct of the Ninth that he at once made personal application for its assignment to his command, which all the world then knew he was preparing for a descent upon some point along the Atlantic coast. After the review the entire division marched down to the city, and through its principal streets, to the great joy of the people, who manifested their delight by hearty applause. The press spoke particularly of the Ninth, declaring that while it was numerically the strongest regiment that had come to the city, it was also composed of superior material, and admirably drilled and disciplined. The generous comments caused the men of the Ninth to feel a just pride in their organization, and stimulated them to renewed exertions and gentlemanly conduct. In fact, so much had been said in praise of the command, that a few days afterwards, on the nineteenth, when we removed our camp to Meridian Hill, the Ninth again marched through the city, passing the White House, at the special request of the President—the immortal LINCOLN—who smilingly reviewed us.

Before the sun had sunk in the west, we were again inhabiting our tents, which, owing to the continued delightful weather, proved pleasant and attractive. The glorious days enabled us to perfect ourselves in drill—the ground being hard and dry. True, the dried turf and leafless trees indicated the near approach of the period when pitiless storms would sweep over the beautiful hill we occupied, but we had already learned to be philosophic, and accept gracefully whatever situation we found ourselves in.

December 22.—A most disagreeable storm set in, continuing two days, rendering our tents almost uninhabitable—Jupiter Pluvius, seemingly, having opened all the valves at one time. The wind blew strong from the northeast, in the midst of which the men were compelled to turn out and dig trenches, to prevent the flood from deluging their places of abode. For a day or two drilling was out of the question, owing to the mud—the depth and tenacity of which I had never seen equalled. It was our first taste of mud, and gave us an accurate idea of the inconveniences and discomforts suffered by our troops in Virginia.

The ceremony of "guard-mounting," always an enlivening spectacle, continued each morning, despite the rigorous weather, but no one, not detailed for the duty, ventured out to witness it.

December 24.—"All officers and men of this command not detailed for guard to-morrow will be excused from duty," was the order read by Adjutant Zabriskie on dress parade this evening. Had it been allowable, a joyous shout would have rent the air, but all ebullition must be suppressed until such time as the companies marched regularly to their quarters, and were dismissed by their first sergeants—then the men gave way to the exuberance that had been pent up, and laid plans for the Christian holiday.

December 25.—Christmas. Although far from home and peculiarly situated, the day was passed in a merry and profitable manner by the men—many of whom had received boxes of good things from thoughtful friends in New Jersey. The lieutenant-colonel commanding, having the utmost confidence in the men, allowed them great liberty, which was taken advantage of, hundreds visiting the city and places of amusement, and at roll-call that night, held at eleven o'clock, when all furloughs expired, every man was reported "as present for duty." The men had been educated to understand that the more exemplary in their behavior the greater would be their liberties.

December 26.—An incident occurred on battalion drill this forenoon that will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. The regiment had been massed in column by division at half-distance to the eminent satisfaction of Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman, when he ordered "on first division, deploy column—left face—march!" The movement had hardly been completed, when a piercing fife and muffled drums, followed by a small company of soldiers, approached with measured tread. It was a funeral procession—that of a soldier—whose mortality was being borne to its last resting place on earth by his companions-in-arms. As the sad cortegé neared the front of our long line, Colonel Heckman ordered "Present arms!" in which respectful position we remained until the mournful company had passed. It was by such thoughtful acts that the men had learned to love the commandant, whose con-

tant aim had been to win their esteem and confidence. And never did any officer have these more thoroughly. On dress parade this evening the Ninth, for the first time, carried the beautiful silken colors—a gift from the state—received the previous day. No one at that moment thought that in less than six weeks these beautiful colors would be torn into tatters by shot and shell, and stained by the blood of brave men in two desperate battles, and yet such proved to be the case.

December 28.—General Casey reviewed the division this afternoon, after which he marched it down to the city, and through its principal streets to the joy and satisfaction of thousands who lined the wide thoroughfares. We returned to camp in the evening, covered with dust, but well pleased with the diversion. These frequent reviews were portentious to the knowing ones in the regiment, who constantly asserted them to be preliminary to active campaigning. The air was filled with all sorts of rumors—of the same general kind we heard everywhere until the end of the war.

December 30.—Inspection and muster to-day—our first experience. Our clothing, arms and equipments—all that could be desired—merited complimentary remarks from the inspector. During the night large government stables, half a mile from camp, were destroyed by fire, a large number of cavalry horses being consumed. Many of the animals, after escaping, in great fright, ran in every direction, creating a panic in some parts of the city.

1862.

January 1.—"Happy New Year!" was the cheerful salutation between officers and men, but to how many of us would it be a happy one? How many be spared, through God's providence, to witness its close—none of mortal birth can answer. At five minutes before twelve o'clock (midnight) the bands of the various regiments, which in cantonment lay around us, commenced patriotic airs, continuing the concert for more than half an hour. Discharges of heavy cannon in the works on the south side of the Potomac, at the same time announced in thundering accents that the old year had passed away—giving birth to the new. Prayer-meeting was held in the field officers' mess-tent, all who attended seeming impressed with the solemn services, which consisted of prayers and hymn-singing, and many implored the Redeemer to inspire them with a firm determination to love and serve Him while life endured.

January 3.—The regiment was paid off in full to-day by Major Thomas S. Allison, ex-secretary of state of New Jersey—each private receiving twenty-six dollars, *thirteen dollars per month*, most of which was immediately sent by the men to their families through the kind courtesy of Mr. Jonathan Cook, of Trenton, state agent, who had visited camp for that purpose. It was announced in orders, read on dress parade this evening, that the Ninth had been attached to the brigade of Brigadier-General Jesse L. Reno, and that it would proceed without delay to Annapolis, to become part and parcel of Burnside's expedition. This news was most welcome and raised our spirits to the highest degree. We cared not for the dangers which might beset us, nor for the privations that must be endured; it was sufficient that we were to go into the active service we had been pining for. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Kitchen fires, liberally provided with fuel, blazed brightly throughout our camp, while down at the guard-house the "off" reliefs

were having a good time in burning an effigy of "Jeff" Davis —the band playing and the men singing patriotic songs: "We'll hang 'Jeff' Davis on a sour apple tree," etc.

January 4.—Routed out at an unusually early hour this morning, the men partook of a hearty breakfast, packed knapsacks, throwing away all superfluous articles, whether of ornament or wear, and "struck tents" in obedience to orders. Line was formed, and headed by our band, which had recently acquired a new tune, and followed by our wagon train, we took up the line of march, proceeding to the depot, where we embarked on cars in waiting to Annapolis, Maryland. The weather, colder than any we had experienced, caused some suffering, but all bore up bravely—the prospect of fresh fields and pastures new animating all hearts. At the ancient capital of Maryland, a dingy town, we found a number of regiments encamped. They gave us a hearty welcome as we entered the government grounds, which in the summer season must be very pleasant, but in the winter season is far from inviting, owing to its exposure from the bay. Some companies occupied buildings that night, while others remained in the cars, and next morning all gladly marched on board ships lying at the commodious wharf.

January 5.—Companies A, C, D, E, H, I and M, with the band, and field and staff, embarked on board the ship "Ann E. Thompson"—the remaining companies, B, F, G, K and L, with the major, going on the brig "Dragoon." Although it was Sunday, there was nothing at Annapolis to remind one of the sanctity of the day—everything being bustle, if not confusion. Some vessels were being supplied with rations and water, while others were receiving ammunition, artillery and horses. The sight was highly enlivening, and I could not help contrasting the evidences of a well-devised plan, with boundless resources, of executing the will of the master spirit that directed and governed, with those that forcibly impressed themselves on me in the early days of the previous spring, when the three months' Jersey brigade arrived here on propellers, in the midst of a dreary storm, after a very unpleasant voyage from Trenton. Then we had insufficient clothing, and were without great-coats. We had just left our peaceful avocations, and our mili-

tary training was very imperfect. Now, all was changed. The men were warmly clothed and armed in a superior manner. In the first campaign we had old-fashioned muskets, dangerous alike to friend and foe, while the *commissariat* was execrable through the stupidity of our quartermasters, or because of their desire to become wealthy by peculation. Beardless boys in the Ninth, confident that the righteous cause in which they have engaged will triumph, were resolved to do valiant service in crushing their country's foes, and there was not a man in the regiment but exulted in the early prospect of meeting face to face those who were seeking to overthrow their liberties. They were prepared to go forward with undaunted hearts, all feeling a willingness to do their full duty no matter how great the perils which might environ them.

During the day soldiers of other commands had the range of the town for the purpose of procuring necessary articles before leaving, but General Burnside had taken the precaution to order the closing of all grog-shops. As usual, every soldier, who had money, felt in duty bound to buy twice as many articles as he needed, and, not content with paper, ink, pens, pipe and tobacco, must load himself down with an extra pair of boots, a fiddle, an accordeon, or some such instrument, useful for amusement, certainly, but not convenient or desirable on a long march or on a field of battle. Unfortunately the holy day did not pass without an accident of a fatal character. A couple of soldiers were seated in an oyster saloon, when a companion entered, and espying a rifle in a corner of the room, playfully seized it, and while going through "charge bayonet," directly in front of the seated ones, it exploded, the ball passing through the head of Thomas Butler of the Twenty-third Massachusetts regiment.

January 6.—To-day the two ships containing the twelve companies of the Ninth were unmoored, and towed out into the stream, the men beginning a new life. As the days passed, the men grew lazy, most of them, having no exercise, being greatly afflicted with *ennui*.

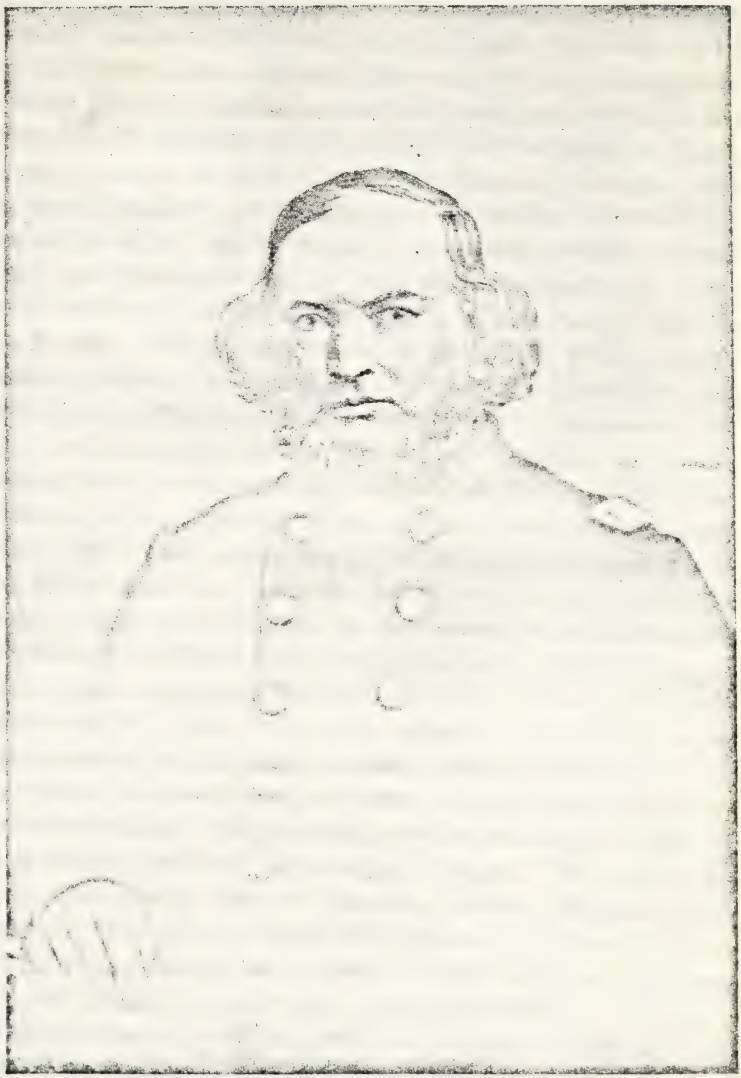
Early in the evening, a scene of terrible excitement occurred in the fleet. The stern-wheel steamer "Union," which was kept busy in going around the harbor, in the capacity of a

lighter, came up the river directly across the path of several small boats running from their respective vessels to the shore. When directly opposite the steamer "Cossack," the "Union" ran down and demolished a surf-boat filled with soldiers belonging to the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiment. A chill of horror ran through every one who witnessed it. By the prompt action of an officer on the "Cossack," boats were lowered and sent to the spot, when all except one poor fellow were saved.

January 9.—It was with a feeling of relief that we witnessed the raising of the huge anchors early this morning, and as the snowy canvas was unfurled overhead, and the ships glided noiselessly away, under the influences of a gentle breeze, cheer after cheer from our compatriots on other vessels, mingled with the music of bands, awoke all from their lethargy, and reminded us that at last we were *en route* to Dixie's land. Out upon the broad bosom of the majestic Chesapeake—an ocean to all intents and purposes—our ships darted along like things of life,—nothing occurring to disturb the monotony until night, when, after a storm, in which we were roughly tossed upon the angry billows, a dense fog arose which necessitated our "dropping to" and anchoring for several hours, when we proceeded on our way, coming safely to anchor next day under the frowning embattlements of grim-visaged Fortress Monroe. Hampton Roads, in which the armada quietly lay at anchor, presented a picturesque and animating scene.

January 10.—Last evening all the vessels were illuminated, and the music of the numerous bands, with the songs of the troops, was soul-stirring in the extreme. The calm, placid water, and the bright silvery moon added splendor to the occasion. Long after retreat was sounded did the soldiers on the ramparts and their brethren afloat break the stilly night with their enthusiastic huzzas. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

January 12.—Sunday. Weighed anchor at daylight, and were soon afterwards riding the billowy deep—the blue Atlantic—the fleet resembling in its conformity a huge anaconda. Those least accustomed to the sea thoroughly enjoyed the sail until noon-time, when an adverse wind made the water very "choppy," and greatly impeded our progress. All through



COL. JOSEPH W. ALLEN

the afternoon and long, dreary night, the ships were enabled to make but little headway, but next morning the wind veering around in a favorable direction, the vessels sped along as we could have wished. Shortly after noon we saw a long, low, narrow strip of sand on our starboard bow, and late in the day anchored off Hatteras—the two ships with the Ninth on board, lying a mile or so distant from each other—neither being able to enter the inlet. Fears had been entertained that the ships would be blown ashore, during a gale that prevailed for two days, and although a flag had been turned Union down, (a signal of distress,) no attention seemed to be paid to it by those in the harbor. The preservation of the two ships, many thought, was due more to the protection of Providence than to any zeal exhibited by the pilots, whose duty it was to relieve us. On the morning of the day on which the "Dragoon" reached a place of safety, we saw a large side-wheeled steamer ashore, some distance below. The angry waves dashed over it with terrific force. We knew it was a wreck, but were in utter ignorance of the fate of those, who, but a few hours previous, had guided the stately vessel within sight of its destination only to witness its destruction on a bleak and inhospitable coast. While all hoped that soldiers and sailors had been rescued, or invoking the protection of Him who calmed the tempest by the utterance of simple words, had heroically and successfully reached the desolate shore, we feared that they had been swallowed by the remorseless waves. But the dangers that environed us allowed little time to dwell on the miseries of others. Why grieve for those who, haply, need no sympathy, having attained eternal felicity? The gale continued with increasing violence, the cold wind howling fiercely, as it hurled the sea mountains high, tossing our gallant vessels with precious cargoes in a manner adapted to excite the fears of the most intrepid. Many men, by the violent motion of the ships, were thrown out of their bunks. To sleep was impossible, as it required considerable exertion to maintain one's equilibrium. But, thanks to a merciful Providence, who watches alike the infant in his pleasant chamber and his patriotic sire when dangers surround him and hardships oppress, the men of the Ninth survived the manifold horrors of the night.

January 15.—The wind having moderated, and the sea somewhat calmed, Colonel Allen, Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman, Surgeon Weller, Adjutant Zabriskie, and Quartermaster Keys, proceeded in a small boat from the "Ann E. Thompson" to General Burnside's headquarter boat in the harbor, to report the arrival of the command, and to ask for assistance in getting the ships into the haven of security. Concluding their business, the colonel and his party started upon the return trip, and were speedily and skillfully rowed by a vigorous crew, commanded by the second mate, towards the ship. All went well until the breakers were reached, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, a huge wave rose out of the sea, bursting over the bow, sweeping to the stern, unshipped the oars, nearly swamping the staunch little craft. Despite the mishap, officers and crew retained their presence of mind, maintaining the uprightness of the boat, nearly half filled with water. But while congratulating themselves on their good luck, a second breaker threw the little craft in the air, precipitating all its occupants into the foaming sea. An agonizing scene followed. Colonel Heckman and Adjutant Zabriskie, expert swimmers, thinking nothing of the dangers which surrounded them, nobly went to the assistance of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller, who were battling for life in the angry surf, but owing to the exceeding roughness of the water, and their own exhaustion, were compelled to leave them to their fate. Colonel Allen, although a very heavy man, was a good swimmer, but being encumbered with an india-rubber coat and a tight-fitting uniform, soon became exhausted by the great efforts which he made to save himself. Finding that he could not much longer support himself, he said to the lieutenant-colonel and adjutant: "I cannot stand this much longer—take care of yourselves." And, as he vainly strove to gain the shore near by, he was doubtless ready to exclaim:

"I'll crawl
To yonder bank. Oh, that it were the deck
Of some great admiral, and I alone
Boarding amidst a hundred swords! the breach
Of some strong citadel, and I the first
To mount in the cannon's mouth. I was brave once.
Oh! for the common undistinguished death
Of battle, pressed by horses' heels, or crushed
By falling towers!"

The sailors had meanwhile endeavored to right the upturned boat, but this they had failed to accomplish, the heavy swells bobbing it about like a cork. Colonel Heckman and the adjutant, by dint of great exertion at length reached the craft, which was fast drifting to sea, and notwithstanding their condition, managed to raise a piece of apparel tied to an oar which they secured, and thus attracted attention from the crew of the steamer "Patuxent," which vessel at once hastened to their rescue. Colonel Heckman was prostrated for several days, and at one time his life was despaired of. The bodies of Colonel Allen, the surgeon and mate of the ship were recovered late in the afternoon of the same day, and next day the bodies of our beloved officers, enwrapped in canvas, completely coated with tar and sand, temporarily interred on Hatteras' cheerless bank, where the wild waves chanted solemn requiems—Company B being entrusted with paying the last sad rites to the memory of departed worth.

In February all that was mortal of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller arrived at Trenton, a regiment of militia, under Colonel William Napton, escorting the remains to the state house—each hearse being drawn by four horses. State street, through which the mournful cortegé passed with measured tread and saddening strains, was crowded with people. The caskets, covered with the American flag, were carried into the Senate chamber, where they were viewed by thousands of citizens during the afternoon. Brief religious exercises were held in the chamber at eight o'clock next morning, after which the caskets were again escorted to the railroad station—Colonel Allen's body being taken to Bordentown by a committee from the legislature, and Dr. Weller's remains to Paterson for interment.

Almost at the outset of their career in the service of their country, these officers, around whom clustered so many precious hopes—whose lives seemed then of incalculable value to the command, had received their "discharge" from service here below, and been summoned to answer roll-call on high. It was a severe and painful blow to the regiment, occasioning gloom, but the decree was unalterable—the fiat of an inscrutable Providence had gone forth—and no tears, no sorrows, would bring

the loved and brave ones back. It in some degree alleviated the grief of the men to know that the bodies of the colonel and surgeon had been rescued from that vast cemetery—the sea—to be deposited in sacred ground, with appropriate rites, to rest, undisturbed until the morning of a glorious resurrection.

January 16.—The white-haired captain of the "Dragoon," on which were five companies, having lost faith, the men naturally became despondent, feeling that they had been left to their fate, and it was only when a steamer was seen approaching, that their anxiety was relieved, and hope dawned. It was the "Patuxent," and joyously was she hailed—safety appeared before us. Owing to the roughness of the sea, it was found a difficult task to attach a hawser, but this was finally accomplished, anchor raised, and the bow of our vessel headed towards the inlet, unbounded joy giving place to depression. It was nearly dusk when the "Dragoon" reached the "white-caps," through which it must pass before entering the harbor. The old captain of the brig, in whom all had reposed implicit confidence, stood in a commanding place at the bow, intently watching his vessel's movement, and signalling to the sturdy man at the wheel. It was a moment of supreme suspense. The "Patuxent" had dashed safely through, although it was tossing like a cockle-shell, and in another moment the brig would be safe, and pæns of joy might be sung. No one on board cared for the mighty wave which raised our staunch craft skyward, but when it rolled under us and dashed on towards the shore, lowering our ship upon the sandy bottom of the ocean, and crack and snap went its towering masts and ribbed sides, a feeling took possession of the men that turned their exuberance into fear and trembling, and before we fully realized the terrors of our new situation, the captain discovered the hawser had parted, and that he, his ship and those confided to his care were alone on the turbulent sea, upon the bottom of which the vessel would speedily thump itself to pieces, and with night at hand, rescue become impossible. The men, despite the new danger, maintained the discipline for which they became famous, and went to work to effect their own safety. Sergeant Thomas Burnet, brave to a fault, assembled his company—B—upon the

forward part of the main deck, and bidding his men load, fired repeated volleys. For a time, and the moments hung heavily, we were fearful that our signals would not be seen or heard by those in the harbor as the wind blew a gale from that quarter. The brig, meantime continued to thump itself upon the bottom, while white-crested breakers rushed unchecked on their headlong course with a terrific sound. What a fearful suspense! Every eye was strained toward the distant lights in the harbor; but all waited patiently, notwithstanding the fear of many that the next moment would witness the destruction of the vessel. The agony of an hour—it seemed more like an age—had elapsed, when through the gloom boats were discerned approaching—the flash of the rifles alone attracting the attention of the noble Burnside, who, with night-glass in hand, promptly hastened his own vessel to the rescue. Some of the men, after seeing themselves deserted by the steamer which had attempted to tow them in, entertained a suspicion that treachery had actuated it, and when they saw the bright lights of a vessel again coming out to their relief, some of the more determined loaded their rifles, and took a position, from which they could overlook the action of the pilot, and if anything that had the appearance of treachery or cowardice on his part was observed, they resolved to give him the contents of their rifles. But, happily, nothing of this kind occurred, as when the out-coming vessel neared us, Burnside, our idolized commander, was seen clinging to a rope-ladder on its starboard side, and shortly afterwards, a hawser was thrown aboard and fastened, and in a few minutes all had the satisfaction of knowing that the brig was off the bar, and being towed out into deep water. When at a proper distance, our vessel's bow was again headed towards the shore and the myriad of lights within the harbor, and with a fair start we passed "the rubicon"—the ever dangerous breakers—and rode safely in smooth waters beyond—comrades of other regiments that had preceded us giving vent to lusty cheers, to which we responded with no uncertain sound.

January 18.—At noon to-day, owing to the violent motion of the ship "Ann E. Thompson," which tossed like a chip upon the maddened waves, the stove in the galley on the forward

deck was forced from its fastenings, and upsetting, the coals ignited the light wood-work surrounding it. In an instant heavy black smoke from the greasy floor made its way down into the ship's hold, in which nearly seven hundred men were confined, creating a panic. The scene which ensued beggars description. As there was no possible egress from the lower to the upper deck, and as the men believed the ship to be on fire, their feelings can be better imagined than described. Desperate attempts were made by some of the men to reach the upper deck by climbing upon the shoulders of the yelling, struggling mass, as it writhed under the open hatchway—shouting, swearing, and praying. It was some time before the men who were thus terribly frightened, could be brought to a realizing sense of their condition. Had they been on deck, where they could have seen the danger, instead of being huddled together below like sardines in a tin box, no alarm would have been occasioned.

The seven companies on the "Ann E. Thompson" also suffered, not only from confined quarters, but for proper food, wholesome water, etc. As the ship drew too much water to cross the bar at Hatteras inlet, it was decided to lighten it by heaving the ballast overboard, and this gave the men abundant exercise for several days—each company taking a two hours' turn at the labor, which was very fatiguing. The atmosphere in the hold of the vessel had become so stifling that the men demanded better ventilation, which was finally afforded by the sailors setting wind-sails, lowered to the dingy hold. These contributed much to the comfort of the men, as they supplied volumes of fresh air. On the twentieth, the ballast having been entirely removed, the men confidently calculated upon being towed into the harbor without delay.

January 21.—The officers of the regiment held a meeting on the ship "Ann E. Thompson" to-day — Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman in the chair, and Lieutenant Samuel Hufty acting as secretary, when the following resolutions, reported by Captain Henry, were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us our beloved colonel and surgeon:

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore the sad fate which has de-

prived us of their services and friendship, we bow in humble submission to the Divine will.

Resolved, That in all those qualities which render an officer efficient, useful to his command, and valuable to the service of his country, Colonel Allen was pre-eminent.

Resolved, That in the social elements of his nature, he was an exemplar whose virtues we may cherish and revere. He united with singular kindness of heart that cheerful fortitude in moments of trial and discouragement which inspired hope and confidence in those who surrounded him, won their admiration, and established an enduring regard for him in their hearts.

Resolved, That in Surgeon Weller we have lost also a friend, who, by his uniform kindness had endeared himself to both officers and men. His professional skill availed to the preservation of unusual good health in the regiment, and in his private associations he was distinguished as one worthy of the highest esteem and warmest attachment. Ever ready with his genial wit and cheery sociality, he had soon won the *sobriquet* of "Favorite of the regiment."

Resolved, That to the afflicted families of our lamented officers we tender the deep sympathies of soldiers and friends. They have left to their children noble names, and a fame of which they may be proud.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the families of the deceased, to the governor of the state of New Jersey and the principal journals of the state.

The men on the different vessels of the fleet heartily greeted the "Ann E. Thompson" to-day, as she came into the haven of security, within the harbor, in tow of a huge steamer, which General Burnside had despatched for that purpose. The ship started from her moorings at ten o'clock in the forenoon, but owing to the roughness of the sea, and the fierce wind which continued to prevail, the steamer had great difficulty in turning her in the desired direction. At the hour of noon, however, both vessels headed for the inlet—ten thousand men anxiously peering seaward and wishing them a happy issue in the attempt to get safely within the harbor. But no such good luck attended the undertaking, as the big ship had no sooner reached the fateful bar, than it struck heavily, parting the hawser attached to it from the steamer. Fortunately the wind was blowing from "off shore," the breakers being light; still the ship bobbed up and down like a cork, causing the timbers to creak and snap every time the keel struck bottom, creating considerable excitement among all on board. The pilot-boat, however,

speedily returned to the ship, and, after a laborious effort, succeeded in getting it off the dreaded bar into deep water outside. A second attempt resulted in success, for which all were devoutly thankful.

While the ship was tossing and bumping upon the bar, many ludicrous incidents among the men were witnessed. Some displayed remarkable calmness in the face of the dangers which surrounded them, while others, lost to reason, ran hither and thither, invariably getting in the way of those who were laboring to preserve the vessel, by hoisting out of the hold barrels of vinegar, pork, sugar, salt, ham, etc., which were rolled into the foaming sea. Immense quantities of provisions were thus disposed of. Lieutenant Coyte's diary tells us that in the excitement one man threw his hair-brush, comb and looking-glass into the sea, while another tossed his pocket-book and revolver overboard. Several excited individuals paraded the main deck, carrying pieces of boards under their arms, hoping thereby to save their lives in case the vessel went to pieces, while others, believing the end to be near, sat down calmly and read testaments. A few who had been playing "poker" a few minutes before, engaged in prayer, asking loudly for help from on high.

The trouble with our two ships was they drew too much water to cross the bar at Hatteras, and only when the "Thompson" had been lightened of her cargo was she enabled to enter the inlet. She was of no use to the expedition after that as she could not cross the swash, leading to Pamlico Sound. General Burnside, before starting had been assured by the owners of these vessels that there would be no difficulty in getting them into the harbor—the liberal pay offered by the government encouraging the owners to take any risk; they would have been pecuniarily benefited had the vessels been lost, as the government assumed all responsibility. So great was the greed for gain by those who had business transactions with the government that every advantage was taken by the selfish in furnishing supplies. Especially so was this the case for the first year or two, but the great secretary of war—Stanton—and the quartermaster-general finally brought the speculators up with a

round turn, when business was conducted on the correct principle, no opportunities being given for corrupt practices. Never before had any expedition in the history of the world had to pass through a severer ordeal; everything seemed to combine against it. Nature with her storms, and human nature with her villainy. In addition to the warring elements, there was the subtle treachery of northern traitors, who deliberately perilled the lives of thousands for the sake of gain. Compared to such men as some of the contractors whom the gallant Burnside anathematized in the bitterness of his heart, even Judas Iscariot becomes human.

January 22.—For some days the men on the "Dragoon" had complained of the quality of the water, served to them from three very large tanks in the hold of the vessel, but as they did not see how they were to obtain anything better they continued to drink the unpalatable liquid. Finally, one of the men declared he had found *hairs* of various lengths and colors in the stuff he had just drawn from a tank, and this discovery encouraged him to make an examination of the source of supply. Climbing to the top of the most convenient tank, the enterprising scientist peered over, and after lighting the interior with a burning match, coolly called for a pail. With this utensil he reached down and bringing it up, descended to the deck, refusing to allow any one to inspect its contents until the assistant-surgeon, who was on board, arrived. "Yes, boys, those are pieces of dead rats—that's sure," he said, "and it's a wonder you are not all sick." A further investigation revealed the fact that the surface of the water in each of the huge tanks was covered with the bloated bodies of hundreds of rodents. How they got into the tanks, which reached nearly to the deck, was a mystery to all on board, but it was thought they entered in some way before the water was let in, some days after the arrival of the brig at Annapolis. A crew was organized by Captain Castner, from Company B, and every day wholesome water was supplied us by it from the shore and vessels in the harbor during our stay there.

Our stay of nearly three weeks at bleak and ever-desolate Hatteras was spiritless. The men were, of course, confined to

the vessels, and while not exposed to the elements, sadly felt the want of exercise. Any duty would have been considered preferable to most of us. The long days hung heavily upon us, and while we had ample time to write friends at home, and take part in various games, our situation was not an enviable one, for there was nothing to be seen except the vessels of the fleet, the low sand bank dividing the sound in which they rode safely at anchor, and the expanse of blue and constantly troubled waters of the ocean beyond.

On the twenty-eighth of January the remains of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller were exhumed and placed on board the steamer "Suwanee" in charge of the Ninth's chaplain, who was detailed to accompany the bodies to New Jersey. Had not the regiment been on the eve of battle, a suitable detachment would doubtless also have been sent along.

In 1863 a very fine monument was erected by the officers of the Ninth regiment to the memory of Colonel Allen in the cemetery attached to Christ church, at Bordentown. The design includes a base of six feet square, upon which rests a square block of marble, and on this is another square block of marble, bearing an appropriate inscription on each face. From this arises a beautiful shaft ten feet in height, on which are carved emblems of war, together with Masonic devices. The inscription on one side reads:

"Joseph W. Allen, colonel Ninth regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. Drowned at Hatteras, N. C., Jan. 11, 1862, in the fifty-first year of his age."

On another face—

"This monument is erected by the officers of the Ninth regiment, New Jersey volunteers, as a tribute of grateful respect to the memory of their first commander, who while faithfully serving his country in the darkest hour of her peril, even to the sacrifice of his life, endeared himself to the hearts of his whole command."

The shaft was enclosed with a substantial iron railing and marble posts. The testimonial of esteem was gratifying to the colonel's family and friends.

"How beautiful in death
The warrior doth appear,
Embalmed by fond affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears."

For the past two weeks much activity has been shown in getting the vessels over the "swash," which lies a mile or so from the inlet, in a northerly direction. Much skill and patience on the part of a pilot was required to get along nicely through what were called "guts." These "guts" or channels were very shoal, the deepest water to be found not being over eight feet deep. Seven or eight steam tugs were sometimes necessary to get another vessel off the sand bars, which seemed to shift at every turn or two of the tide. When the Confederates evacuated Hatteras they destroyed all the buoys, and although many of them had been replaced, it will take years before regular channels can again be established.

January 31.—The seven companies of the Ninth were transferred to-day from the "Ann E. Thompson," which, it had been discovered, would be unable to get over the "swash" into Pamlico Sound, to the side-wheel steamer "George Peabody." This movement, together with manifest activity throughout the fleet, awoke us from prevailing lethargy, and convinced us that the expedition was about ready to start upon its mission—wherever that might be. There was much speculation as to our destination, and an old map or two found on board, were diligently studied by the officers, as well as the rank and file. To most of the men but two points seemed likely to engage our attention—one was Newbern, at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers—the other Roanoke Island, twelve miles long and three miles broad, lying in a strait, separating the two sounds—Pamlico and Albemarle.

Corporal Samuel J. Dilks of Company K, whom we had given up for lost, rejoined his command to-day. He had been detailed at Annapolis for duty on the screw steamer "Pocahontas," chartered to transport horses and munitions of war. The vessel was unfitted for the service, but the government, compelled to accept everything offered, engaged the craft, and the rotten hulk steamed away. While on the way down the coast,

the "Pocohontas" was struck by a gale, before which it was driven with irresistible force. The night was of inky darkness, rendering it impossible for those on board to see anything about them. Despite the well-directed efforts of the brave soldiers and sailors on board, the steamer could not be kept with her head to the sea. The wind blew a hurricane—the white waves running mountain high—it appearing to all on board that each succeeding moment must be the last. At times the craft lay almost becalmed between the maddened waves—at one moment in the deep trough of the sea, the next mounted far up on the dissolving crest of a mighty and treacherous billow. Competent men at the wheel labored to keep the bow seawards, with the hope that the ship would thus ride it out without going ashore. The hatches had been long since battened down, and everything made as secure as possible—the officers pacing the slippery deck discussing the probabilities of the ship being saved. The men on board were quiet and obedient, acting throughout that long and terrible night in a manner worthy of the highest commendation.

When morning broke, the sight presented was awe-inspiring. The low-ribbed shore was but a short distance away, and the fated vessel being swept swiftly towards it by the merciless flood. The last hope fled when a huge and resistless wave fell upon the steamer, totally engulfing it, and extinguishing the furnace fires. The heavy bow anchor was now let go "with a run," and as the chain rushed out of the hawser-hole, the friction was so intense that a stream of fire followed in its wake. Would the anchor "hold" and keep the helpless steamer away from the desolate shore until the storm and waves subsided was now the all-absorbing question. But the fatal moment arrived at last. With a frightful thump the craft struck, broadside on, immense waves, quickly succeeding each other, sweeping over it. Each incoming wave raised the steamer to its summit, from which it would descend with lightning-like rapidity to the ocean's bottom—the timbers snapping and cracking with alarming distinctness.

The long-looked-for day had come, but it afforded little encouragement to the distressed crew, whose instinct of self-

preservation was alone retained. It soon became apparent that the vessel must sooner or later be abandoned. But how could this be done? The two small boats which had hung on the davits were found, upon examination, to be useless, having been stove in by the rough usage from the waves. Indeed, had the boats been in good condition, and could they be launched, they would not be able to live in the terrible breakers. When despair had almost taken possession of the crew; when each man began to look upon the fearful and perilous situation, it was found too horrible for contemplation; and when the full extent of their misery broke upon their troubled minds, they were overwhelmed in agony.

But gradually, one of their members spoke encouragingly, and that man proved equal to the fearful emergency. Corporal Samuel J. Dilks, who had been detailed to superintend the transportation of the horses, said he would swim ashore with a line. His comrades were surprised, but from what they had already seen of him they believed him capable of accomplishing almost anything he undertook. This brave soldier put the sailors to shame on divesting himself of coat and shoes. Speedily fastening one end of a light line around his body, he stepped boldly upon the vessel's gunwale, and, awaiting a favorable moment, sprang in among the foaming and angry breakers, and by dint of great exertion, succeeded in reaching the beach —thus raising the hopes of those whom he had left behind to the highest pitch—the hearts of all beating wildly.

A larger sized rope was then attached to the end of the line remaining on shipboard, and this Dilks hauled to the low, sandy and desolate beach upon which he was standing; then a hawser was drawn from the stranded vessel to the shore, through the herculean efforts of the corporal. This he was enabled to fasten to a piece of an old spar which he discovered near by, and which he managed to force down into the wet sand—first digging a hole with his hands. When the shore end had been secured, the sailors on board tightened the hawser —then, one by one, deserted the vessel—the only mode of escape being over the hawser-bridge, all reaching terra firma in safety, although the passage was far from being safe or pleas-

ant. Each man was subjected to fearful perils—the fierce breakers at times breaking high over them, exposing all to renewed and constant dangers. The men were compelled to use the utmost caution in traversing the narrow and uncertain "bridge," as the hawser vibrated, tossed and rocked with terrible unsteadiness.

Although the men had reached the beach without mishap, they had not been able in their forced and hasty flight to save anything, and all they possessed, as they stood shivering upon the bleak coast, was upon their backs. The gale continued to rage with unabated violence, rendering their situation anything but an enviable one, not a sign of civilization being visible.

But what sound is that borne to them on the wings of the wind? They scan the beach, but in vain—no one, nothing is to be seen. Again they hear an agonizing cry, and casting their eyes seaward, to the old vessel, which continues to bounce upon the angry waves, they, in horror, behold the old colored female cook standing upon the deck, waving her apron, and shrieking frantically. She had been forgotten, as it was every man for himself. The men saw that it would be impossible for her to cross the "bridge" and thus save herself, and likewise that they could not render her any assistance, even should she make up her mind to attempt the perilous enterprise. The unfortunate vessel continued, meanwhile, to dash up and down upon the fretful billows, rattling in a frightful manner. At one time the craft was nearly on her beam ends, but she soon righted. Once, it was believed, she had disappeared, and with her the poor cook, whose cries for "help" continued to be heard by those on shore. Corporal Dilks declared that he would never leave until the "old gal" was safe. He would "bring her to the shore, or sink with her." Dilks' companions endeavored to dissuade him from returning to the fated ship, assuring him that it would be certain destruction. Even were he able to reach the vessel, he could not possibly bring her through the waves, owing to her great weight—more than two hundred and fifty pounds.

But Corporal Dilks, who had never known fear, heeded not the objections which were constantly interposed. On the con-

trary, every word which was said to him served to strengthen his resolve. He deliberately walked out into the cold and beating surf, seized the hawser with his left hand, in order to steady himself, then commenced swimming vigorously with his right. His movements were closely watched by his companions on the shore, and when they finally saw him climb up over the tossing vessel's side, they greeted his exploit with hearty cheers.

The old cook, who had been crying for "help," while she was glad to see Dilks standing by her side, declined to do as the corporal requested—insisting that he could not carry her to the shore. Dilks thought the woman ungrateful; but, ungrateful or not, he was determined that she should go back with him. Procuring a piece of rope he watched his opportunity, and seizing the obdurate female, bound her to his back, and, despite her resistance, sprang into the yawning sea, and almost before those on shore were certain of his having left the ship, they saw him struggling in the heavy surf. Rushing out into the foaming billows, the men caught the corporal, and quickly assisted him and his burden to the shore, where, finding herself safe, sound and free, she jumped up and down, crying, in her delight, "glory, glory hallelujah," to the no small delight of her gallant preserver and his companions. Then commenced a long and fatiguing tramp down the dreary coast —the party reaching Hatteras inlet (where the fleet had been ordered to rendezvous) in safety several days afterwards.

Dilks' unselfish and daring act formed the theme of conversation around many a camp-fire for years afterwards. He served all through the war in his company—being foremost in battle—never shirking duty, however unpleasant or dangerous. Subsequently he was in charge of a government life-saving station at Cape May, where on more than one occasion he has been the happy means, under Providence, of saving human life. In 1880 he crossed the river to answer the roll-call on a better and brighter shore.

February 1.—Companies D and I, because of the overcrowded condition of the "Peabody," were transferred to the schooner "George A. Smith." In accordance with General Burnside's

order, some sixty men, having a knowledge of seamen's duty, were detailed from the various companies of the Ninth, to serve on gunboats. Glad to escape hard marching and accompanying exposures and fatigues, and being promised *extra pay*, these men joyfully bade us farewell and took their departure. For some unknown reason they never received the *extra pay*—otherwise they were content with their transfer.

February 5.—The brig "Dragoon" and the schooner "George A. Smith" hove anchors and were towed over the "swash" or inner bar to deep water, where they anchored beside other vessels which had preceded them to that point.

February 6.—At nine o'clock this morning all the vessels got promptly under weigh, and preceded by the gun-boats, a dozen or so in number, under command of Commodore Goldsborough, steamed directly up the sound. It was a pretty sight, one that had never before been seen on those beautiful waters. The vessels, gaily trimmed with bunting, bands playing and men singing, impressed all alike, nerving us for the fray, which could not be far distant. As the sun went down beyond hills which rose far away in our front, the fleet came to anchor, at a point about twelve miles from Roanoke Island, as a fisherman who came along in a small cat-boat informed us. With the immediate prospect of battle before us, all sought their bunks at an early hour, to meditate upon the blessings which had so far been vouchsafed, and to supplicate for a continuance of God's favor and a happy issue in the coming contest.

A long-expected mail reached us to-day. That we all longed intensely for tidings from home, all who in their early days wandered from the old homestead, where their infancy seemed a blissful dream, understand right well. While on pent-up shipboard life became so monotonous that a letter from some dear one proved as refreshing as is the cool draught to the thirsty pilgrim who has just reached the long-sought oasis in the desert. The soldier, day by day, looked for messages from home that abounded in sentiments of affection or pictured to them scenes passed in pleasant hours.

February 7.—Before the sun rose every man with nerve was astir, and after partaking of an extra quantity of hot coffee,

hard tack and "salt junk," critically examined his rifle and accoutrements, as on these he knew much would depend. Again did the fleet move, and as the companies formed in regular order on deck, they read the signal displayed on General Burnside's flag-ship: "To-day the country expects every man to do his duty!" How our hearts throbbed at this patriotic admonition—how we panted to get ashore and show that the confidence reposed in us had not been misplaced. It was not long after starting before we saw some of the enemy's gun-boats, which had advanced to keep an eye upon our movements, or make an attack, if there was reasonable hope of success. A shot or two, however, from the heaviest guns on one of our leading boats, caused the Confederate vessels to turn quickly about, and retire within and beyond the obstructions at the mouth of the strait leading to Albermarle sound, on the north side of which was Roanoke Island, bidding us defiance. Before noon, our gun-boats had succeeded in getting close enough to the obstructions to open upon the enemy's fleet, which discreetly kept as far away as possible, and under protection of the batteries that lined the shore upon the island. When our boats got within range of the heavy guns on shore they poured shot and shell into the works until the middle of the afternoon, when, the fire having almost ceased, the troops, who had been held in readiness for hours, sprang into small boats, and were rowed or towed ashore by steam launches, landing in a low, swampy place called Ashby's harbor. General Foster's brigade, the First, preceded our brigade, General Reno's—which was promptly followed by the brigade of General Parke. It was dark by the time we commenced the march, which, owing to bog-holes and mud and water, was extremely difficult as well as fatiguing. It seemed for a time as if we would never again reach dry land, and in our ignorance wondered why our commander had not constructed a board walk through the swamp for our accommodation. But, by-and-by, we reached an open space, which proved to be a plantation, and on this, without shelter of any sort, in the midst of a cold, drenching rain, we encamped for the night. Bon-fires blazed till daybreak, but they afforded little comfort. Between the rain and wind, and the

firing of the piquets, there was no such thing as rest, and all anxiously awaited the return of day—no matter what might be its termination. The enemy were before us—but a short distance away—and either he or us would have to succumb on the fateful morrow. There was no evading a fight, for the two armies were upon an island, from which neither could retreat.

There is always something picturesque and sublime in a bivouac, and this was the first we had established. The lines of fires flickering in the night; the groups of tired and sleepy men, their free and easy attitudes, their arms stacked, ready to be caught up at any instant; the simple fare, the men cooking their supper (?); the long-stretching shadows and the surrounding darkness—who, that never witnessed a scene like this can imagine it? The low bushes shelter some, while others lie upon the cold wet ground, seeking repose which came not. Hundreds around those fires are dreaming—some of home, some of battle and victory, some of partings that were painful, or of future meetings that shall be full of joy—till suddenly the bugle sounds, and that host rises from the drenched earth, and the stern realities of the march, the fight, the terrible roar and whistle of death, take the place of dreams.

February 8.—Daybreak came at length, and with it the crack of rifles a short distance away in the woods in our front. General Foster's brigade promptly moved forward and shortly afterwards the firing became quite heavy. General Reno walked up and down near the roadway looking in the direction taken by the troops, impatient of the delay, but could not advance his brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first New York, Ninth New Jersey and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments, because of the narrowness of the road and the almost impenetrable swamp on each side thereof. Streams of running water frequently crossed the road or causeway, in which we marched to the assistance of our brethren of the First brigade, who were slowly, yet surely, driving the enemy before them into the deepening recesses of the island. The men of the Ninth, notwithstanding the fact that they had suffered much from exposure during the night, and had started off without having been able to warm themselves with

coffee, were in cheerful spirits, and undauntedly moved forward. It was only when the wounded were brought back that they for the first time realized the full meaning of their undertaking ; and I must confess that the sight of maimed men, who had, but a few moments before, been in the full possession of bodily vigor and strength, as they were borne back past our slowly-moving column, caused the stoutest hearts to shudder. There was no more levity—all felt that a great responsibility rested upon them—and they nerved themselves for their fearful task. Remaining inactive under fire is always dreaded—good soldiers preferring an assault, however difficult and dangerous. At about eight o'clock, General Foster sent back for assistance, and Colonel Heckman, who had been chafing under inertia, and was panting for an opportunity to show what his men could do, was ordered to move forward. In a moment over one thousand Jerseymen were briskly following their leader along the causeway, across the center of the island. The Ninth had proceeded but a short distance, however, before it left the improvised roadway, and entered the swamp to turn the enemy's right. The men waded waist-deep in mud and water, occasionally raising their cartridge-boxes and haversacks to keep them from getting wet. A worse place for men to move and manœuver it would be difficult to imagine. The Confederates, having no idea that any attempt would be made to enter the swamp at that point, had trained their guns in another direction, for which we were thankful.

It was while getting into position that we saw the advantages possessed by Colonel Heckman over the commandants of other regiments. He had participated in the war with Mexico, and the experience there gained enabled him to act in the most intelligent and skillful manner. This was our "first appearance" before the enemy, yet we joyously followed our commander, who led us to the edge of the timber, about one hundred yards from the battery, commanding the causeway on which the troops were compelled to advance. Before reaching this point, the Ninth had been formed into column by division, right in front, and it was thus that two companies—first division—commenced fire upon the astonished Confederates, who were posted

behind massive earthworks. The men of the Ninth had a clear view of the enemy, and with their unerring rifles soon created consternation. It was not long, however, before the Confederates, who fought with desperation, trained a gun upon the Ninth, but Colonel Heckman, who stood on the flank of the first division, intently watching every movement, selected some of his "dead shots" to keep their eyes upon that particular piece, which was seldom fired after the boys got into position. Meanwhile the first division, having nearly exhausted its ammunition, wheeled to the right and left and filed to the rear of the column, where it re-formed—the second division immediately advancing and opening a well-directed fire. It was noticed that one Confederate, apparently more determined than the rest, labored to discharge the gun, into the muzzle of which the men of the Ninth could readily look. This Confederate, however, acted with extreme caution, exposing himself as little as possible. Finally, he trained the field-piece with great care, and seizing a burning match applied it to the gun. Four reports simultaneously followed—one was the Confederate cannon—the other three the rifles of the sharpshooters, whose bullets pierced the body of the cannoneer, who fell across the trail of his piece. The Confederate who thus fell was Lieutenant Selden of the Wise legion, who did not have the satisfaction of learning the fearful execution of his last shot, which swept through the swamp, severing the two legs of Corporal John Lorence, and one leg of Private Jonathan Bural of Company K, and passing on killed Private Isaac V. D. Blackwell of Company F, and the gallant Captain Joseph J. Henry of Company H, though no mark or bruise could be distinguished on the person of the last named. Young Blackwell staggered and exclaiming "Remember thy Creator," fell back and expired in the arms of his brother, who stood at his side. Still the Ninth stood fast, waist deep in water, firing with ardor, determined to maintain the reputation that had ever characterized "Jersey Blues." Under the inspiration gained from their intrepid commander, Adjutant Zabriskie and other officers, the men of the Ninth had already become veterans. It was nearly eleven o'clock when Lieutenant Samuel Hufty, Jr., of Company I, (who had some

time before climbed into a tree to obtain a clear view of the Confederate position), called out to Colonel Heckman that the enemy were vacating the battery. Adjutant Zabriskie, who stood with his arms folded against that tree, corroborating this statement, the colonel ordered the firing to cease and an assault to be made upon the works. This movement was about to be put into execution, when horror of horrors, the regiment *was fired upon from the rear*, producing momentary confusion. Looking back in terror, and fearing that the Ninth itself had been flanked, Colonel Heckman saw that the volley had come from the Ninth New York regiment (Hawkins' Zouaves.) Nor was this all—a second volley was poured into the Jerseymen, ere the New Yorkers could be brought to reason and a sense of the situation. This blunder on the part of the hot-headed New York regiment delayed the progress of the Ninth New Jersey, but did not prevent some of its members, from Companies D and I, being the *first* to reach and enter the works. Both these companies were reformed in line before one hundred men from all the other regiments entered the battery, which had been vacated before the advance was made.

General J. L. Otis, at that time a captain in the Tenth Connecticut, writing to the historian of the Twenty-third Massachusetts regiment, in relation to the conduct of the New York Zouaves, says: "The Ninth New York broke up in utter confusion, rushed back down the road in a crowd, firing their muskets in every direction, killing and wounding each other. The generals sprang in among them and I did the same, catching hold of their muskets, at the same time trying to stem the tide of confusion; no less than three muskets were fired while I had my hands on them to throw them up; fifteen of the Zouaves were killed and wounded by each other, and one of my own men had his gun shattered and his hand nearly shot away, so that he was disabled for life."

Captain Denny, in "Wearing of the Blue," says: "The Zouaves fell back, at least a portion of them did, upon the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, which was on its feet in an instant, the men using the bayonet and the officers, drawing swords, while, with one breath, the cry went up 'No Bull Run here!'"

The Ninth New Jersey never forgot this lamentable affair. There was no excuse for the blunder on the part of the New Yorkers, who had not been engaged (and were *not* engaged) in the battle. Had the regiment obeyed orders and followed its gallant Major Kimball, who endeavored to make it charge along the causeway, Jerseymen would not have been maimed by *friends*, and the New Yorkers might have been retained in the department instead of being left out of the battle of Newbern the following month and shipped off to Virginia.

On being driven from their works in the centre of the island, the Confederates retreated to the immense fortifications on the southern, or water side, but finding further resistance futile, Colonel Shaw, their commander, surrendered. Besides twenty-eight hundred men, he turned over five forts and thirty-three pieces of artillery. That night we cooked flapjacks on the utensils left at the barracks by the Confederates, and occupied their commodious quarters, which, although a trifle unclean, were a great improvement upon what we had been favored with the previous night.

Despite the condition of our apparel, which had been soaked by the rain, and by the mud and water through which we had waded, the troops had a jollification after supper, and the generals, whom we serenaded, made patriotic speeches, one of them declaring that the next and final blow to the rebellion would be given by us, and from this point. Of course we were glad to be assured of this by a prominent officer, and eagerly looked forward to the time when we should start away to accomplish the undertaking. We all felt proud of our victory, the Ninth being especially pleased at having been the first regiment from New Jersey to do battle in defence of the flag. If our little army was shortly to end the war, as our general had promised we should, the other armies would no doubt envy us. But I remember that although the Ninth a few days afterwards participated in another battle, and materially assisted in wrenching a victory from the Confederates, the rebellion continued several years, hundreds of thousands of good men and true giving their lives as a sacrifice that the nation might live.

February 9.—Notwithstanding the fact that vessels, heavily laden with edibles, lay in the sound or strait, almost within stone's throw of the wharf, the troops suffered from their want, none having as yet been sent ashore, owing to the prevalence of a gale of wind, which prevented vessels lying at the wharf. The men were compelled to subsist upon rations taken ashore with them in haversacks at the time of the landing, and now that the corn meal and flour found in the Confederate commissariat was used up, many of them complained of hunger. Some men, calling upon General Reno, exhibited pieces of dough which had been issued them for their evening repast. The general examined it, and invited his visitors to enter his quarters and see the quality doled out to him. Satisfied that their commander had been no better provided for than themselves, the discontented ones departed, wiser if not happier men.

The Confederates whom we had captured were corralled in small log shanties, constructed for our accommodation, they little dreaming our small force capable of capturing their stronghold. We treated them kindly, and conversed with the more cheerful ones daily. We found many huge knives in the barracks, and sent them to friends in New Jersey. What the Confederates intended doing with the ugly-looking weapon we could not ascertain from them, but a darkey told us they were to be used in "cutting off de Yankees' heads."

The troops drilled daily, the prisoners watching the movements with interest. The Confederates united in calling the men of the Ninth "muskrats" because the Jerseymen had fought them in water waist deep in the swamp.

Among those in the Ninth who were desperately wounded in the battle I have already mentioned was Corporal John Lorence of Company K, whose legs were carried away by a cannon-shot. The following poem published in *Harpers' Weekly* is worth quoting here:

"Oh, well the Ninth New Jersey fought
On bloody Roanoke!
Its front stood firm, its colors waved,
Its line was never broke!

And every eye flashed bright that day,
  And every heart beat strong;
For every manly soul kept time
  To the rifle-bullet's song.

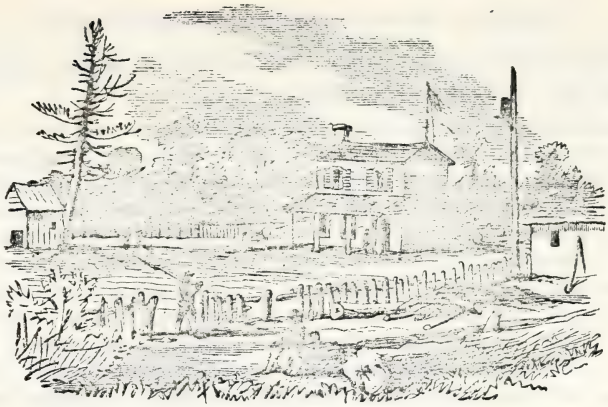
"Brave men grew braver as they marked
  How Corporal Lorence fought,
And ever while the contest waged
  The post of danger sought.
Columbia's grand, inspiring voice
  Was sounding in his ear:
'Strike nobly now,' it seemed to say,
  'And cast away all fear!'

"Alas! before the day was won,
  While fiercer grew the fray,
And John was rushing on, a shot
  Took both his legs away!
Oh, not a man that saw him fall,
  But wished it had been he;
Each struggled, when they bore him off,
  His chief support to be.

"The hero lay insensible
  While knives and probes pierced deep;
God bless the noble art of war
  That caused that fallen sleep!
At last the surgeon's task was o'er,
  The sleeper wakes. What sound
Has thrilled his soul, and made him glance
  So eagerly around?

"'Victory!' is the thrilling cry
  Borne in upon the gale.
The patriot rose upon his arm,
  His face, till now so pale,
Flushed with new joy, he waved his cap,
  And gave three hearty cheers,
For the Union and the glorious Ninth
  New Jersey Volunteers!

"And now he lies, unmurmuring,
  A cripple, thin and weak,
Yet none mistake the patriot fire
  Who chance to hear him speak;
He longs to go, though on his stumps,
  And serve his country more.
Brave Lorence! well your country knows
  Your fighting days are o'er."



BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS ON ROANOKE.

Reports of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Heckman.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH NEW JERSEY REGIMENT,
ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., Feb. 9, 1862.

SIR—I hereby respectfully report that the regiment which I command took its position in the brigade about seven A. M. When we had approached near the field of action we passed, by order of Lieutenant Reno, the Fifty-first Regiment, New York volunteers, and when we had arrived on their right were met by General Foster, and ordered by him to enter the swamp to the left by company front. However, finding that our fire would be more effective, I formed them by division. At 9.30 A. M. the first division commenced an oblique fire upon the battery, and the fire was continued until 11.15 A. M., by the successive divisions, when the fire of the enemy slackening, I ordered the regiment to charge, and in company with the Twenty-first Massachusetts volunteers we entered the battery.

The officers of the regiment conducted themselves with courage and coolness, and I am perfectly satisfied with them. The ground was very swampy, and for the most time the men were up to their waists in water, though notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances they behaved themselves admirably.

The regiment sustained the following losses: One officer killed, six enlisted men killed, thirty enlisted men wounded—total, thirty-seven.

C. A. HECKMAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel commanding.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RENO.

Colonel Heckman's Report to Governor Olden.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
ROANOKE ISLAND, Feb. 9th, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by New Jersey's Ninth regiment in yesterday's battle, and victory of the Union forces. About three P. M. on the seventh, under cover of the heavy cannonade of our navy, our little army, composed of three brigades, first, General John G. Foster; second, General Jesse L. Reno; third, General John G. Parke, effected an unopposed landing. It bivouacked in a cornfield, and under the beating of a piteously severe storm gained its first experience in practical field service. At six A. M. on the eighth the command "forward" was given. The advance (Foster's brigade) soon engaged the enemy, and notwithstanding the obstacles encountered steadily pushed forward, and finally forced the enemy behind his works, but could make no further progress. The foe was thoroughly intrenched in a fort (Defiance) located on the north side of a clearing, about four hundred yards square, on a point of land protected by water in its front and right and left flanks, which they believed to be impassable for troops. The only solid ground available to the Union troops was a narrow cart road, which led from our bivouac ground in a southerly direction for about two miles, when it changes direction to the eastward, and at about two hundred yards further on, again changes to the north for the same distance, when it is cut by the ditch of the fort, The nature of the ground prevented any proper formation for assault, and Foster's brigade was held in check by the well-directed artillery and small arms of the enemy. Meanwhile, the men of the second brigade, who remained inactive about a quarter of a mile from the forces engaged, waited eagerly for orders to advance to the relief of their comrades. Presently, in their stead, stretchers bearing the dead and wounded passed by them in the narrow road to the rear. I greatly feared its effect on my raw troops, but the tremor was only momentary. At eight o'clock an orderly appeared and delivered an order for the Ninth New Jersey to pass the Fifty-first New York (the Twenty-first Massachusetts men deployed on our left flank) and report at the front to General Foster, commanding the troops engaged. That order was executed in quick time, with files well closed up. The general ordered me to form regiment in column by company, enter the swamp on our left, and engage the enemy. Into the swamp, thigh deep in mud and water, the Ninth advanced to the edge of the timber, when it formed column by division at half distance, about one hundred yards from the right front of the fort, which completely covered the cart road, and defied assault from that direction. Our first division opened a vigorous fire, which was returned with great vehemence. The part of the regiment not engaged were ordered to squat in the water, securing their amunition from damage. After a short time the first division was relieved by the second, and at length, the second by the third. Presently, their effective firing was visible

in the sudden slacking of the enemy's musketry. Their battery still fired rapidly, but doing little damage to us. Particular attention was now directed to the cannoneers, and the result was soon apparent. So accurate was the aim of our men that all the guns were silenced except the one in the centre embrasure. Selecting three marksmen of company D, they, at a given signal, fired into that embrasure, and silenced the last gun fired in defence of Roanoke Island. The victory was ours, but the query, who shall be first to enter the fort was unanswered. Hawkins' Zouaves (Ninth New York), "who had previously made a charge by the road, but were repulsed," were on solid ground. One hundred yards of water was between us and the fort. The order "charge" was given, and a rush (go-as-you-please) was made, and the Ninth New Jersey (a squad of them) won the prize. Simultaneously the colonel and major of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and Major Kimball, of the Ninth New York (Hawkins' Zouaves) entered the works, at opposite points. Each of them mounted a gun, and gave us a short, impromptu speech, and each claimed to have captured the fort. And it must have been so, for those of us who were in the battery when they arrived declined to contradict them. On entering the fort we found but two living souls—one a negro (servant of Colonel Shaw), the other Lieutenant Seldon, of Wise's legion, who was mortally wounded by three rifle balls. This intrepid Confederate, had alone, as he told me, loaded and fired that centre gun three times, and as he fired his fourth and last round, received a message from those unerring rifles of Company D, which ended his earthly career. On being driven from Fort Defiance, the enemy retreated to the north point of the Island, stacked their arms, and waited the approach of our troops, when an unconditional surrender was made. The trophies are five forts, thirty-three pieces of artillery, two thousand eight hundred prisoners, with small arms, stores, etc. Fort Defiance was unquestionably the key to the rebel's position, and the occupation of the swamp on its right flank (by the Ninth New Jersey) secured the great success of the day. After the battle, the Confederates admitted that they believed it impossible for "troops to operate in that swamp." The loss of the Ninth is nine killed and twenty-five wounded, a full list of which will be sent to you at an early date. Captain Joseph J. Henry, of Company H, who was killed by a round shot, was an accomplished, genial gentleman, and a gallant officer of great promise. He fell as he would have chosen to fall, at the head of his division. Isaac V. D. Blackwell, of Company F, a Christian gentleman, and brave soldier, expired in his brother's arms. His last words were, "Remember thy God."

Among the wounded the brave corporal, John Lorence, and Jonathan A. Bural of Company K, deserve special mention. They have performed their whole duty to their country, and their country should never forget their sacrifice for the preservation of the Union.

The gallant behavior of the officers and men of the regiment, in this its first engagement, prevents my making mention of individual bravery. But I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for our

gallant young adjutant, Abram Zabriskie, who during the whole of the battle manifested the self-possession of a veteran. That the future of the Ninth will be replete with brilliant deeds, I fully believe; and that the honor of the country and our flag will not be tarnished by any act of hers. From first to last its conduct was, in the highest, courageous.

The value to the Union, in this conquest, will readily appear in a glance at a map of Virginia and North Carolina. It is the key to the rear of all the defences of Norfolk and Portsmouth.

I have the honor to be, governor, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. HECKMAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

To CHARLES S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey.

The first news of our splendid achievement reached New Jersey February eleventh, three days after the battle, and occasioned great rejoicing throughout the state. The Trenton *Gazette*, in speaking of the victory, said:

"Yesterday (Tuesday) at noon the Trenton artillery fired a salute of one hundred guns. The guns were stationed on the river bank, in rear of the state house, and were loaded and fired in a manner which showed the discipline and proficiency of the company. The discharge of the first gun was the signal for the commencement of the bell-ringing, and at once the bells on the churches and on the city hall commenced to ring out a joyous peal of rejoicing for the glorious victory achieved under the stars and stripes.

"In the assembly Mr. Hill of Morris offered a resolution to have a national flag placed over the chair of the speaker, which was adopted unanimously, and the house adjourned with three cheers for the victors and the Union.

"All over the town, in every public place and in every street, men were shaking hands and congratulating each other over the brightening prospects, and everywhere we saw the signs of rejoicing, patriotism and devotion to the Union. If there were any persons who did not join heartily in these rejoicings they had the prudence and good sense to keep themselves out of sight.

"In the evening several of our citizens illuminated their buildings. In one place was a large transparency, with the

following mottoes: 'Burnside and Goldsborough,' 'Grant and Foote,' 'The Ninth New Jersey Volunteers.'

"The boys contributed to the general display by bonfires, and about eight o'clock fifes and drums added to the general din."

The following literary effusion was picked up in the barracks by a member of Company D:

Come all ye sons of Freedom and join our Southern band,
We are going to fight the enemy, and drive them from the land.
Justice is our motto, and Providence our guide,
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS:

Wait for the wagon, dissolution wagon,
The south is our wagon, and all take a ride.

Secession is our watchword, our rights we all demand,
And to defend our firesides we pledge our hearts and hands;
Jeff Davis is our president, with Stevens by his side,
Brave Lee has joined us in our ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon.

Our wagon is plenty big enough, the running gear is good,
It's stuffed with cotton 'round the sides, and made of southern wood;
Carolina is the driver, Georgia by her side,
Virginia holds our flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon.

There is Tennessee and Texas are also in the ring,
They wouldn't have a government where cotton wasn't king;
Alabama and Florida have long ago replied,
Mississippi in the wagon—all anxious for a ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon.

There is Missouri, North Carolina and Arkansas, slow they go,
They must hurry or we will leave them, then where would they go;
Old Kentuck and Maryland each will make up their mind,
So I reckon after all we will have to take them up behind.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon.

Our cause is a just and holy one, our men are brave and true,
To whip the Lincoln cut-throats is all we have to do;
God bless our noble army, in Him we all confide,
So jump into our wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon.

February 12.—A beautiful day. Five companies on duty guarding the Confederates, the remainder of the regiment marched to the wharf to procure the knapsacks which had been left on ship-board before the battle. The men were overjoyed in getting possession of the knapsacks, as they badly needed a change of underclothing, especially as the log-hut barracks occupied by them were filthy and filled with vermin. Bugler Walmsley of Company E, while walking along the shore to-day, found a singular looking bottle in the water, and upon examining it, discovered a piece of paper, upon which was written: "On board C. S. S. Sumter, January 25th, 1862. The Sumter is on fire, and we all expect to go to hell." The bottle and laconic missive were subsequently handed to General Burnside, who thanked Walmsley, and recommended him for promotion. Colonel Heckman made him chief bugler.

February 13.—Every man off duty that knows how to wash apparel, (and some that never before did such a thing,) is busily engaged to-day in that occupation, the scene being quite spirited and worthy of a painter. Commodore Goldsborough visited the camps to-day, and was enthusiastically cheered.

February 17.—Our supply of fresh beef having been exhausted, and as there is none to be obtained within the circumscribed limits of this island, we are again compelled to feed upon hard tack and very salt pork.

February 18.—The brier-wood pipe fever has broken out, and every man who has a knife is cutting and carving. Some of the pipes are unique, and they bring good prices.

February 19.—For a week past the regiment has been kept busy drilling several hours each day. It keeps our hands, legs and minds employed—this drilling does.

February 22.—Anniversary of the birth of Washington, but the regiment is kept drilling all the same. Rained hard in the afternoon, affording the men a chance to write letters.

February 24.—Long expected mail arrived to-day, bringing northern papers, which, however, gave the Ninth very little credit for its active participation in the recent battle. One paper went so far as to say that the "Ninth was held in reserve at Hatteras," a flattering bit of news to a command which ren-

dered such signal service, and whose loss was nearly as great as any which took part in the struggle.

February 26.—New shoes, pants and underclothing were issued the men to-day, greatly to their joy.

February 28.—An order was issued to-day, directing the enlisted men to turn over to the quartermaster the revolvers and dirk-knives in their possession, as accidents from the handling of these weapons were becoming frequent. As the men in the recent battle saw they had no opportunity to use these articles, which were a burden to carry along, they cheerfully complied with the request of the colonel. Before the regiment left Washington the men thought it necessary to load themselves down with such weapons, but they quickly tired of lugging them along. Their rifle, accoutrements, ammunition, haversack, canteen, blanket and overcoat were quite heavy enough to "tote" on a march, as a "tar-heeler" would say.

March 3.—Early this morning the Ninth packed up and marched to the wharf, when seven companies went on board the steamer "Peabody," the remaining five embarking on the brig "Dragoon," as formerly. With a prospect of again meeting the foe and adding to their laurels, the men were in buoyant spirits, especially as Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman had received a commission as colonel. There had been rumors that a regular army officer was likely to get the place, but the governor of the state, being remonstrated with, this act of injustice was not performed. No regular army officer could have ever made the Ninth what it became, and none could have led it to as great glory.

March 8.—Companies C, E and H were transferred to schooner "H. F. Brown," and Companies A, D, I and M to propeller "Albany."

March 9.— Private George Myer of Company E, was appointed color-bearer—a position held by him until the close of the war—and no man in the regiment was better qualified for the important trust.

March 11.—We arose early this morning in consequence of active preparations noticed throughout the fleet the previous day, and at eight o'clock the two sailing vessels containing the

Ninth were taken in tow by the steamer "Albany," which, heading direct east, soon left Roanoke Island far behind. There was much speculation as to our probable destination, but the rumor which gained most credence was that the city of Newbern would be our "fresh field and pastures new." The sail down the sound was very pleasant. At sunset we cast anchor at Hatteras, the bleakest spot I had ever visited.

March 12.—Weighed anchor at seven o'clock, and promptly moved off in a southwesterly direction. About the middle of the afternoon our fleet entered the wide mouth of the river Neuse, where it hove to for an hour or so, while the gunboats continued on, with a view of discovering any enemy that might be lurking along the shore. An hour before sunset, a small sail-boat was seen some distance away on the port bow, and towards it the gun-boat "Piquet" darted like an arrow shot from a bow. This was the only enlivening scene of the day. The fleet anchored near the mouth of Slocum's Creek at eight o'clock, when the men retired to obtain needed sleep and otherwise prepare for the work of the morrow. We had no misgivings as to the result of the contest, whatever or wherever it might be, for we had absolute faith in our leaders and in ourselves.

March 13.—Cannonading awakening us at daylight, we hastened on deck to see the cause, which was occasioned by our gunners, who were shelling the woods on the right bank of the river, above and below the creek's opening. As no reply was made, we presumed no enemy was in that vicinity. If Confederates were there they showed good sense in remaining quiet. At all events, the men of the First brigade approached the shore in a cautious manner, and effected a landing without seeing anything to alarm or molest them. Our brigade, in readiness to move, in small boats, followed, and before noon all the troops of the expedition were upon shore. With the sultry weather, a heavy rain and the wet and sandy condition of the road, our tramp was far from pleasant, but we cheerfully trudged along, some of the men occasionally breaking out with

"Through the rebel states we'll ramble,
And we'll hang Jeff Davis, O!"

CHARGE OF THE NINTH NEW JERSEY AT NEWBERN, N. C.

From the Original Sketch by Mr. Schell.

We pitied the jack-tars who had a difficult task in dragging their boat howitzers, but in the afternoon, Company D of the Ninth, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment were detailed to assist, when they got along with more facility and ease. As all were anxious to have the guns up when the enemy should be met, no one hesitated to lend a helping hand.

The first evidences of civilization seen after landing were some barracks which had the previous night been occupied by cavalry, who, however, had made good their escape. We wondered, as we continued to march along, where the Confederates could be, but late in the afternoon, on reaching the railroad at Otter Creek, between Newbern and Beaufort, we saw a strong earthwork which had every evidence of having been hastily deserted ; our spirits revived, and our steps became lighter and brisker. It was the work of a few minutes to obstruct the railroad, when the column turned to the right—the first and third brigades proceeding along the county road—our brigade taking the railroad, always execrable for marching purposes. Many colored people joined our column during the march, but took the precaution to keep well at the rear, as they said the enemy was strongly posted not very far away. The rain continued to fall, and although we wore heavy great-coats, with blankets stretched over our shoulders, we were drenched to the skin. The walk over the railroad ties fatigued us greatly, and any diversion, even to an engagement with the Confederates, would have been gladly hailed. It was after dusk when we first saw the enemy's piquets and came to a halt. The first and third brigades went into bivouac at a right angle to the county road, while our brigade occupied a corresponding position on the left of the railroad, about one mile this side of what proved next morning to be the battlefield. The storm continued, and this, with the absence of hot coffee, and the intense darkness of the night, rendered our position highly uncomfortable. Nobody at home would have envied us. All fared alike—officers and men.

As sleep was out of the question, the men huddled about the small fires they had been permitted to kindle, and speculated on the chances of to-morrow's battle. We gained considerable

knowledge of the enemy's position from the darkies, who told us that the Confederates were posted behind entrenchments, reaching in a semi-circle from the Neuse river—their extreme left—across the railroad, to a dense morass on the right bank of the Trent river—a mile and more in length. It was nearly daybreak when the sailors and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment came up with the guns—their duties having been arduous in the extreme. We felt a breath of relief on seeing the guns with their hardy crews arrive, but owing to the proximity of the enemy, welcomed them in silence.

March 14.—At daybreak we wrung the water from our blankets and greatcoats, withdrew the loads from our rifles, wiped our rifles carefully, reloaded, partook of a cold and hasty meal, and at seven o'clock moved back to the railroad track and commenced our march towards the city of Newbern—two miles distant. We had gone but a few hundred yards when we heard heavy firing on our right, and knew that the battle had been opened. This caused our brigade to move more briskly. General Reno, our commander, observing the Confederates getting a gun in position to sweep the railroad, directed the skirmishers of the Twenty-first Massachusetts to open upon them, and as soon as that regiment could form line he ordered it to charge upon and take the brick-kiln, which those in advance could plainly see. The Twenty-first charged gallantly, but meeting an overwhelming force were compelled to retreat, leaving behind them several guns which they had taken. The Fifty-first New York regiment and Ninth New Jersey, with the Fifty-first Pennsylvania supporting the latter, formed line of battle to the left of the railroad, and promptly engaging the enemy, the fire became general. Colonel Heckman, finding that the Ninth was overlapped on the left by the enemy, carefully watched that flank, and at one time reversed several companies to repel an attack which the Confederates were preparing. Colonel Hartranft of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, also seeing the new danger, promptly placed his regiment upon the prolongation of this line, when all the companies of the Ninth renewed the direct attack, speedily silencing the enemy's cannon in the works across a ravine, about one hundred yards

distant. General Reno, in his report, said: "In the meantime the Ninth New Jersey also came into line, and opened a well-directed fire upon a two-gun battery directly in front of them, and so accurate was their fire that the enemy could only occasionally fire their guns."

The Confederates, shielded behind heavy earthen ramparts, fought with the courage of despair. Many of them were fighting in sight of the homes that they had been taught to believe would be desecrated by the invaders, should they be successful, but with all their advantages the enemy had one drawback, and it paralyzed his efforts. The southerners were fighting against a government whose whole history had been fruitful of blessings. Men who affected to disbelieve that the infinite Ruler controls the destinies of nations are wont to say that the battle is always to the strong, while others have asserted that the Almighty is on the side that has the heaviest artillery. But when Burnside's handful of men, after the conflict, surveyed the strength of the fortifications which they entered through a fiery tempest, they reverently exclaimed "God must be with us!" They were amazed at the success which had crowned their efforts, and when they counted the cannon that had frowned at them, and remembered these trophies had been captured with their trusty rifles alone, they distinctively recognized their dependence on Him who guides alike the sparrow's flight and the progress of a disciplined army.

It was nearly noon when the men of the Ninth, who had been provided with sixty rounds of ammunition, commenced to slacken their fire, owing to a scarcity of cartridges. General Reno, passing along in rear of the line about this time, and seeing this, told Colonel Heckman that he had better march his men back and get a new supply, and to enable him to do this said the Fifty-first Pennsylvania would take the place of the Ninth. But Colonel Heckman, determined to keep the honors he and his men had earned, begged that he might be permitted to assault the works in his front, and after a momentary inspection of the enemy's position he allowed him to do so. In another moment Colonel Heckman's clarion voice rang over that portion of the battle-field loud enough to be heard by every

Jerseyman engaged: "Charge, Ninth, charge!" and before the echo had died away, the Ninth, determined not to be outstripped by any other command, dashed eagerly forward, some leaping from tree to tree through the *abattis*, while others waded through a swamp, and others springing over pitfalls, swept irresistibly up to the earthworks on a commanding hill, climbed their blood-stained, slippery sides and jumped within the fortifications, just as the Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment, under Colonel Zebulon B. Vance, which had valiantly defended them, retreated. The Ninth captured three redans, six pieces of artillery, one stand of colors (belonging to the Beaufort plow-boys), some prisoners and a number of horses belonging to the batteries and the staff.

The Fifty-first New York and the Twenty-first Massachusetts, hearing the joyous shouts of the Jerseymen, and seeing them making their way through the *abattis*, hastened to join in the movement, when the Confederates near the railroad and brick-kiln, finding themselves deserted by the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, now running furiously towards Newbern, broke in dismay and rushed to the rear to bear their brethren company.

It was a wild scene when Colonel Heckman, older than most of his men, and consequently a little stiff in his joints, without his sword-scabbard, which had been carried from his side by a shot, clambered over into the center battery, where the gallant Sergeant Myers stood proudly and firmly grasping the beautiful but tattered flag of the regiment. Cheers, almost sufficient to arouse the spirits of the dead lying stretched about in gory mantles, were given again and again for our intrepid leader, who modestly acknowledged the compliment. Had he been a republican in politics, it is probable that the brilliant services rendered by him on that day would have secured him a brigadier-general's commission, but his shoulders were not graced with the silver star until the December following, when he led the Ninth regiment victoriously through four hard-fought battles, giving the command a fame that will endure for ages.

Many men in the Ninth distinguished themselves during the battle fought for the possession of Newbern, and a hundred interesting instances could be narrated of individual heroism.

Shortly after the Ninth swung into line by company, Captain James Stewart, Jr., (subsequently brigadier-general,) whose company—"H"—was near the extreme left, ordered a squad of his men to pick off Confederates who were working a field-piece, but they did not fire well enough to suit him. Picking up a rifle beside one of his dead, and watching his opportunity, he sent the Confederate cannoneer to render his final account—the bullet having passed through the head. On entering the works some time afterwards, Captain Stewart was surprised to recognize the body as that of Captain William C. Martin, whom he had formerly known in Washington, New Jersey.

The flag captured in the left battery by Company B, was quite handsome—its dimensions being three feet by six feet. It was emblazoned with thirteen stars, and bore the inscription—"Beaufort Plowboys, presented by the ladies of Beaufort." How fleeting are earth's treasures! Its glories, how evanescent! The banner the Plowboys had a few days previous received at the hands of fair ladies, and which they had defiantly flaunted at us during the entire forenoon, had been snatched from their grasp by the rude hands of a Jerseyman. The stars that were radiant when Beaufort's maidens embroidered its azure field had become dim by the stains of battle. The once white and red cross, typical of purity and faith, had been torn by Jerseymen's bullets it had invited. The flag was subsequently sent to the governor of New Jersey, who thanked the regiment for it.

Private William J. Doran of Company K, in his account of the battle, published in the Elizabeth *Journal*, says: "Our spunky little sergeant, J. Madison Drake, who was the first to enter one of the batteries, succeeded in capturing a valuable horse, which I believe he intends to send to his home in Trenton." In 1887, while on a visit to ex-Confederate friends near Lenoir, North Carolina, the writer ascertained that the animal captured by him had belonged to Major A. B. Carmichael of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment, who was shot through the head while the Ninth was charging upon the position he so gallantly defended.

At one time during the battle, which raged for five hours, the men in the left wing of the Ninth were ordered to "cease firing and lie down," hoping thus to encourage the Confederates to charge our line. Finding the ruse did not work, the command "commence firing" was given, and the deadly work renewed. Captain Curlis of Company F, noticing that one of his men—William Suydam—had not risen, walked over to where he lay, expecting to find him injured or dead, but saw that he was *sound asleep.* Suydam died in May, 1864, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia.

The losses of the Ninth in this battle were: One officer and four enlisted men killed. Four officers and fifty-nine enlisted men were wounded, a number of them mortally. Total, sixty-eight—*one-sixth the entire Union loss.* But one regiment lost a larger number—the Fifty-first New York, which joined the Ninth, losing seventy-one. This is to be accounted for from the fact that these two regiments occupied an exposed position, and had for their opponents the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, a very strong regiment, composed of mountaineers from Caldwell county, skillfully commanded.

After we had taken possession of the works, details were sent out to bury the dead, while the little army reformed and marched hastily up the railroad and county road in the direction taken by the fleeing Confederates. Ahead of us we saw a dense, black smoke, but it was not until we neared the great bridge across the Trent river, over which the enemy had precipitately fled into the city, that we became cognizant of what had caused the conflagration. The bridge was nearly consumed, and on the opposite side we saw turpentine and tar works blazing furiously. Our gun-boats having arrived, the First brigade embarked, and before sundown had crossed the river and peaceably occupied the city—the Ninth and the remainder of General Reno's brigade going into camp on the right bank of the river.

Reports of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Heckman.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP RENO, March 15, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to report the position and part taken by the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers in the action near Newbern, on the fourteenth instant.

At seven A. M. I received orders from you to form line on the left of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, and follow them at the railroad track toward Newbern. Having arrived within about a mile of the enemy's works, we were ordered to file to the left into the timber and approach them under cover, and by the right flank we proceeded, until within eight hundred yards of their batteries, when on order I formed the regiment into line, but not being able, as I believed, to see the whole of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, and knowing them to be in the advance, I threw two companies from right to rear in order to avoid firing into their ranks; with the four remaining companies of the right wing I advanced to within about five hundred yards, and opened a brisk fire on the redan immediately in front, and on another obliquely to the right, adjoining the railroad track. On discovering a third redan obliquely to the left, supported by rifle pits on its right flank, I threw the left to the rear, the right of that wing resting on the colors, to avoid a flank attack. I then ordered the advance and to take ground to the left, and on gaining sufficient ground brought the two right companies into line. The whole line advanced, firing until within about two hundred yards of the works, pouring a rapid fire into the enemy, the extreme left gaining ground until upon a direct line. Having been firing a long time (about three hours), I examined several boxes and found the ammunition was getting low. I sent a lieutenant, informing you of the fact, and received an order to charge. We charged, and under difficulties (without receiving a shot) planted our colors on two redans, capturing two officers and several privates, and a rebel flag with this inscription, "Beaufort Plow Boys." It is in a good state of preservation, and will be kept by the Ninth, if agreeable to you.

All of the officers and men having performed their duty, it is hard for me to particularize. I regret the necessity to add that Lieutenant William Z. Walker of Company A, was killed while faithfully discharging his duties as an officer, and also the loss of the services, which I hope is only for a time, of Captains Middleton, McChesney and Hufty, who were wounded while gallantly cheering their men on to victory.

In addition to the above I report the loss of three privates killed and fifty-five wounded, making in all four killed in action and fifty-eight wounded—an aggregate of sixty-two.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, C. A. HECKMAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Ninth New Jersey Volunteers.
Brigadier-General JESSE L. RENO,
Commanding Second Brigade, Department of North Carolina.

Colonel Heckman's Report to Governor Olden.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP RENO, N. C., March 15th, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to submit to your notice the part taken by the Ninth regiment of New Jersey volunteers in yesterday's combined attack on Newbern, by land and water, which after a spirited contest of several hours, resulted in a glorious victory for the Burnside expedition. On the eleventh instant, having a few days previously embarked on vessels in waiting, our fleet of transports, with the gun-boats in advance, set sail from Roanoke Island, and slowly moved in the direction of Newbern. On the morning of the following day, having ascended the Neuse river some twenty miles, we cast anchor at the mouth of Slocum's creek, eighteen miles from the objective point, to wait for daylight. About seven A. M. the troops were landed, the gun-boats moving up the river, shelling the woods in advance of the army. The command formed on the beach, and took up the line of march, dispersing a company of rebel cavalry near the landing. The promise of a bright day which the morning wore, suddenly vanished, and leaden clouds soon discharged their contents in torrents, drenching our little army, which steadily marched on through it. About noon our skirmishers reported that a short distance ahead there was a formidable earthwork erected directly across our route. On reconnoitering it was found to be without defenders; we marched through it, and came to the railroad leading to the city. Here our forces divided into two columns, the first and third brigades keeping in the county road, and the second brigade (Reno's) following the railroad. After two hours' marching the railroad and highway again crossed each other, and the columns met, and after a short halt resumed their respective routes. Although footsore and weary, our gallant brigade moved cheerfully forward. Night came on, yet it carefully moved along in the darkness till eight o'clock, when it bivouacked on the soaked railroad embankment. The long night passed quietly, and at daylight the men stood to their arms, drew the loads from their rifles and reloaded. About seven o'clock sharp firing ahead told that the skirmishers had encountered the enemy. Reno's brigade, after marching about two miles, left the railroad by file to the left, entering the timber, and soon, on right by file into line, formed our line of battle, the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Hartranft, being held in the rear of and as a support to the Ninth New Jersey, which was given the extreme left of the Union battle line. The railroad, highway and the river Neuse at this point ran nearly parallel to each other, about equal distances apart. The river bank was lined for a long distance towards Newbern with batteries, which commanded both the river itself, and the roads leading to the city. From the first of these a line of rifle pits extended across the county road to the railroad. At this point commenced a series of redoubts and rifle pits, ending in an almost impenetrable swamp, making an entrenched line about three miles long. The firing

BRIG. GEN. JAMES STEWART, JR.

commenced on the right of our line. At nine o'clock Reno's brigade advanced to within two hundred yards of the enemy's works, and opened a brisk fire with telling effect, the enemy meanwhile vigorously replying, having the guns from three earthworks bearing on our position. Discovering a movement on my left flank, our left wing was reversed in time to repel this attack of the enemy, whereupon Colonel Hartranft placed his regiment on the prolongation of this line. The Ninth then resumed the direct attack, and soon silenced the rebel artillery, our sharp-shooters picking off their gunners with fatal accuracy of aim. Their infantry, however, redoubled their exertion and fought more vigorously than before. They were concealed behind their works so that nothing but their heads was visible, while our troops stood exposed to their long line of fire. Several gallant charges were made by a portion of Reno's brigade on the right, but all were repulsed with considerable loss. One of these charges, and the most gallant of them all, was made by the Twenty-first Massachusetts, which succeeded in entering the redoubt on the north side of the railroad, but were driven out at the point of the bayonet by superior numbers. The ammunition of the Ninth being reduced to ten rounds, I prevailed with General Reno to let the Ninth charge; and that charge settled the contest. Dashing eagerly forward, down into the ravine, across its miry bottom, through the stubborn *abattis*, the intrepid assailants swept up to the earthworks, climbed their slippery sides, and captured the whole of the works south of the railroad, with six guns (light battery), one stand of colors, many prisoners, and field, staff and artillery horses, (one of the former, a noble charger, captured by Sergeant J. Madison Drake, and presented to me by him, carried me to Camp Reno). Almost simultaneously the flags of the Ninth waved from two of the redans, while the right guidon floated from the third, which but a moment before was in possession of the enemy. When the brigades on the right heard the cheers of the Ninth, they dashed from the woods that covered them, and charged to the very muzzles of the Confederate guns. But our success on the left had spread a panic on every side, and the enemy broke and fled without attempting to carry off their artillery. The victory was complete, and shout after shout went up as the Union colors were planted on the ramparts, from the swamp on the left to the river on our right. Having gained possession of the enemy's main line of defence, General Burnside's attention was turned to the river batteries in the rear, which he found evacuated, and thus both the land and water approaches to the city open to our *entree*. The enemy, in their flight, burned the bridges behind them, and set fire to the city as they passed through it; but the citizens rallying, extinguished the flames of the latter. Soon after, our gunboats moved up to the wharves, they having silenced several shore batteries, and forced their way through the formidable obstructions in the river. Newbern was nearly deserted, and but little of that Union feeling said to exist south was found. The slaves alone seemed rejoiced at our coming, and looked upon our victorious banners as signs of their approaching

millennium. In the evening the First brigade was ferried across the river to occupy the city. The Ninth went into camp at the junction of the Neuse and Trent rivers, opposite Newbern, some two miles in rear of the captured works. Our loss is four killed and fifty-eight wounded, one-sixth of the entire Union loss. Among the killed was Lieutenant William Z. Walker of Company A. He was a gallant soldier, and thoroughly self-possessed in action. He gave his life for his country. Of the wounded who displayed rare heroism, are Privates Luke Davidson, and Thomas Delaney, of Company K. These brave men, although badly wounded, begged that they be allowed to remain with their company until the action was over.

Again the Ninth, by its cool, substantial and effective bravery, has sustained the honor of its state with characteristic gallantry.

The trophies in this battle are sixty-nine pieces of artillery, captured in the various works, besides a large quantity of small arms and many prisoners.

I have the honor to be, governor, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. HECKMAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

To CHARLES S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey.

March 15.—Although without camp and garrison equipage we manage to make ourselves comfortable. The camp is eligibly located on a bit of rising ground, with broad, cleared fields reaching back nearly to the battle-field, two miles away.

March 16.—Received our tents and luggage to-day, which enabled the men to improve their condition and change their clothing, something they had been much in want of.

Dr. Addison W. Woodhull, late assistant-surgeon of the Fifth New Jersey volunteers, promoted surgeon of the Ninth, arrived in camp to-day, and was heartily welcomed. He came to us highly recommended, and the confidence reposed in him at the start was fully justified throughout the war.

For the first time the writer with several friends visited Newbern to-day. It was not the kind of a place I had expected to see. A New England town on a fast day, I imagined, would be a cheerful place in comparison, and as I rambled along the sand-covered streets I was forcibly reminded of Mrs. Hemans' poem, "The Silent Multitude," descriptive of a city of the dead, where

"None spoke—none moved—none smiled."

To me it seemed as though every one had gone to a funeral, or was arranging for one. The windows of the houses were darkened, and it appeared as if the destroying angel was hovering over the place. Very few white people were visible—a man here and there with downcast look, loitering about with his hands in his pockets, and who ever saw a North Carolinian otherwise? The few women whom we met waved no handkerchiefs as we passed along. I have seen far happier faces elsewhere.

March 17.—The camp, named in honor of our brigade commander, has been put in tip-top order, and compares favorably with any previously occupied by us. Fishermen and other natives, who had recovered from their fright of battle, visit camp daily to dispose of their products, for which they find a ready and profitable sale. Shad caught within sight of our camp sell at twenty cents, and fresh herring at two cents each. Eggs obtained twenty-five cents per dozen, while sweet potatoes bring seventy-five cents and one dollar per bushel. The Ninth drill daily — the men needing and appreciating the healthful exercise. Companies from the Ninth take turns in doing piquet duty a little distance beyond the battle-ground, each remaining two days. As raids from Confederate horsemen were apprehended, and as the allegiance of all the farmers in this section cannot be depended upon, the guards are attentive to duty, maintaining extreme vigilance.

March 22.—Companies E and I marched off this morning, convoying a wagon-train, which is expected to return with forage. After a tramp of six miles the column struck a camp recently occupied by the Confederates, near which a large quantity of corn, etc., and a number of swine were discovered. With heavily laden wagons the column returned to camp before sunset, to the joy of the men, who needed something besides the salt "hoss" on which they had been feeding since leaving Washington. "You have done so well," said Colonel Heckman to Captain Hufty, "that we shall have to let you try it again when fresh meat is required." Colonel Heckman was one of those soldiers who believed in supplying the wants of the army from the country through which it passed.

March 27.—To-day, for the first time in three months, we received fresh bread, baked very nicely at Newbern. We very cheerfully laid aside the "hard-tack" which our excellent quartermaster—"Sam" Keys—had issued us the previous day. It was a long time after this before we had again to subsist upon five-year old crackers, except when on a march.

March 28.—Generals Burnside and Reno, with their staffs, visited our camp this forenoon and witnessed a drill of the regiment, after which they were hospitably entertained by Colonel Heckman, to whom they expressed their admiration of his skill in handling the command.

March 29.—Major Wilson having been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy, Adjutant Zabriskie to the majority, and everything being quiet, Colonel Heckman left the department on a twelve-day's leave of absence. As there was no drill to-day the men employed the time in washing their clothing, the river bank being lined with extemporized wash-tubs, etc.

Who shall describe, with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in language that shall compress a volume into a sentence, a sentence into a word, the agony of mind and body which is the hourly boon of the hundreds in our hospitals? Aged men and tender boys suffer alike. There is no distinction in battle. One youth, the very picture of manhood's budding beauty, has lost a leg, and limps along upon a crutch. Another, with bandaged breast and brow, remembers the fatal bravery which inspired him on the battle-field, and weeps involuntarily as he never wept before at the sweet thought of home and mother. The writer, in passing through the hospital after the battle of Newbern, witnessed a touching incident—one that drew tears to his eyes and thrilled his form with a pang. Several charitable ladies were passing along a ward, dispensing ice cream to the invalids. At the farther end lay a boy, his face pale, his eyelids drooping. "The poor little fellow is asleep; we must not disturb him," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, I'm not asleep," he softly answered.

"My little fellow," continued the lady, "are you fond of ice cream?"

"Very much so," he replied with a silvery voice, as his face brightened up.

"Well, help yourself to this," saying which the visitor placed the saucer and spoon on the table at his bedside.

The lad burst into tears, and the ladies became very much affected at his sobs.

"Why do you cry?" asked one of them.

"Oh, madam, if you will pull down the quilt a little you will see."

She did so, and found that he had no arms.

Poor boy! The sympathy of silence and tears was all that could be bestowed upon his wounded spirit. The remembrance of sister and brother, of father and mother, of childish frolics and playmates loved of yore, was awakened to soothe the fancy of the little sufferer, and to wreath his young brow with the still tender beauty of resignation to the will of God.

April 1.—An unusually early breakfast this morning, after which tents were "struck" and loaded upon wagons, when Companies B, C, D, F, I, K, L and M, marched to the wharf, and embarked on steam wheelbarrow "Union," (a vessel that had the reputation of being able to sail anywhere when the ground was covered with a single night's dew), which steamed down the really beautiful Neuse river. Companies A, E, G and H, remained in camp, much to the dislike of all concerned, as rumors prevailed that the Ninth was to assist in the reduction of Fort Macon, an impediment to the entrance of our vessels into Beaufort harbor, on the coast. It was along towards the middle of the afternoon when we reached the mouth of Slocum's creek, the point of our debarkation (previous to the battle), up which we proceeded for several miles, when disembarking, and laden with heavy knapsacks, under a scorching sun, we commenced a fatiguing march. It was after nightfall when we reached the old Confederate barracks at Newport, and after posting guards, all retired to obtain much-needed rest.

April 2.—The Fifth Rhode Island battalion, which we found in occupancy of the barracks, and who had remained over night, departed this morning for Carolina City, a city of one or two houses, some three miles down the railroad.

April 3.—Four companies went out on the road leading to Swansboro to do piquet duty—the other four remaining at the barracks.

April 4.—Company F was sent up the railroad towards Newbern to guard the railroad bridge across the Newport river, at Havelock station; Company D took station three miles this side, while Company K was sent off to guard a county road leading from Peltier's to Swansboro. It was after Company K had reached its destination along the railroad that a little incident occurred which the boys often afterwards heartily laughed at. Lieutenant Townley, a strict disciplinarian, was in command, when "Tom" McCormick, stubbing his toe as he marched away, used language that the lieutenant could not find authority for in the tactics, which he studied at every opportunity. "You are fined, McCormick," said the lieutenant. "Tom" had all the respect in the world for the lieutenant, but this provoked him, and again he used unparliamentary language. "I shall impose another fine," said the lieutenant. "Tom" took from his pocket a one dollar bill, and handing it to the officer, said: "In faith, I will take a dollar's worth while I'm at it, lootenint."

Company K's position was as pleasant as could be desired, and its members proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Tired of masticating government rations they feasted for some time upon mutton, chickens and pigs which were found running at large near the post, and for a time enjoyed the delicious fish caught in the sound convenient to camp. The capture of the first fish, weighing some five pounds, brought into camp by "Billy" Ross, was regarded with livelier joy than California miner ever manifested when his diligent search and severe toil were rewarded with the discovery of a yellow nugget of fabulous value. The fish were good, but the sweet potatoes and corn, which appeared early in the season, were considered far more palatable. When these first came, they were devoured with as much avidity as gaunt pigs swallow kernels scattered among the leaves in the forest.

April 5.—The men of the Ninth, by their excellent behavior and generosity, speedily gained the esteem of the people living

in their vicinity, who brought into the various camps hoe-cake, ham, eggs, pies, clams, oysters, potatoes, etc., which they either gave away or disposed of at very moderate prices. Many men in the regiment presented these poor people with blankets and such articles of wear as they could dispense with. It was because of such favors that the manor-born entertained an exalted opinion of the Ninth regiment. Nearly every family, especially the poorer classes ("white trash," as the planters called them,) possessed a love for the "old flag," and they joyfully hailed their deliverance from the bondage from which we had released them.

April 6.—Company K, on piquet on Ogilvie's plantation, at the junction of two roads, summoned to the barracks, marched five miles in about an hour and reported to the lieutenant-colonel, who was in command of the post. Knapsacks were unslung, a gill of whisky given to those who liked it, and with an extra supply of ball-cartridges several companies were ordered out to support Company B, which expected an attack. For some reason or other the Confederates did not put in an appearance.

April 7.—This morning, everything being quiet, the reinforcements returned to the barracks, which they had hardly reached ere news arrived that an hour or so after they had started upon the return the watchful enemy had swooped down upon Company B's advanced piquet post, mortally wounding one man—Private Warren W. Sweeny—and carrying away as prisoners Sergeant David C. Bradford, Corporal Theodore DeHart, Corporal Moses Blakely, and Privates Theodore Hughes, Daniel Cosgrove, Henry Teutenberg, James Murphy, William Danbury and William Morris. As these were the first men of the Ninth to be captured, we all naturally burned to march forth and rescue our comrades and exterminate the marauders.

April 8.—The Confederates, displaying increased activity outside our lines, the companies at Camp Reno—A, E, H and G—left there and arrived at Newport late this afternoon. About one hundred of the sick and wounded, unable to make the journey, remained in care of Captain Castner. To-day

Captain Samuel Hufty, with Companies B, C and I, burned the bridge across Broad river, to prevent sudden forays by the enemy.

April 9.—Long-roll, calling the companies out of the barracks in short-metre in the middle of the night.

April 10.—A detachment of mounted artillerymen from Belger's Rhode Island battery came into our camp, commanded by Lieutenant Pope.

April 11.—The Ninth to-day gladly received pay for January and February, and the farmers who supply us with good things feel correspondingly happy.

April 12.—Lieutenant Pope took his artillerymen outside our lines on a scout, but saw nothing of the enemy.

April 14.—Colonel Heckman rejoiced our hearts by returning to-day. He was improved in health. With him in command, we knew that we should not long be annoyed by predatory bands of Confederates who hung on the outskirts of our lines.

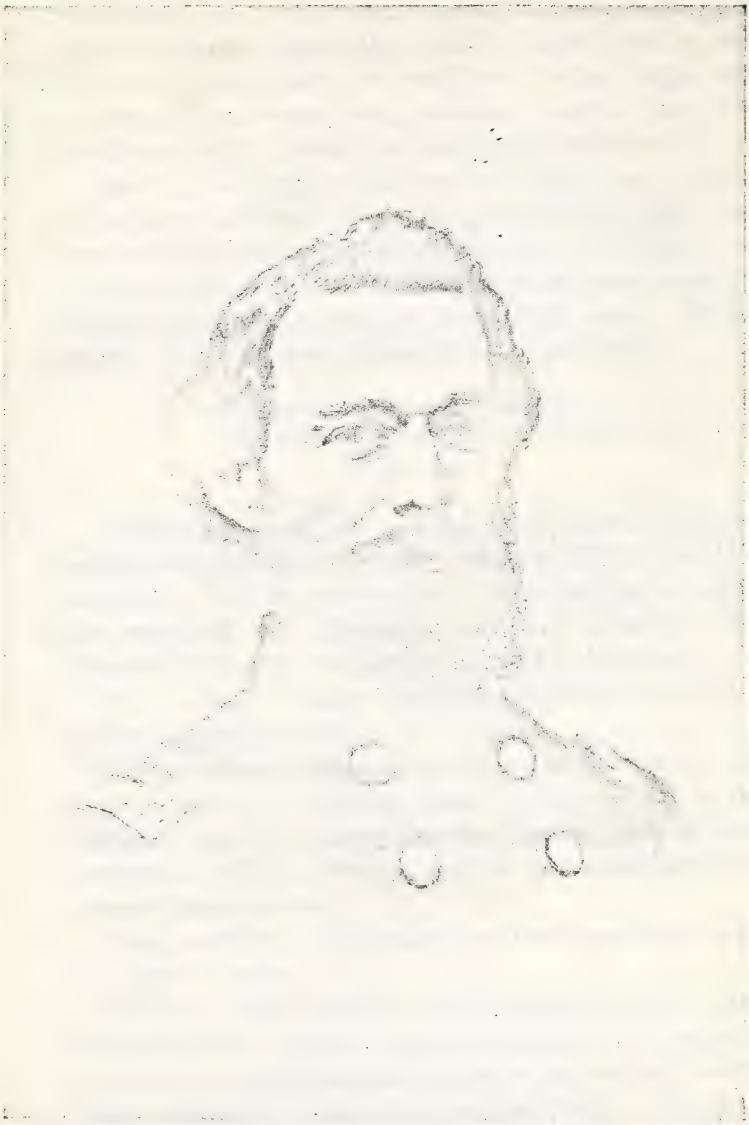
April 15.—Our piquets were somewhat agitated this forenoon on seeing a large force approaching, but on learning its true character extended a hearty welcome. It proved to be the One Hundred and Third New York regiment, with prisoners, negroes and much plunder, gathered *en route* from Newbern, from which place it had started three days previously. The raiders brought with them horses and every description of vehicles, but we were glad when they left camp.

April 16.—Roused at midnight by the drummers, a shot or two having been fired by the piquets.

April 18.—Long-roll again this evening, but no signs of the enemy.

April 21.—Captain Stewart, wishing to give his men more exercise than was possible on post, started away on a scout, returning, however, before dark, without having seen anything of armed Confederates.

April 24.—The sun came creeping out of the Atlantic ocean (as it seemed to the writer, who was standing on the mainland looking towards Fort Macon,) when the reverberations of heavy guns were plainly heard among the sand hills on Bogue Island, upon the northern extremity of which the fort was located.



LT. COL. WM. B. CURLIS.

The Confederates in the fort, for some reason unaccountable to the Unionists, had refrained from attempting to dislodge the besieging force, who were enabled to plant their guns and mortars without molestation, and in almost absolute security. But, everything being in readiness for the siege, with the opening of the bombardment, the enemy made a vigorous though ineffectual reply, steadily maintaining it until dark.

April 25.—Firing was resumed at daylight, and by noon-time it became apparent that the Confederates would soon be compelled to surrender, which ceremony took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, when five hundred men, under Colonel White, marched out and lay down their arms. The Confederates, who were much dejected, no longer sung:

> "If Lincoln wants to save his bacon,
> He'd better keep away from old Fort Macon!
> Look away!"

April 29.—Quartermaster Keys, a faithful and highly efficient officer, left the regiment to-day, greatly to the regret of officers and men, to act as commissary of Burnside's corps, with which he remained until the end of the war. Second Lieutenant Edward S. Carrell was appointed to act in his place.

May 1.—The weather continues delightful—no rain having fallen in over three weeks.

May 2.—Rumors prevail that owing to difficulty in obtaining recruits for the "fighting Ninth," which so far is the only regiment from New Jersey that has been engaged in battle, two companies will be disbanded and the men transferred to the ten remaining companies.

May 3.—Firing by the piquets on the Swansboro road caused an alarm in camp.

May 13.—Major Zabriskie, who had been home on sick leave, returned to-day, greatly improved in health and strength.

May 16.—Complimentary orders were received to-day from General John G. Parke, thanking the Ninth "for the arduous and important services rendered by it in assisting in the reduction and capture of Fort Macon," and directing that "Roanoke Island, February 7–8," "Newbern, March 14,"

and "Fort Macon, April 25, 1862," be inscribed on the regimental colors. The gratifying announcement was received with enthusiasm. The duties of the men in the various companies are light; while they are contented the natives are delighted. While the Confederates, who were hurried from Fort Macon by a grand discharge of fireworks, keep at a respectful distance, we continue as wakeful to a sense of duty as a grimalkin after scenting a mouse. While many of us frisk about like school-boys when the teacher has slipped out to imbibe a julep, during tours of duty we are faithful and firm as when preparing to resist to the death a host advancing to the assault. And yet there is no telling what a day may bring forth. Occasionally we receive a day's notice before moving, and at other times are ordered to sling knapsacks and march at once, with no leisure to carve the date of our departure on the thick bark of the nearest turpentine tree.

May 18.—The section of Belger's artillery returned to Newbern to-day, to the great regret of the men, who had become greatly attached to the Ninth. It being Sunday, a negro minister held forth. Before he concluded his sermon he got through from Genesis to Revelation.

May 20.—Although the Ninth is delightfully located, with light duties, yet the men are dissatisfied and long for a change. So pleasant and profitable has our sojourn been in this section, that the inhabitants, who feel the greatest security in our protection, have petitioned General Burnside to retain the Ninth in the district, rumors prevailing for a few days past that the Ninth was to be ordered to Virginia.

May 21.—Chaplain Thomas Drum, while riding, fell from his horse, sustaining a fracture of a leg.

May 25.—A paymaster made glad our hearts by giving us two months salary. There are but few spendthrifts in the Ninth—most of the men feeling it a sacred duty to forward the bulk of their meagre pay home. I am told that nearly every man sends at least ten dollars out of the thirteen to his family, while I know many that remit a larger per centage. He who does not exercise a prudent economy in the army, as in civil life, is often obliged to suffer in consequence of his indiscretion.

May 26.—A terrible rain-storm prevailed to-day, the district being flooded. The old mill at Havelock (where Company F is stationed), was carried away by the flood.

May 27.—A national salute was fired at Fort Macon to-day in honor of the arrival of Provisional Governor Edwin D. Stanley.

May 29.—The officer of the day went out in the woods, in rear of his quarters, and discharged his revolver this forenoon, causing the companies to turn-out of the barracks. The captain received an admonition from Colonel Heckman for his indiscretion. A private of Company E was united in marriage to Miss Bell living near camp.

May 30.—The last of the sick men left in camp at Newbern reached Newport to-day.

June 11.—A party of Confederates (farmers by day and soldiers at night), eluded our piquets and reached the humble home of Rev. Thomas Mann, just inside our lines and carried off the inoffensive clergyman. He had refused to identify himself with the cause of rebellion, and having committed the crime of addressing a Union meeting, composed of his neighbors, incurred the mortal hate of secessionists, who embraced this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him.

June 12.—To-day a locomotive, with cars attached, came down from Newbern. It did us all good to once more hear the sound of a steam whistle. Companies A, B and H went outside the lines, hoping to run across parties interested in carrying off the clergyman, but were unable to gain any intelligence of his whereabouts. Infantrymen are illy adapted for a long stern chase.

June 13.—A company of the Third New York Cavalry from Newbern, reached the Ninth's camp at six o'clock this evening to join in a scout towards Swansboro. Companies I and M, commanded by Captain Hufty, left the barracks soon after—the cavalrymen following at eleven o'clock.

June 14.—The cavalry, unable to cross Broad creek, and being of no further use, returned to camp, while the two infantry companies, determined to destroy the cavalry barracks on the White Oak road, some four miles further on, crossed in

"dug-outs," and accomplished their purpose, besides capturing three prisoners, returning to camp at Newport without mishap at a late hour in the afternoon.

June 15.—The cavalry returned to Newbern.

June 16.—Two beautiful locomotives from New Hampshire passed over the railroad to-day, going as far as Morehead City.

June 18.—Trains coming down from Newbern were protected by men within what we called "Monitor" (iron-clad) cars. Two small cannon were mounted upon the platform cars, plated with iron.

To-day a party of Company K's boys sailed across Bogue sound, landing near the house of an islander named Lewis, whose sixteen-year-old son agreed to pilot the party over to the beach, which he succeeded in doing after pursuing a most intricate pathway. The boys had a delightful ramble along the shore, and viewed with great interest the spots where huge-throated mortars and monster cannon a short time previous had hurled shrieking death-dealing missiles against the unwelcome occupants of one of Uncle Sam's forts. After examining various localities of interest, and contrasting the present calm with the tempest of fire that recently swept over the lower end of the island, the adventurers suddenly grew thirsty. "Water!" "water!" was the cry, but Sahara's desert is not more arid than the scorching sands over which they rambled. Readers of narratives of shipwrecked mariners may oftimes imagine that their descriptions of sufferings endured for want of water exaggerated, but with this brief experience of the torture caused by thirst, none in that little party were disposed to doubt stories told by the sailors.

June 21.—This was a memorable day for the Ninth. As the weather was charming, many people from the surrounding country visited camp to witness the afternoon drill and the dress-parade at sunset, especially as it was generally understood that a magnificent sword was to be presented by the line officers to the esteemed regimental commander. At the conclusion of dress-parade Captain Boudinot of Company K, stepped forward from the line of officers and said:

COLONEL HECKMAN—I am deputed by the line officers of the Ninth regiment to present you with this sword and belt, as a small token of our appreciation of your merits as our commander, as well as our esteem of you as a brother officer. The uniform impartiality with which you have administered the offices of our now famous regiment, the courtesy you have always extended towards us in our social intercourse with you, and the intrepidity you have displayed in leading the command on to victory, have endeared you to us in an eminent degree. We thank you, sir, for the proud name you have won for us as officers of the glorious Ninth. As Jerseymen, we thank you for the lustre you have added to the name of our state. Mounted on this blade are the emblems of our national greatness, and of the impious rebellion—not yet fully crushed, although doomed to a certain and ignominious death. We have still our parts to act, and shall doubtless pass through other struggles before returning to our homes. The scenes of Roanoke and Newbern may again be enacted; but rest assured, sir, that wherever you may lead, we will follow, confident that we are on the road to victory and honor. In conclusion, permit me to wish you every success in your military career, and that when this unhappy war is ended, you may long enjoy the blessings of prosperity in the happy consciousness of having in your country's service won for yourself a lasting and an honored name.

Colonel Heckman, on receiving the sword, spoke substantially as follows:

CAPTAIN BOUDINOT—I beg, through you, to thank the gallant line officers of the Ninth New Jersey volunteers for this elegant weapon, presented by them in appreciation of Roanoke and Newbern. However well I may have performed my duties on those memorable fields, yet I would have been debarred the proud satisfaction of receiving this beautiful sword had it not been for the indomitable energy, obstinate bravery, courage, skill and fortitude of those brave boys standing in yonder ranks [pointing to the men in line]. Without them I would not be what I am: and to them I owe a debt that never can be cancelled. New Jersey has just cause to feel proud of her sons—her historic fame has not been tarnished in the slightest; on the contrary, we have ably maintained the honor and the reputation of the "Jersey Blues" of the revolutionary age. The regiment which I have the honor to command has within its ranks as brave and hardy a band as ever shouldered a rifle, and marching with them to meet the enemy is but to victory, honor and success. It is an honor to be connected with any of the New Jersey regiments in the field, but especially so is it when associated with the Ninth—whose famed deeds will ever shine on the brightest pages of history. My greatest ambition in the future, as heretofore, will be to serve my command to the extent of my ability, and strive to merit the continued respect and confidence of officers and men.

To the inspiring strains of "Hail to the Chief" by the band, Captain Boudinot buckled the sword to Colonel Heckman's

belt, the men making the welkin ring with cheers. Everybody felt happy, so Major Zabriskie assumed command without orders, and passed the regiment in review before its idolized chieftain, who subsequently invited all present to partake of his hospitality. Occasions of this character cheer the spirits, sharpen the appetite and promote the health of all who participate in them.

June 23.—An alarm at midnight roused the regiment, which formed line with its usual celerity, and Colonel Heckman took advantage of the circumstance to drill the command for half an hour by moonlight.

June 24.—At nine o'clock this morning, while a train of cars were at Newport barracks, news was received from Captain Curlis, at Havelock, that the enemy had appeared near the station the previous night, and attacked and driven in his piquets. Within five minutes Colonel Heckman, with Companies E, H and I, were on board the cars and proceeding hastily to the relief of the little garrison at Havelock, reaching which point Companies E and I disembarked, while the train proceeded on to Newbern, carrying Company H as a guard for its protection. A reconnoisance was made towards Lewis' plantation, where it was found a large force of cavalry had been during the night, but on hearing the approach of troops had withdrawn. Major Zabriskie and Surgeon Woodhull were temporarily absent from camp when the train started, but on returning and learning the condition of things, placed a hand-car on the track, and with half a dozen men started up the railroad, reaching Havelock at noon-time, their appearance being greeted with cheers by Company F's boys. Company I remained at Havelock to assist in building the block-house, while Companies E and H returned to camp late in the afternoon by train.

Company F commenced and completed the block-house at Havelock, and remained on duty there most of the summer, which was passed in an agreeable manner—the duties being far from irksome. The members lived "high" so long as their money lasted, but a time came when they felt that fresh meat would be more palatable than the "salt hoss" regularly issued

by the quartermaster. The death of a large black hog which had been running at large on the Lewis plantation, and which had been fed by the boys, was finally decided upon. As Hiram G. Voorhees had been boasting of his ability as a marksman (and not without cause), he was selected to kill the animal. Carefully loading his rifle, Voorhees went in search of the porker, leaving his weapon resting against an old building while he drove the hog to the block-house, where it was proposed to have it die. During his brief absence one of the practical jokers of Company F withdrew the bullet from Voorhees' rifle. When Voorhees had driven the hog to the appointed place, he picked up his rifle and taking deliberate aim at the unsuspecting animal, not more than ten yards distant, blazed away. The report of course startled the hog, which looked up and grunted. Voorhees, greatly amazed, looked at the hog, then towards the men, who, unable to restrain themselves, nearly exploded with laughter. Voorhees reloaded and ended the days of Mr. Lewis' fattest hog, but so long as he remained in the army he never heard the last about his "poor shooting."

June 25.—About noon to-day Colonel Heckman marched from the barracks with Companies B, E, H and M, headed by a squadron of the Third New York cavalry, commanded by Major Lewis, with the expectation of capturing a party of Confederate horsemen who were committing depredations on the White Oak road. A Mr. Roberts, a farmer living outside our lines, acted as guide. After a toilsome march of twelve miles the command halted and bivouacked for the night near where it was thought the enemy might be. A strong guard was posted, but the guerrillas failed to appear.

June 26.—The command, at daylight, hurried its march into the interior for a considerable distance, but failing to overtake the enemy, who fled before it, set out upon its return to camp, which it reached without mishap at a late hour on the night of the twenty-eighth—the cavalry returning next day to Newbern.

June 30.—After inspection and muster, Company E, Lieutenant Ben. W. Hopper, commanding, was sent off to do piquet duty at Evans' Mills. Mr. P. G. Evans, the owner of

the place, was not at home to dispense any hospitalities or to welcome the company, which proceeded to make itself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Mr. Evans found it convenient to be in command of a cavalry company some miles away. The old saw-mill on the place was used to furnish timber for the block-house, which the command proceeded to construct. Blackberries were abundant—so were mosquitoes, gnats, wood-ticks and the ever-to-be-dreaded moccasin snakes, some of which measured three feet in length and four inches in diameter—not pleasant fellows to meet with, by any means.

July 1.—Lieutenant Edward S. Carrell, who had been acting as regimental quartermaster, returned to his company—H—having been relieved at his own request—Lieutenant Thomas B. Appleget of Company M, assuming the duties of the position.

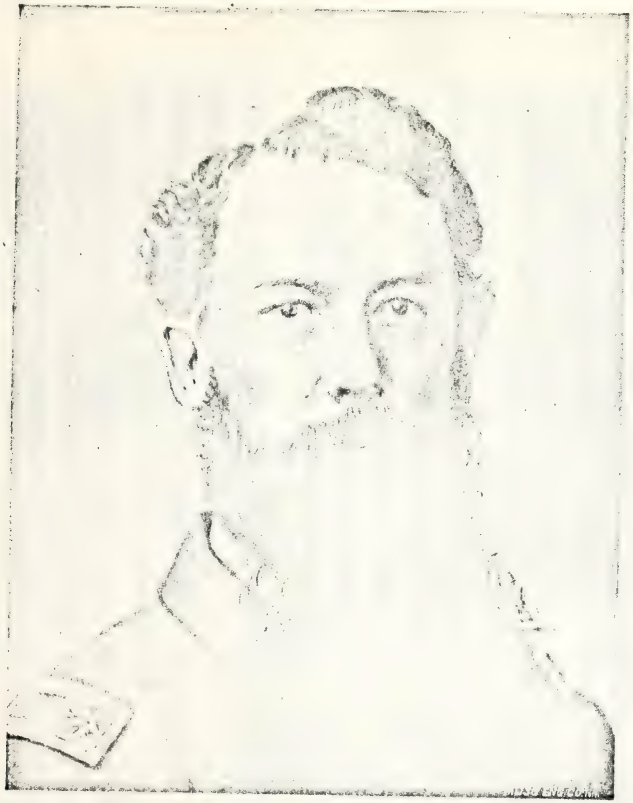
July 3.—Company A, Captain Stearns, and Company C, Captain Jay, Third New York cavalry, and a section of artillery, with three rifled six-pounders, arrived from Newbern. Company F, of the Third cavalry, Captain MacNamara, stopped at Havelock.

July 4.—A national salute was fired at sunrise, to the great delight of the troops and natives.

July 5.—Confederates are reported advancing—great joy being evinced by the men of the Ninth.

July 7.—A private of Company C, on piquet six miles west of camp, was wounded in the leg to-day by a lurking bush-whacker.

July 8.—Firing being heard in the direction of Company C's post, two companies of the Ninth, with two companies of cavalry, under Major Zabriskie, hastened away. Arriving at Company C's quarters, it was found that some men relieved from guard had discharged their rifles in order to clean them. Almost every day there were alarms at some point along the line, and as the Confederates became emboldened and more persistent, Colonel Heckman determined to punish them. Learning that a considerable force had gathered at Youngs' Cross-roads, he arranged to co-operate with a detachment which was to be sent out from Newbern.



MAJOR ADDISON W. WOODHULL,

SURGEON.

LIEUT. WM. E. TOWNLEY,

COMPANY K.

July 17.—A contraband from up country having entered our lines and reported a force of Confederates encamped at Adams's creek, Companies E and H were despatched to that locality. A long march and careful search failing to reveal the enemy's presence, the companies bivouacked for the night, and next day returned to camp—many of the men, although footsore and weary, incensed enough to have cowhided the aforesaid contraband, could he have been found, for being the cause of the fatiguing tramp.

July 26.—At four o'clock this morning, Companies B, C, D, H, I and M, with three companies of the Third New York cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, started from camp with elastic step, in high expectancy of again meeting the foe. The sun withered everything by the road-side, the men suffering a good deal from its piercing rays. By noon-time the command had attained a distance of over twenty miles, and as the horses needed rest and feed, a halt was ordered at Peltier's Mills for two hours, when the march was resumed to Davies' Mills, where Colonel Heckman had determined to spend the night. And an awful night it was, owing to the heavy showers and the blinding sheets of lightning and peals of thunder, which shook the earth.

July 27.—Expedition moved at daylight. The apparel of the men being soaked with rain rendered traveling difficult and unpleasant, but under the genial sun rays the water speedily evaporated and locomotion became natural. Young's Cross-roads were reached just before noon, when Colonel Heckman, discovering evidences of the enemy's presence, ordered the three companies of cavalry to advance and make observations on the various roads leading from the junction. The colonel accompanied Captain MacNamara's company on its reconnoissance down the Onslow road, which led across the White Oak river—a deep, sluggish stream, emptying into Bogue sound. They had gone a mile, perhaps, when, upon turning a bend in the narrow road, the head of column received a volley, which wounded Colonel Heckman and Surgeon Woodhull and several cavalrymen. Although they had fallen into a clever ambuscade, the cavalrymen maintained composure,

and quickly dismounting, took cover and opened with telling effect upon the Confederates, who, sinking spurs into their horses, dashed away and across the bridge over the river, promptly setting fire to the pine structure to prevent pursuit. The cavalry, without waiting for the Ninth to come up, cautiously followed the retreating Confederates, and while engaged near the burning bridge were joined by the infantry and a field-piece brought up by Captain Hufty, who started the moment he heard the volley. In a minute two companies were deployed along the left bank of the river, while Lieutenant Graham's gun opened in a manner that surprised the Confederates. Meanwhile Colonel Heckman was vainly endeavoring to find a ford in the river. The infantry, led by Company I, crossed on the bridge stringers, which remained intact, and making the woods resound with cheers, dashed up the bank on the opposite side, but too late, however, to surround the enemy, who precipitately fled on seeing the perilous feat performed by the Jerseymen. Eighteen prisoners, however, were taken, together with some small arms, horses, etc. The prisoners stated that their force numbered between two hundred and three hundred. The Union loss amounted to seven wounded, none mortally. Had the force from Newbern, which Colonel Heckman expected to meet him at this point, arrived, the Confederates could not have escaped.

July 28.—Captain Stewart, with Company H of the Ninth, and two companies of cavalry, proceeded as far as Pollocksville, ten miles distant, to which point, it was ascertained, the co-operating force from Newbern had marched the previous day, but for some inexplicable reason had gone back to the city by the same route it had advanced. Captain Stewart, finding nothing of the enemy, retraced his steps and reported to Colonel Heckman shortly after noon. At three o'clock the entire force moved forward in the direction of Newbern—this being the nearest point to the Union lines—and early in the evening went into quarters at the Seminary building near Pollocksville.

July 29.—Resumed the tramp as gray streaks illumined the eastern horizon, and at noon entered Newbern—returning to camp at Newport by cars late in the afternoon.

July 30.—Artillery and cavalry came down by train from Newbern.

With several members of the Ninth, the writer to-day visited Fort Macon for the first time. There was but little within or without to remind one of the struggle that had taken place a few months before—happy contrabands having removed the *debris* and repaired the walls that had been breached by heavy missiles. Ninety-one guns grinned defiance from barbette and port-hole. The light-house that, like a giant sentinel, had borne high heavenward its brilliant torch, had been destroyed by the Confederates previous to their surrender, by which act of vandalism the tempest-tossed mariner is deprived of a beacon that, in happier days, welcomed him to a safe and pleasant anchorage in the beautiful harbor.. Beaufort and Morehead City are directly opposite the fort, while Carolina City (two or three houses) is situated two miles southwest, on Bogue sound. From either place the ocean scenery is enchanting. The constant roar of the sea, the shrill cry of each bird that wings its flight far above our heads, the fish leaping from their natural element to catch a glimpse of the brilliant landscape, the fleet clippers spreading their ample sails, the sparkling blue waters that leap skyward to receive the sunbeams' kisses, the sailors' strains that mingle with the murmur of the winds and waves at eventide—these things were enchanting to us who were only accustomed to inland life.

August 4.—Company F left Havelock to-day (being relieved by Company I), and repaired to Beaufort, for provost duty—Captain Curlis having been appointed marshal of the place. Company G, Captain Ritter, was ordered to Morehead City.

August 14.—A detachment of one hundred picked men from three companies of the Ninth, and three companies of cavalry, left the barracks early this evening, and before the sun made its appearance next morning, the command had halted on Edward Hill's plantation, Cedar Point, on the left bank of White Oak river, opposite Swansboro—twenty-six miles from our starting point. Colonel Heckman looked in vain for two "wheelbarrow" steamboats, that had started early the previous day, with small boats intended for our use in crossing the river

to the town; but unfortunately the steamers had run aground in the wide, but deceitful sound, and failed to get off in time to be of any use to the expedition. Determined not to be foiled, the colonel marched his forces down the bank of the wide river towards Bogue sound—searching all the creeks and bays for means of water transportation. He found nothing, however, except a yawl-boat and two or three small canoes, which were inadequate and illy adapted for the purpose. But in these frail crafts Captain McChesney of the Ninth, embarked with sixteen men, and rowed away towards Swansboro, which place they had nearly reached when the Confederates, stationed on the wharf at the lower end of the village, opened upon him with a small field-piece, and in a few minutes several hundred armed men rose up and delivered volley after volley. Captain McChesney's men dropped their oars and picking up their trusty rifles, returned the fire. The Confederates evidently looked upon the death or capture of the small attacking party as a foregone matter, but the men of the Ninth took a different view of the situation, and resolved to effect their retreat, especially as Confederates, in three large boats, were pulling towards them. When quite near, the Ninth's representatives poured a volley into the foremost boat, which put a stop to further pursuit, and returned in safety to the shore.

August 19.—As the "wheelbarrow" steamers did not return to Beaufort, and nothing had been heard from them, Colonel Heckman despatched Companies L, F and K, on a schooner to go in search of them. The men enjoyed the sail up the sound, and about the middle of the afternoon, all hearts were gladdened by the discovery of the steamers, lying at anchor off Swansboro. The steamers had grounded on going up, which prevented them from aiding Colonel Heckman's force, but getting off next day, continued on to the town, where Colonel Stevenson of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, landed some of his men, who destroyed two large salt factories—a serious loss to the people of that section as well as the entire state. The three vessels then returned to Beaufort.

August 20.—A number of "contrabands" came down Bogue sound in boats to-day, and were halted by Company K's

piquets, who provided them with quarters in an old building on the Ogilvie plantation. The men-folk were subsequently employed in cutting timber for the erection of Company K's block-house, in process of construction, while the females made themselves useful in washing for the men. Lieutenant Edwin Stevens Harris is acting as adjutant, vice Abel, who is north on leave of absence.

August 21.—Company B relieved Company A at Havelock. The disappearance of Captain Boudinot of Company K, a day or two ago, gave distress to his men. The captain had sailed down to Carolina City, a few miles below the post, in a small boat, but on returning up the sound in the evening, missed the piquet post, and passed the night on the water. Next morning being unable to locate himself, he sailed away at hap-hazard, and, by-and-by, when nearing the shore, and hearing shots, from his own piquets (which, however, he mistook for those of the enemy), he turned his craft about and sailed away across the sound. The piquets, not recognizing the boat, and believing that some one was "spying the land," went in pursuit. When nearly to Bogue Island they saw the craft they were in pursuit of turn directly over, but on reaching it, discovered no trace of the man who had a minute or two before occupied it. An examination of the boat revealed the fact that it was the one the captain had sailed away in, and after a fruitless search, they took it in tow, and returned to the mainland with hearts burdened with grief. Next day a prolonged search was made along the sound, but no trace of the missing captain or his body could be found. In the evening, however, Major Zabriskie sent word to Company K that Captain Boudinot had "turned up" at Fort Macon. Supposing himself pursued by enemies, and being a clever swimmer, he sprang out of his boat, he afterwards said, and swam to shore, which he reached in safety and then made his way down the lonely island, to the fort.

August 31.—Piquet station of Company B at Havelock, two miles from railroad, attacked by several hundred Confederates, who were held at bay until Lieutenant Ben. W. Hopper, with Companies B and E, reached the scene, when the enemy retreated. A corporal of Company E—the only man injured

on our side—was shot through the hand. Lieutenants Hopper and Burnett captured two guerrillas and some fifty stand of arms of every conceivable make.

September 1.—Captain James Stewart, Jr., and Adjutant Abel returned to the regiment to-day from their visit north. After dress parade in the afternoon Company H marched over to Captain Stewart's quarters, and on the appearance of that officer, Corporal J. E. Matthews stepped forward, and said:

CAPTAIN—I am deputed by the members of Company H to present you with this sword, belt and sash—not so much as a token of the respect and love we all feel for you as our commander—for we believe that feeling would be but feebly expressed indeed, were we to demonstrate it by so meagre an offering—but we give you this emblem of your present profession, that in after years, when our association is broken up, you may recall, through it, the brave deeds performed by yourself in this dark period of our country's struggle, as well as to remind you of the men who have so gallantly followed you through manifold dangers, and the confidence those men felt in their leader and captain. May the reflection that you have our full respect and confidence give you the same satisfaction it does us in presenting to you a weapon which, while in your hands, we know will only be drawn in the cause of justice and right.

Captain Stewart replied:

CORPORAL AND MEN OF COMPANY H—But scarcely returned from an absence of over a month, I find myself taken completely by surprise—an agreeable one, I confess—and one that any soldier, no matter how punctillious he may be regarding his duties, should be proud of.

It has ever been a boast of mine, and one that our leader has frequently endorsed, that I have a company second to none in the service, in point of discipline, drill and efficiency; and for me to know that in the difficult task of moulding a body of citizens into a company of soldiers I have not only succeeded, but at the same time, retained the respect and confidence of these men, is of itself a triumph one may be justly proud of. My interests and feelings have been identified with you from the organization of our regiment to the present time, and, God willing, that association shall continue until the mighty work which called us together shall be successfully accomplished.

You have already, during your brief connection with the service, been called upon, on more than one occasion, to test your patriotism and valor on the battle field, and many of our comrades who started with us from our native state, full of life and hope, are now numbered among the dead—their bones left to bleach on Carolina's shore, far away from their kindred and friends. Nevertheless, their brave deeds are remembered by all, and while we drop a tear to their memory, let us try and emulate their heroism, and prove to all our determination to defend to the last,

and sacrifice life itself, it may be, to protect that government which has nurtured and cherished us in the past.

Having just returned from the north, and from the homes of many of you, I can give you the assurance that your conduct is closely watched by those who in '61 bade you God-speed on your mission, and that their prayers ascend daily for your safety and success. They are justly proud of your record thus far, and have no fear of the future. I, too, am well satisfied with the readiness with which you have obeyed all my orders, and the diligence you have displayed in acquiring a knowledge of your duties. Let the confidence which has heretofore existed between the officers of this company and the men continue, and I pledge you that the handsome gift handed me this day, while I shall ever cherish it as an expression of your good feeling toward myself, both as your captain and friend, I shall do all in my power to preserve, untarnished in any cause of injustice, but bright and glittering in the defence of right.

Hearty cheers greeted Captain Stewart at the conclusion of his speech, most of the men and officers in camp having been attracted to the spot by the unusual spectacle.

September 2.—Second Lieutenant Edward S. Moffat of Company K, a worthy son of Professor Moffat of Princeton, and one of the brightest young officers in the army, was to-day detailed to report to the chief signal officer at Newbern. He remained on the signal corps until the end of the war, serving with distinguished gallantry and fidelity. Company M relieved Company B at Havelock—not a desirable post, by any means, hence the frequent changes.

September 10.—Two false alarms to-day, which greatly provoked Lieutenant Hopper.

September 11.—Company E left the barracks for Morehead City. Dr. Fidelio B. Gillette, a New Jersey man by birth, joined the Ninth as its assistant surgeon, and was assigned to the troops at Morehead and Carolina City. He instantly became popular with officers and men.

September 14.—Company B left for Morehead City, while Companies C and L were ordered to duty at Beaufort.

September 15.—Company M gladly left the wilderness at Havelock for Carolina City, having been relieved by a company of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts.

September 17.—Colonel Heckman, with Companies E and H of the Ninth, and two companies of the Third New York

cavalry, left Beaufort at an early hour this morning for Adams' creek, which point was reached next morning, after a fatiguing tramp. "The object of the expedition having been accomplished," the command retraced its steps and arrived at Beaufort at midnight on the 18th.

September 19.—Company E returned to its pleasant quarters at Morehead.

September 24.—Company E, this afternoon, presented Lieutenant William H. Able with a handsome sword and belt, Quartermaster-Sergeant Oscar Van Houten making the speech on behalf of his comrades. Lieutenant Able, in accepting the gifts, responded in appropriate terms, and concluded by inviting the "boys" to partake of refreshments in the dining-room of the hotel at Beaufort.

October 2.—Surgeon Woodhull was appointed surgeon-in-chief of Hammond general hospital at Beaufort.

October 20.—Captain Hufty departed from camp this morning with his company I, each man carrying three days' rations and one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition. Although accompanied by a Confederate named Robinson, whom it was desirable to exchange, the real object of the expedition was to ascertain the whereabouts of Lieutenant Cushing of the U. S. navy, who had been sent up to Swansboro to capture a Confederate schooner and effect the destruction of the salt manufactories near that place, but from whom no tidings had been learned. Captain Hufty was instructed to continue his march until he obtained definite information concerning the lieutenant and his command. Fortunately, he ascertained at Swansboro, where he delivered his prisoner, that Lieutenant Cushing had met with success in his undertaking, and returned down the sound to Beaufort the day previous. There being nothing further for him to do, Captain Hufty recrossed White Oak river, lowered his white flag and marched back to camp.

October 29.—Companies B, C, E, G, H, I, M and a portion of Company F, left Morehead City at midnight on cars for Newbern, with three days' cooked rations in haversacks, each man carrying sixty rounds of ball cartridges, and before daylight were on board steamer "Patuxent."

October 30.—This afternoon the Ninth was transferred to gun-boat "Huzzar." Steamed away in the evening—the men wondering where the scene of their next triumph would be, but not allowing the mystery to interfere with their appetite or their slumbers.

October 31.—Arrived at the town of Little Washington at noon and debarked, going into quarters on the outskirts of the place. Before night two brigades, under General Foster, had landed.

November 1.—A brigade, which had marched from Newbern, reached our camp this afternoon and bivouacked.

November 2.—All the troops having arrived the column was put in motion at daybreak, and an hour or so afterwards the skirmishers encountered the enemy, who were compelled to give way before our superior forces. The enemy, however, became more active and aggressive as the day wore on, and in the middle of the afternoon made a determined stand at a creek two miles this side of Rowell's Mills. The Forty-fourth Massachusetts—a very pretty (nine months') regiment on dress parade—had the advance, but on finding it necessary to wade through a heavy swamp, and having one man killed and several men wounded, declined to proceed farther—the rebels on the opposite side of the creek having frightened them, besides setting the bridge on fire. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was then ordered to dislodge the enemy, but notwithstanding its valor, it, too, was compelled to retire. General Foster was irritated when he exclaimed: "I know I have one regiment here that can cross that swamp, and that is the Ninth New Jersey," and then turning to an aide he said: "Bring up the 'Muskrats!'" Colonel Heckman, who had been anticipating this command, was at the head of his column when the order reached him. In an instant the Ninth moved at a quick step, and as it passed along the narrow roadway the men of the other commands stepped one side and vociferously cheered, for they knew the Ninth had never failed in any undertaking, however arduous or dangerous. In another minute—with Companies I and B deployed as skirmishers—the Ninth entered the swamp, through which it dashed, and despite a heavy fire

from the enemy, who were eligibly posted, it gained the bank and gave the Confederates "tit for tat." Colonel Heckman then directed Lieutenant A. Benson Brown of Company C, to start the mill, which that officer successfully accomplished, for the purpose of drawing off the water from the stream, and although frequently fired upon he raised every gate, letting out a flood of water. Lieutenant Abel crawled up to the burning bridge and examined that structure, and on reporting that it might yet be saved, Colonel Heckman placed a number of sharpshooters from Company G, among whom were Frederick Rosenbauer, Corporals William Zimmerman, Philip Eckerson and Sergeant John H. Fadde, immediately at its entrance to protect himself, the adjutant and others, who then set to work to extinguish the flames and make the bridge passable. As the Confederates were vacating their position on the opposite side, Colonel Heckman did not wait for the planks to cool but gave his well-known battle-cry, "Charge, Ninth, charge!" In an instant Company I sprang upon the smoking structure, and despite a well-directed fire, succeeded in gaining the opposite side, when it again extended itself, and hurrying forward, drove the Confederates half a mile, when, finding that the enemy could not be overtaken, the Ninth halted, posted piquets and went into bivouac for the night. Belger's Rhode Island battery meanwhile had poured shot, shell and canister across the swamp and creek with splendid effect. The Ninth's brilliant achievement was the theme of prolonged and pleasant converse among the various commands that night, for every man in it was esteemed a hero.

Shortly after noon, while resting, Christopher Reese of Company B, was accidentally shot throught the right breast by a sergeant who was carelessly handling his rifle. The unfortunate man died in great agony two hours afterwards—his death causing profound sorrow.

November 3.—The Ninth was up and doing before daybreak. Anticipating that it would be retained as the leading regiment, the colonel ordered the men to boil their coffee and partake of their morning repast. They never needed a repetition of an order of that character, and in a few minutes several hundred

tin cups were steaming over small fires, which had burned brightly during the night. The Ninth reached Williamston at ten o'clock, after an uninteresting tramp of nine miles—nothing of the enemy being anywhere observed, and halted till noon, to allow the other regiments to "catch up," as General Foster smilingly called it, then continued on in the direction of Tarboro until sundown, when it went into camp for the night on a large plantation.

November 4.—Another early breakfast and a start at daylight, the Ninth, as usual, leading the way, marching into the town of Hamilton at two o'clock in the afternoon, having attained a distance of fifteen miles. The troops having "caught up," the Ninth proceeded three miles farther on, and fixed itself for the night. A number of regiments remained in the quaint old town. Late in the afternoon a fire broke out, and a number of houses were consumed, despite the efforts of many soldiers, who labored to prevent the flames from spreading. The great line of fire was swept by the northwesterly wind, which fanned the flames till they roared and crackled and twisted like fiery ophidians, attempting to rise but beaten down by some invisible power. The spectacle was grand, not to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The surrounding country was turned to crimson—the forms of the moving column of men resembling phantoms, as they marched along under the heavy smoke clouds which hung over them like a blood-tinged pall.

During the afternoon the cavalry and a section of artillery, with two companies of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts infantry, were sent out on a scout in the direction of Tarboro. The command had not proceeded very far when it found itself confronted by the enemy, advantageously posted. But nothing daunted, our cavalry dismounted and attacked the Confederates—our artillery opening with splendid effect. Had the two companies of the Forty-fourth (nine months' men) given proper support the enemy could have been dislodged, but the cowardice shown by them compelled the cavalry and artillery to give up the unequal contest and fall back. The cavalry had two men killed and a number wounded.

November 5.—Daylight found the column in motion, escorted

by the Ninth. Prisoners coming in at noon reported a large force of the enemy at Tarboro, strongly entrenched. The Ninth continued on until it reached a swamp within four miles of Tarboro, when it biouvacked for the night—one of the most unpleasant ever experienced by the men, owing to the prevalence of a cold storm from the northeast.

November 6.—General Foster deeming it inadvisable to attack the Confederates in their stronghold, so far from his base of supplies, ordered his column to make a retrograde movement, which commenced at daylight—the Ninth covering the retreat. The night was passed at Hamilton—the troops gladly occupying such buildings as they could find, owing to a continuance of the storm. Company E took possession of a negro shanty, in which the boys found a cupboard well supplied with flour, molasses and lard. With these toothsome articles it was not long ere "flap-jacks" were being fried over a fire in the convenient chimney-place. With this unexpected feast the boys speedily forgot their fatigues.

November 7.—Heavy fall of snow, rendering the march difficult and fatiguing. Many of the men suffered greatly—especially from frost-bite. The town of Williamston was reached early in the evening, when the troops took possession of the buildings to escape the severity of the weather.

November 8.—Storm prevented movement of column, but as it cleared away in the afternoon Colonel Heckman held a dress parade of the Ninth on the main street, to the great edification of the natives and the darkies, who had never before seen any ceremony of that kind.

November 9.—Resumed the homeward tramp at an early hour, and when the sun had set, the wearied troops were boiling coffee and eating hard-tack in an open field near Plymouth, having marched more than twenty-five miles, not a very unusual thing, by any means, for the Ninth to do. The members of two companies in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, after supper, indulged in singing patriotic songs, and if they could have marched and fought as well as they sung would be invincible.

November 10.—Started on the "home-stretch" at ten o'clock, and reached Plymouth shortly after noon, when the Ninth

embarked on board the gun-boat "Lancer," and amid the cheers of the assembled troops, steamed away. At midnight the "Lancer" anchored off the northern extremity of Roanoke Island—the men not being able to sleep owing to hunger.

November 11.—Steamed away at daylight, and as the bright sun sank behind the woods on the left bank of the river Neuse, the "Lancer" entered that stream, and at ten o'clock hove to seven miles below Newbern. The men had scarcely rolled themselves in their blankets when news arrived that the Confederates were threatening the city, and that every man would be needed in its defence. At midnight the "Lancer" reached the wharf, when the Ninth disembarked and proceeded to Fort Totten, on the outskirts, where it lay under arms until morning.

November 12.—Nothing having been heard of the enemy during the night, a force of cavalry was sent out at daylight to reconnoitre. Company K being ordered to Newbern, "double-quicked" from its post to the railroad, four miles, in thirty-five minutes, and reaching the city fell in its place in line, for the first time in many months. The Ninth remained in the fort till early evening, when it took cars and was transported rapidly to Morehead City. The old locomotive resembled a meteor as it rushed along through the heavy pine woods, throwing large burning cinders from its smoke-stack, to the danger and annoyance of the men who occupied open platform cars, and who were sorely troubled in keeping their clothing and blankets from burning. Never before nor since, I opine, was there a more exciting railroad ride.

Many men in the Ninth had captured valuables and curiosities. Some, however, were not so fortunate in what they *got*—especially those whose under-clothing were covered with gray-backs. A two weeks' tramp, without change of clothing, is apt to make a man of cleanly habits feel wretched.

Report of Colonel Heckman to Governor Olden.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
NEWPORT BARRACKS, NORTH CAROLINA, Nov. 13, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to submit the following as the part taken by the Ninth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers on the Tarborough expedition.

On October thirty, some thirteen thousand troops, under General Foster, composed of three (provisional) brigades, viz.: First brigade, Colonel Amory, Eighth, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts: Second brigade, Colonel T. Stevenson, Twenty-fourth and Forty-fourth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut and Fifth Rhode Island; Third brigade, Colonel Horace Lee, Third, Fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and Ninth New Jersey, with five hundred cavalry, five full batteries, and a section of boat howitzers, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Manchester, of the Marine artillery, set out on an expedition to Tarborough; the second and third brigades being transported by water to Washington, North Carolina, and the First marching overland. The tardy movement of the overland brigade, which did not reach the point of concentration until the morning of November second, had jeopardized the success of the enterprise. But notwithstanding this discouragement, at an early hour the column moved forward in the order of second, third and first brigades, encountering only scattered rebel rangers as it advanced. About four P. M. firing at the front warned us of the enemy's presence. The column came to a halt. On the musketry being joined by artillery fire, with Captain Belger of the First Rhode Island artillery, I rode forward to learn something of the situation. We found that the advance was being held back by a lively fire of musketry and artillery from the opposite side of Deep creek, on which the enemy were posted to dispute the passage of the stream, having already fired the bridge. A part of Stevenson's brigade, with Manchester's boat howitzers, were engaged on the right of the road, with swamp ground between them and the creek. Captain Angel's battery of Napoleon's, Third New York artillery, were in position in a field on the left of the road; General Foster and staff, were in the rear of, and close to the centre section of the battery. The effect of our fire was unknown, as the enemy were protected by a breastwork of logs, and shrouded by heavy timber, in the shadow of a high bluff. Stevenson ordered forward the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, but they were soon retired with loss. He then sent his Twenty-fourth regiment in, but it, too, was forced to fall back before the galling fire. Manchester was nobly holding his ground. Perceiving possible work for the rest of us, we rode rapidly back to our respective commands. Soon an order was received for the Ninth New Jersey to report to General Foster, at the front. On the double quick report was made, and an order given to cross the stream. On reconnoitering I found a little to the south of our end of the bridge a clay bank which would shield the regiment while forming for assault. At

the command "Forward, double quick, march!" the Ninth rushed through the prostrate files of the Twenty-fourth and Forty-fourth Massachusetts, passed athwart the enemy's front, by the burning bridge, and halted under cover of the clay bank beyond the swamp, near Rowell's Mill. From this point details were sent to find a ford above and below the bridge, and another under Lieutenant Abel, to examine the condition of the bridge, while Lieutenant A. B. Brown was directed to start the mill near by for the purpose of drawing off the water from the dam. Captain Angel having responded to our request for a section of Napoleons, was placed in battery, facing the approach to the bridge, with his guns double-shotted with grape and canister. Lieutenant Abel reporting that the bridge could be crossed by infantry, Angel fired his pieces and followed it with a round of half-second shell, when the Ninth dashed upon and over the burning bridge, and into the intrenchments, as the enemy fled into the gloom of the forest. Darkness being upon us, it was deemed inexpedient to pursue the foe. This gallant charge over a burning bridge, seemed to have demoralized the "Johnnies," for we did not get a glimpse of them after having crossed the stream. But we found that Angel's last round had disabled a caisson, and riddled the house which had been the headquarters of the alert foe. The Ninth, with Angel's battery, bivouacked on the field. Early in the morning of the third the column was en route and during that and the next day moved steadily forward without serious hindrance. On the night of the fourth we bivouacked at a point about four miles from Tarborough. Here a council of war was held which resulted in the issuing of an order to countermarch the column, and return to Newbern by way of Plymouth. The time lost at Washington waiting for the first brigade, had defeated the object sought, and the heavy storm now raging was fast making impassable the swamp which we had to recross. It is said that reason was the firstborn, but faith inherits the blessing. Well, if we could reasonably imply a doubt as to our expectations while on the advance, the retreat left none so unreasonable as to question its thoroughly dampening effect. At daylight of the fifth, the column was moving on th back track. The Ninth covered the crossing of the swamp of the artillery, and then formed the rear guard. Our march to Plymouth was accomplished without mishap, other than that inflicted by the storm. The men were tired, wet and footsore, and I determined that they should sleep on board ship that night, if it could be effected. With this purpose in view, I stopped by the roadside until the coming of our chief. Presently General Foster and staff made their appearance. He rode up to me and said: "Colonel Heckman, you have the best regiment in my command." "General, your appreciation of its merits is exceedingly gratifying, and I thank you most heartily. I hold that the Ninth New Jersey have done as much effective work as any brigade in the department." He replied: "You are right, and from this date you are an independent command; you will report direct to my headquarters and receive your orders thence." That night the Ninth, comfortably stowed

aboard the steamer Convoy, accompanied by her consort, the Escort, with Belger's battery aboard, set sail for Newbern, where they arrived in time to quiet the alarm of its citizens, and relieve the garrison from the annoyance of the rebs, who had kept them stirring during the absence of the expedition. The Ninth reached Newport the 12th.

I have the honor to be, Governor, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. HECKMAN,
Colonel Commanding.

To CHARLES S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey.

[On the eighth instant, Company K, Lieutenant Jonathan Townley, Jr., Captain Lee's Rocket battery, a company of the Third New York cavalry, and two companies of the Third Massachusetts (nine months) regiment, under Captain Lee, made a raid to Peltier's Mills, near the White Oak river, but the Confederates retreated without giving the advancing force an opportunity to show its mettle. Several splendid horses, a spy-glass and a number of shot-guns in the houses of farmers were brought back as trophies.]

November 17.—Lieutenant-Colonel James Wilson left the department to-day, having resigned by request.

November 18.—To-day, by orders from the secretary of war, the Ninth was consolidated into ten commands—the one hundred and seventy-one members of A and L (Germans) being assigned among the other companies. Twenty-seven enlisted men and the following-named officers were mustered out: Captains Charles Hayes and Charles Erb, and Lieutenants Felger, Mueller, Muller and Moll.

For eight months the Ninth New Jersey had guarded a wide extent of country, keeping back Confederate bushwhackers, and by its energy and vigilance, said to be the price of liberty, giving complete protection to the inhabitants within the Union lines, who held its services in highest esteem.

November 28.—Thanksgiving Day. Visions of old-time family gatherings and the rapid disappearance of turkey and "fixins" come up before us vividly, but they are only memories of the past, and surrounding realities rapidly dispel them. Loved ones at home cluster around well-laden boards, as has been their wont in other and happier days, but many family

MAJOR FIDELIO BUCKINGHAM GILLETTE.

SURGEON.

circles have been broken since last they met on a similar occasion. Instead of turkey the men of the Ninth are content with beef soup, although many received boxes well filled, the delicacies being distributed among various messes. General Foster had issued an order excusing all commands from drill to-day.

November 29.—Rumors prevail that a large contingent of nine months' troops has arrived at Newbern, and that a general forward movement is about to be ordered. The Ninth is always ready, and if the nine months' men are to make any return to the government for its outlay in getting them together, the sooner the order comes the better. But I very much doubt whether General Foster will give them any opportunity to fight after his experience with them at Rowell's Mills, where the Forty-fourth Massachusetts "flunked."

December 1.—Nine months' men from Massachusetts relieved the Ninth to-day, when the latter packed up preparatory to leaving.

December 4.—The Ninth, with the exception of Company K, was transferred on cars to its old camping-ground opposite Newbern to-day.

December 6.—Company K, having been relieved at Bogue sound, rejoined the regiment at Camp Reno. The magnificent block-house which it had built under the superintendence of Corporal "Sam" Dilks, was shortly afterwards captured by the Confederates and destroyed—its garrison, nine months' men, being carried off as prisoners-of-war. The enemy never neglected any opportunities of that kind.

December 7.—Cooks set to work to prepare ten days' rations, which encouraged the men to indulge in a thousand and one prophecies regarding the movement which the troops had been assembled to make.

December 8.—Colonel Heckman to-day, by order of General Foster, assumed command of a battalion of the Third New York cavalry, Major Cole, and Captain James Belger's First Rhode Island battery, which in addition to his regiment, made his force quite formidable. The cavalrymen and artillerymen, as well as the Ninth, were highly pleased with the assignment —each feeling the utmost confidence in the other.

December 11.—On to Goldsboro. After a very early breakfast the Ninth crossed the Trent river into Newbern, where a considerable force—perhaps fifteen thousand men—were drawn up in line. As it was well known that Colonel Heckman's (independent) brigade had been honored with the post of danger, as usual, the troops who had recently witnessed the prowess of the Jerseymen gave them a hearty cheer as they moved through the streets, with their cadenced step, to the outskirts of the city, where a brief halt was made, when, everything being in readiness, the column proceeded on its long and dangerous march. Along toward the middle of the afternoon, at a point some fourteen miles from Newbern, the enemy were first discovered, behind some large trees, which had been cut down and thrown across the road, forming a strong barricade. Colonel Heckman, ever at the front, despite the remonstrances of his officers and men, ordered Major Zabriskie, in immediate command of the Ninth, to charge through the obstruction, which was promptly done—the men leaping from tree to tree, sometimes climbing over, at other times crawling under, occasionally wading in water, and oftener in mire, until with a cheer, they emerged into an open space just at dusk. Strong piquet posts were established, and during the night a venturesome Confederate cavalryman on a white horse was captured. The Ninth spent the night alone, none of the other regiments being able to make their way through the *abattis*, which, however, was entirely removed by the pioneers before daylight—a herculean task.

December 12.—Moved forward at eight o'clock, and shortly afterwards encountered a small force of the enemy, who made an effort to delay our progress into the interior, but the Third cavalry rushed upon them as often as they attempted to check the column, and invariably compelled them to retreat to a more advantageous position. It was highly exciting to witness their charges, which were cleverly made—Colonel Heckman, Captain Abel and Lieutenant Graham, a volunteer aide and a perfect "daredevil," generally participating in the dash and pursuit. As darkness set in, the Ninth established piquets and bivouacked for the night, about ten miles from Kingston.

December 13.—Made an early start, and after a tramp of six miles, found the Confederates occupying strong entrenchments on the opposite side of Southwest Creek, the bridge over which had been destroyed the day previous. Colonel Heckman, who took in the situation at a glance, directed Major Cole to dismount his cavalry and advance, which he promptly did. Captain Schenck then brought forward two of his Napoleons, and opened with telling effect—the enemy answering with two guns, posted near the roadway. This revelation decided Colonel Heckman to change the movement he had at first adopted, and instead of making a direct attack, as at Rowell's Mills, endeavor to flank the enemy and get in his rear. With this in view, he ordered Morrison's New York battery to the front and to open fire. Meanwhile, he deployed three companies of the Ninth along the left bank of the creek, towards the enemy's right. One of the Ninth's "bummers" having discovered a mill-dam in this direction, Colonel Heckman led the remainder of the regiment cautiously across the same, continuing noiselessly on until within a few yards of the Confederates' works, when, with their old-time cheer, the Jerseymen dashed over the entrenchments, almost paralyzing their defenders, who had been in total ignorance of the movement. "There comes that damn Dutch Heckman!" exclaimed a Confederate officer, who lost no time in vacating the fort with his men. Thus was the position taken, and by a mere handful of men—two thousand men, with artillery, being put to ignominious flight. The exultant shouts of the "Muskrats" were instantly answered by the army on the opposite side of the creek. The three companies of the Ninth which had previously been deployed, having no further service to perform, and hearing the buglers sound the "assembly," speedily crossed the dam and rejoined the regiment, which, without support of any kind, started in pursuit of the fleeing foe. The Ninth, however, did not advance very far without molestation, as the Confederates, recovering from their fright, had taken a new position,—a thousand yards away—when they reopened with musketry and artillery. But those in front gave a yell, which was taken up by the entire regiment, and starting up the narrow roadway, on a dead run, the Ninth

quickly reached the guns, clubbing its defenders with the butts of their rifles. In the confusion incident to an affray of this character, the Confederates succeeded in getting away with one piece, but the other, bespattered with blood, remained in possession of the Ninth New Jersey, together with a caisson and an artillery guidon. Had the cavalry been able to cross the creek and join in the pursuit, most of the Confederates would have been cut down or captured. As it was, the Ninth, compelled to do all the fighting and chasing, captured quite a number of prisoners, while every few yards a dying or dead Confederate was discovered lying along the roadside, having been picked off by the unerring aim of our sharpshooters. The Ninth vigorously continued the chase for some distance, when, recollecting that the army with which it had started out was far behind, Colonel Heckman, flushed with excitement and success, concluded to halt and await the arrival of the major-general commanding and his forces. "You have done splendidly, Colonel Heckman," said General Foster, smilingly, as he rode up, "but if you keep on this way, you will leave very little for my other troops to do." "We'll get a star for him *this time*, sure, general," said Jake Ralfe, amid the hearty laughter of the boys, who stood near.

After a luncheon the Ninth again led the way—two or three companies deployed as skirmishers preceding the command. Just before nightfall the Confederates were observed in the woods, with a strong skirmish line in front. The Ninth's skirmishers promptly opened fire when within easy range, the "Johnnies" replying with equal vigor, and as they showed no disposition to give way, Colonel Heckman strengthened his line, which had the desired effect, the Confederates slowly retiring to their main force, now concealed by the shadows of night in the deep recesses of the woods in their immediate rear. The two lines of skirmishers—one slowly advancing, the other sullenly retreating—maintained a constant fire, the flashes of the rifles more resembling to those some distance in the rear the flitting fire-flies of an August evening than the discharge of deadly weapons. Owing to the mathematical precision with which the Ninth's veterans discharged their trusty rifles, and

the ready response of the Confederates, it seemed as if there were two walls of fire in that field. It was only when the enemy had been pushed back to the woods in our front that the Ninth halted and went into bivouac—the remainder of the column following its example on reaching the spots prescribed. The weather was cold and cheerless, but the excitements and fatigues of the day had so exhausted the men that they no sooner threw their weary bodies upon the frozen ground than sleep—tired nature's restorer—came to bless and invigorate. And as the gloom of that long night settled down our camp-fires illuminated the scene with unearthly glow.

During the long and dreary night, which, to the Union army passed with the stillness of death, the shrill shrieks of locomotives could be heard in the dim distance. Were the enemy evacuating Kingston, or were reinforcements sufficient to encompass our defeat arriving for the defence of the town? Daylight and the inevitable advance alone would solve the mystery.

December 14.—The usual early start was made by the Ninth, as the foe in front tauntingly invited it to advance. The skirmishers engaged at once, but the precise firing of the New Jerseymen cooled the ardor of the Confederates, and compelled them to fall back for half a mile or so, when, without a warning of any kind, the enemy unmasked a battery near the main road on which the Ninth was marching, and opened a heavy fire. Colonel Heckman, however, quickly guided the Ninth out of immediate range, and sent word to General Foster of the condition of affairs. The general directed Colonel Heckman to call for such aid as he needed, and act according to his own judgment. Meanwhile the Ninth's skirmishers had become hotly engaged with a superior force of the enemy, but their duties were greatly lightened when Morrison's battery went into "action-front," and poured grape and canister into the ranks of the obstinate Confederates. A brigade of infantry also came up at this moment and deployed across the road, extending the line towards the enemy's right. Seeing the road safe, Colonel Heckman moved off to the right with the Ninth and Seventeenth Massachusetts, with a view of turning the enemy's left flank,

but, unfortunately, did not go far enough to accomplish that purpose, and entering a dense swamp was assailed by two Confederate regiments, which he was about charging upon when he learned that a considerable force was at that moment making its way around his right and rear. The Ninth gladly retraced its steps out of the swamp, where it was constantly assailed by a rattling shower of grape and leaden hail, but it had hardly reached high and dry ground when artillery opened with fearful effect. The Ninth, formed in column by company, rested on the brow of the hill for a few minutes, while the ubiquitous Heckman reconnoitered towards the enemy's left flank. He had been absent from us but a minute or two when a man behind a fence, directly in front of the first company, rose up and fired at Color-Sergeant Myers, who was standing in his place on the left of Company F (color company). Sergeant Myers, who had never been known to dodge or sit down while fighting was going on, and whose black eyes gleamed with fire, supported his treasured silken banner against his left shoulder and seizing a rifle from one of his guard, was in the act of leveling the piece when Major Zabriskie commanded him to "put down that piece and be quiet!" The whole regiment saw the act performed and knew a Confederate did it, and a hundred rifles were instantly aimed in that direction. "Put down those guns," again commanded the major, who was near-sighted and could not distinguish the color of a uniform at so great a distance. Again did the fellow fire, and again did the imperturbable major command the men to lower their rifles and "be quiet." The men of the Ninth obeyed their major, but they had hardly done so ere a regiment rose up along the fence in our front, and leveling their rifles delivered a volley into our very faces. In less time than it requires to narrate the fact, the Ninth sprang forward and formed line, and with bayonets leveled, rushed upon the unexpected and hidden foe, who fled precipitately through the open fields in the direction of the Neuse river, along whose banks we now could plainly see entrenchments. Many a Confederate fell while fleeing from the wrath of the sharpshooters of the Ninth, who had great glee in punishing them for their covert attack. It was at this

moment that Private Francis Cahill of Company B, who had been sent off early in the morning with Lieutenant Edgar Kissam to ascertain something about the Confederate position, returned to the regiment. He was minus a bayonet which he had lost while climbing a tree in the swamp, near the school-house, from which he obtained a view of the bridge over the Neuse river, as well as the town of Kingston. Running up to Colonel Heckman, Cahill gave that officer much valuable information, when he was despatched to the rear for a battery of light artillery.

Satisfied that he understood the Confederates' position, Colonel Heckman determined that the Ninth should possess itself of the honors its hard and continuous service and desperate valor entitled it to. Accordingly he formed the regiment in column by company, and led it quietly down through the open field towards the river, the movement being covered by a dense woods on the left, in the heart of which the battle continued to rage with unabated spirit. On reaching the road, the Ninth halted to further prepare for a continuance of the struggle, and an assault upon the works on both sides of the bridge, half a mile distant. The proper moment having arrived, Colonel Heckman directed the Ninth to move quietly forward, which the men did, with bated breath, until within a few hundred yards of the bridge, when, under the inspiration of their gallant leader's clarion-like voice and example, they sounded a yell, which struck terror to the hearts of the foe in their front, causing such of them as retained presence of mind to beat a hasty retreat towards the bridge, the only avenue of escape left them, as Colonel Gray of the Fifty-second New York, had already terrorized those on the right by appearing suddenly on that flank, and was heading in the same direction as the Ninth. The Confederates set fire to the bridge across the Neuse, and in a moment the structure, previously saturated with turpentine, was enveloped in fierce flames. For a moment the scene at the bridge was a wild one—Union men and Confederates—those who had been unable to cross—apparently being inextricably mixed. The men of the Ninth and Fifty-second made strenuous efforts to extinguish the flames, but the intense heat and a

heavy fire from the enemy on the opposite bank, drove them back. I regret to chronicle the heroic death of Colonel Gray, which occurred at this moment.

The writer was assisting in reforming Company K in a graveyard, to which it had fallen back, when it was saluted by a shower of grape from a Confederate field-piece on the opposite side of the river. One of the iron shots *richochetting*, struck Tom McCormick upon his cartridge box belt in the middle of his back, and mistaking this for a blow which he supposed I had given him while getting him in his position, he turned suddenly upon me in great anger, and threatened dire punishment. When I picked up the shot which had fallen at his feet and handed it to him he begged pardon, but swore he would have satisfaction of the fellow who had fired it.

The regiments were promptly reformed and the prisoners sent to the rear out of the way and danger, when the Ninth again made for the bridge, Color-Sergeant Myers leading the column at the head of Company F, Captain Curlis commanding. Where the colors went the regiment invariably followed, and long before General Foster and staff had reached the bridge the Ninth New Jersey had taken the entrenchment on the left bank, with several hundred prisoners, a Texan battle-flag, and several pieces of field artillery. Many Confederates, shot down while retreating acrosss the bridge, were burned to a crisp—the spectacle being a sickening one, even to men familiar with scenes of death.

Captain Curlis had scarcely reached the left bank, when he saw a Confederate officer rise from behind a fallen tree in rear of the earthworks, and take to his heels in a very undignified manner. "Charley Geary," said Captain Curlis to one of his best men, an excellent runner withal, "capture that fellow and you'll get something." Away darted Geary like a flash, and within a few moments the fleeing Confederate was brought to bay, and on the way back a prisoner of war. Geary, believing that to the victor belonged the spoils, politely requested his guest to turn over a handsome gold watch and chain, which he reluctantly did. When Geary introduced his prisoner to Captain Curlis, the Confederate major remarked: "That man (pointing

to his custodian), took my watch; I didn't know that Yankees stole!" Geary couldn't stand this, so he handed the watch back to the major. And that evening, after roasting a chicken for the captain, he said: "The next rebel I capture who has a good watch, *I will bring him in dead*, so that he can't make any complaint." Geary, a splendid soldier, was wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, May 16, 1864. but he served until the Ninth was mustered out. He died a few years afterwards from the effects of his four years' exposure in the army.

Colonel Heckman detailed Company K to collect the Confederates in the works on the left bank (or Kingston side) of the river, then hastened on towards the town—three-fourths of a mile distant—without waiting for a support from the other troops. Of course the cavalry and artillery were unable to cross owing to the destruction of the bridge flooring, something the Ninth very much regretted, as with the aid of the cavalry the further retreat of the Confederates could have been prevented. The Ninth entered the town at about two o'clock in the afternoon, where it remained until General Foster came up with the remainder of his command. Some members of the Ninth, while "bumming" about the place, secured considerable booty. "Tom" McCormick of Company K, found a stocking half full of Mexican silver dollars, while "Jake" Ralfe of Company E, appropriated all the razors, soap, etc., which he discovered in a barber's shop. It is scarcely necessary for me to state that both these gentlemen placed the above-named articles in their capacious haversacks, and rejoined the regiment, their brief absence not having been noticed by the officers.

With a view of making the Confederates believe that he intended marching on Goldsboro, on a line parallel with the railroad, General Foster directed Colonel Heckman to move slowly forward on the main road, leading thereto. When a proper place for an encampment, about two miles outside the town, had been reached, the Ninth halted, and as it was quite dark by this time, the men made themselves as comfortable for the night as the situation would allow.

During the engagement Assistant-Surgeon Gillette established

the regimental hospital in a large house just in rear of the center line of battle—a capital place, he thought, especially as everything was so convenient about the premises. In a few minutes some fifteen or twenty wounded Jerseymen were brought in for treatment, and the surgeon and his steward, Dr. Salter, were kept very busy. Dr. Salter having occasion to go out of doors, was surprised on emerging to find a battery—Morrison's—unlimbering in close proximity to the building. Rushing back and saluting Gillette, he said: "Doctor, there is a battery quite near us, and the moment it opens the fire of the enemy will be attracted upon this building. You had better get out of this place before Morrison draws the fire of the rebels." "Guess there is no danger here so long as the Ninth is in front of us," replied Dr. Gillette, who was preparing to amputate the leg of a man among the first wounded. Bang! Boom! W-h-r-r-r-s-t! And pieces of a shell rattled about the hospital, creating consternation among the almost helpless men within. One of the stretcher-carriers—a member of Company G—who had just brought in a bucket of water, grabbed his haversack and stretcher and started out of the building, saying to the surgeon: "I am going to the rear. You are a h—l of a doctor to put the hospital in front of a battle!" and away he went. By the time the "Johnnies" sent their compliments a second time the hospital had been vacated by every one except Surgeon Gillette and three men. After their removal on stretchers the doctor mounted his horse and galloped away, unconsciously passing in front of the battery, which startled his animal so suddenly that Gillette, although a good rider, was forced to "grasp the pommel of his saddle to keep from going over the horse's tail," as he himself told it. A few minutes after this the building he had just evacuated was demolished by a shell. After this experience Surgeon Gillette was somewhat particular as to where he located his hospital during a battle.

December 15.—Daylight found the Ninth retracing its steps through the town, and when the sun came up, it was tramping over the battle-ground of the previous day, fearful evidences of the struggle still remaining—the dead of both armies still lying where they fell, one fighting for the Union, the other for what

it had been taught to believe was right. After a hard day's march, the Ninth, which continued to have the advance, halted at eight o'clock in the evening and went into biouvac about three miles from Whitehall, where, it was known, a Confederate iron-clad was in process of construction. After stacking arms, the "boys" kindled fires, using convenient fence rails, and with their coffee, relished the fresh meat they had been able that day to provide themselves with—officers and privates faring sumptuously that night on chickens, geese, roasted pigs, honey, sweet potatoes, etc.

About midnight a bright column of flame some distance away, satisfied us that the Confederates had again taken a position to intercept our march. They were probably burning more bridges, or perhaps, the iron-clad—if so, they were surely saving us much trouble.

December 16.—As most of the men in the Ninth had spent the night in feasting, apprehensive of never again having such an opportunity, no delay occurred in preparing breakfast, and away we quietly marched in the lead, the cavalry hurrying away in another direction to destroy the railroad track between Goldsboro and Wilmington, which duty was gallantly and effectually performed. When the Ninth reached the hamlet of Whitehall, where a bridge crosses the Neuse river, the entire right wing was deployed as skirmishers along its right bank, which movement had no sooner been accomplished than a brisk fire was opened from both sides of the river. The Ninth speedily discovered that the bridge had been destroyed, but saw that the iron-clad (nearly complete) was still intact, and moored on the opposite side of the wide and deep stream. The Confederates occupied a line of rifle pits extending for a long distance, and had a number of field pieces in position near the vessel, whose music quickly added to the din, announcing in unmistakable terms to General Foster and his troops, yet some distance away, that another battle was in progress, and that New Jersey's Ninth was again giving a good account of itself. The left wing of the Ninth had meanwhile marched into the heart of the village and halted behind a number of dwelling-houses, to await further developments. But as the enemy opened with a

heavy fire on it, sending shot and shell through the buildings, and killing several men, Colonel Heckman deployed it along the river bank, towards the enemy's right. A withering fire assailed the left wing as it emerged into an open field and quickly advanced by the right flank to the shelter afforded by trees on the bank, and by head stones and mounds in a graveyard near by.

Colonel Heckman, finding that he had a greater contract on hand than he had anticipated, directed the Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments, who had now arrived, to a position on the left, where they rendered great assistance. Meanwhile, Captain Abel, aide-de-camp, piloted Belger's, Morrison's and other batteries to a commanding position—two hundred yards in rear of the Union line—when the engagement became furious and general. The skirmishers of the Ninth, feeling comparatively secure in their coverts, popped away whenever they saw a "gray back," and seldom without effect. The Confederates, finding the odds against them, finally slackened their fire, and retired, their retrograde movement being accelerated by some well-directed shots from our excellent artillerists. It was the work of but a few moments to kindle a fire on the iron-clad, which the Ninth's men reached by means of a small "dug-out," which they happily found on this side of the river, and while a dense column of black smoke rose heavenward from the deck of the ship, the regiments reassembled, and with cheerful hearts the column moved on towards Goldsboro—the objective point—the Ninth New Jersey leading.

Among the laughable incidents that occurred in this battle I recall the following:

"Big Jake Ralfe," as every one called him, was lying on the river bank, shooting as opportunity offered, when a cannon shot struck his haversack, tearing it from his side, and scattering the razors he had captured at Kingston on the ground about him. Forgetting his ownership of them, and partially recovering from his surprise at the strange freak of that particular cannon-ball, "Jake" sung out to Lieutenant Ben. Hopper: "Say, Lieutenant, I'm be ——— if the Johnnies ain't

firin' barber shops," saying which he changed his position to a big tree, which stood nearby, and with blood in his eye, continued to fight. While the fighting was hottest a chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment, whose curiosity was very great, took cover behind a large tree near where Belger's Rhode Island battery was belching shot and shell with ten-second fuses, and seeing a wounded artilleryman lying close by, said to him: "Are you," inquired the chaplain of the poor fellow, "supported in this your hour of pain and need by Divine Providence?"

"No, sir," answered the Rhode Islander, "this battery is supported by the Ninth New Jersey."

It was near midnight when the Ninth, having reached within eight miles of Goldsboro, halted by the roadside to rest and await the dawn of another day.

December 17.—The men drank their coffee and munched their hard-tack in silence, and after replenishing their cartridge-boxes with ammunition, resumed the march. Upon discovering a railroad embankment, and a long wooden-covered bridge three-fourths of a mile away to their left and front, Colonel Heckman deployed the right wing of the Ninth, which advanced across an open space to the right bank of the Neuse river—keeping the left wing temporarily in reserve. Upon the speedy arrival of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, Colonel Heckman ordered it to change direction to the left and march along under cover of the railroad bank, and called for volunteers from the two commands to move forward and set fire to the bridge, half a mile distant, strongly defended by a railroad "monitor," several batteries, and a strong force of artillery. Nearly every member of the Ninth within hearing of the colonel's voice, begged to be selected for the duty, but as a few could perform the dangerous task as well, if not better than many, the following were chosen: The adjutant and one man of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, Lieutenant Graham, volunteer aide to Colonel Heckman, Corporal James W. Green, and Private Elias C. Winans, of Company K, and Private William Lemon of Company E, of the Ninth.

These brave fellows, being supplied with fuses, bade us

"adieu," and set out on their perilous enterprise, with their lives in their hands. The Confederates on the bridge, and near by, plainly seeing the object upon which these men were bent, directed their fire upon them with terrible fury, and those of us who watched their perilous progress, believed it would be impossible for either of them to reach the structure and live. The adjutant of the Seventeenth was fatally wounded, but his companion from that regiment remained with him, protecting him as best he could by digging a hole in the earth with his bayonet. Green and Winans, despite the storm of leaden hail, were first to reach the bridge, where, covering themselves as much as possible, they attempted to ignite the fuses with which they had been supplied. But they labored in vain—the worthless things would not burn. Winans, determined to accomplish his mission, or die, closely watched his opportunity and crept down the embankment into the edge of the woods, and, gathering an armful of dried leaves and light wood, scampered back to his companion, who had screened himself from the enemy's fire by standing against a heavy timber on the side of the structure. Winans, while clambering up the embankment on his return, was discovered by a party of Confederates under the bridge, who, with bitter curses, sent their compliments in the shape of a shower of bullets and buck-shot, one passing through his canteen, one through his tin cup, another through his coat, and still another through his old cap. Placing the leaves, with the fuses, upon a beam, against the side of the bridge, they were set on fire, and in another minute the interior was enveloped in flames. While preparing to escape, their breath was fairly taken from them by a fusilade which swept through the doomed structure, and looking out, to discover the cause of this fury, they saw Lieutenant Graham of the cavalry, and Private William Lemon, of Company E, entering the bridge, each bearing fuses in their hands. This supply having been added as fuel, our heroes, satisfied that the flames could not be extinguished, dashed from their shelter, and under cover of the dense black smoke which filled the air, ran, as fast as legs could carry them, to their appreciative comrades in the Union lines, whom they

safely reached—cheer upon cheer greeting them, as with flushed faces and modest demeanor they once more resumed their respective stations.

It must not be understood that while this important work was being performed either Colonel Heckman or the Ninth had been idle. On the contrary, both had been active. The left wing had meanwhile been advanced to within a short distance of the bridge to support the men engaged in destroying it, and it was only when the daring fellows had accomplished their undertaking, and rejoined the command, that it fell back, amid a terrible fire, to the brow of the gentle slope upon which it had stood when the fuses were distributed. While the Ninth and Seventeenth Massachusetts held the enemy in its original position, a brigade of infantry made its way to the railroad, and destroyed its track for a considerable distance in the direction of Wilmington, burning the ties and bending the iron rails.

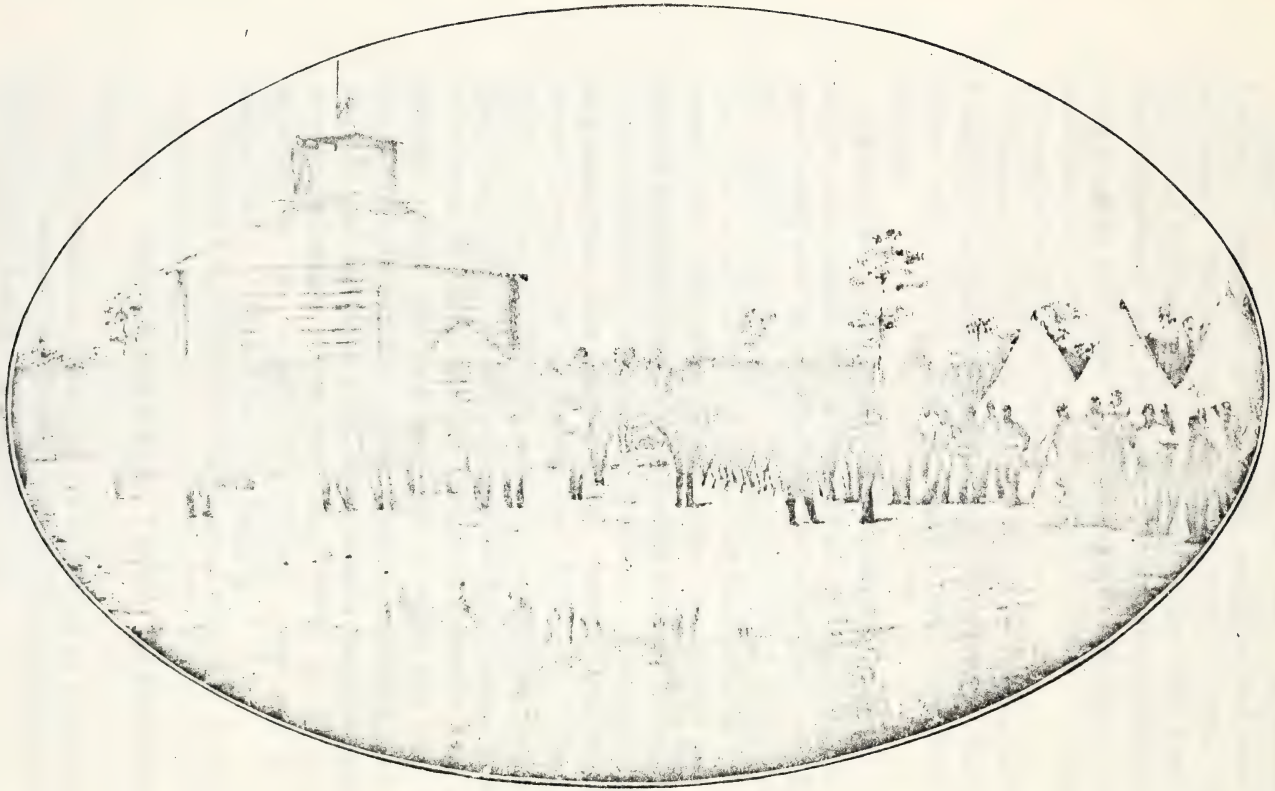
Prisoners captured along the river bank by the Ninth's skirmishers reporting that the Army of the Potomac, under the noble and patriotic Burnside, had been defeated at Fredericksburg the previous Sunday—the day we fought at Kingston—and that large reinforcements were arriving at Goldsboro from Lee's army in Virginia, General Foster decided upon immediately retracing his steps to Newbern. This movement had scarcely commenced ere increased signs of activity on the part of the enemy were plainly discernible.

It was nearly dusk before the discomfited Confederates ventured to cross the railroad track, although we all knew a large force had been posted early in the afternoon in the woods along the wagon-road leading to the city. The enemy evidently suspected that the Union army was in a hurry to get away, now that it had destroyed the track and bridge, which tempted it to follow. Accordingly, it advanced across the railroad embankment, and over the broad field on this side, squarely towards two batteries—Belger's and Morrison's—whose men were breathlessly awaiting the onset. A brigade of infantry, whose flanks extended far beyond the guns, lay quiet, but ready to defend with bayonet the grizzled monsters of war. On, on, marched the unsuspecting Confederates until they suddenly

discovered the true condition of affairs, when, with a yell that woke the echoes of the surrounding woods, they made a dash upon the Unionists. In a moment, bright, deafening flashes, lightened up the increasing darkness, and crash ! went a mass of iron-winged messengers of destruction through the serried ranks of the advancing foe. The thought of the miseries caused by that terrible avalanche of ruthless hail, as I write more than a quarter of a century after, makes my heart beat and pulses throb tumultuously. Again did the Confederates, under the inspiring example of their brave leaders, close up the wide gaps caused by the hurricane of fire—this besom of destruction—and renew the charge with such undaunted resolution that in the very face of this perfect hell they almost succeeded in driving the gunners from their blazing pieces. The infantry alone saved them. And this unexpected succor proved too much for the hitherto sanguine Confederates, who reluctantly retired across the field, everywhere covered with their dead braves, and beyond the railroad embankment, where they found a balm for their troubles and defeat—a place of security.

If any charge ever compared with that of Pickett's division at Gettysburg, the following summer, it was the one made on this occasion. Captain Belger, who saw much service, not only throughout the entire rebellion, but also in the war with Mexico, has repeatedly informed the writer that never on any previous or subsequent occasion, had he seen such determination on the part of an advancing party, or more fearful slaughter.

The Ninth New Jersey, on retiring from the field, late in the afternoon, took a position in the edge of the woods on the left of the batteries, and at a right angle thereto, and although quite near to the right flank of the enemy's long line, it did not engage in the struggle, which was terrible enough in its consequences to the enemy without any aid on our part. Satisfied that the Confederates would make no further attempt to follow him in the darkness, General Foster directed the batteries to limber up, when the return to Newbern was commenced in earnest. The men being wearied by their excessive marching, and badly needing rest, the column halted five miles from the battle-field, where it remained until daylight.



"Block House" on Bogue Sound, N. C.

(Built by Company K, 9th New Jersey Volunteers.)

December 18.—Marched seventeen weary miles—weary because of loss of sleep and severe exposure and want of excitement. Bivouacked nine miles from Kinston. The night was intensely cold, and although fence rails, found in abundance, were kept constantly blazing, they afforded but little comfort, as it was "roast on one side and freeze at the same moment on the other," as "Johnny" Clark of Company F, remarked to Sergeant Sheppard.

December 19.—An early start was caused by reports reaching General Foster that the enemy was close in pursuit. Marched fifteen miles, halting for the night a few miles south of Kinston.

December 20.—After a cold and distressing night another start on the home-stretch was effected at six o'clock, many of the men having sore feet and stiffened limbs, rendering marching very painful and difficult. The gallant fellows of the Third New York cavalry, who had been in the saddle ten days, doing severe duty, dismounted several times during the day and insisted upon their seats being taken by members of the Ninth. These courteous acts were never forgotten. It was just as the sun-down gun at Fort Totten sounded "retreat" that the Ninth passed through the fortifications into the streets of Newbern, having during the daylight made the astonishing distance of thirty-four miles. The entire population lined the broad avenue to witness the *entree* of the victorious column. The nine months' troops, who had remained to guard the city, also joined in welcoming the returning braves, according them an ovation. At one point a tall Massachusetts sergeant, pointing to the Confederate "lone star" flag, which the Ninth had captured in the conflict at Kinston, sung out to his companions: "Oh, see the rebel flag!"

"Wouldn't you like to have it?" asked Corporal "Johnny" Good of Company K.

"Yes. We would send it home," replied the Massachusetts boys.

"Well, you'll find plenty of 'em if you go up where we got this one," retorted the corporal, and fatigued as the boys were they united in hearty laughter at the sally.

The Ninth during ten days had led an army corps over one hundred and fifty miles, into the heart of the enemy's country, opened and participated throughout in five severe engagements, sustaining a loss of one hundred and seventy-one men in killed and wounded. It was only by such fatigues and sacrifices that the Union was restored and peace accomplished.

Report of Colonel Heckman to Governor Olden.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,

CAMP RENO, N. C., December 21st, 1862.

SIR—I have the honor to submit the following as the part taken by the Ninth regiment of New Jersey volunteers in the Goldsboro expedition. This enterprise was intended to be a combined movement on Weldon, North Carolina, by the Newbern forces and the troops under General Peck at Suffolk, Virginia. But for reasons unannounced General Peck failed to connect. Early in the morning of the eleventh, with an independent command, composed of the Ninth New Jersey, Lieutenant-Colonel Zabriskie; Seventeenth Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows; a squadron of the Third New York cavalry, Major Cole; and the First Rhode Island battery, Captain Belger, as the vanguard of a column of some twelve thousand troops, in command of General Foster, I started on a march directly inland. Squads of rebel videttes were encountered, some of whom were captured, but no evidence of serious opposition was met until we had reached a point about sixteen miles from Newbern, when we found the road effectually blockaded by fallen timber. After a hasty reconnoissance it was determined to push the Ninth through the obstructions, and the regiment moved foward. After penetrating the barricade a short distance it was found necessary "for our own safety," to remove the caps from all the rifles but those of the skirmishers. The men at times were twenty feet from the ground, climbing from tree to tree, sometimes in water, mud and mire, for the distance of one mile. Just at dark the regiment emerged into an open space, "Nethercut's plantation," where pickets were posted on the roads leading to Kinston and Trenton. Here it remained until the following morning, when the pioneers having removed the obstructions the march was resumed. We had not gone far before we came upon a detachment of rebel cavalry, which showed a disposition to dispute our passage; Major Cole's squadron charged them in fine style, killing and capturing a number and stampeding the balance. Reaching a point ten miles from Kinston, on the morning of the thirteenth, by order of General Foster, with the Third New York cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel John Mix, and a section of the Third New

York artillery, Captain Schenck—the main column continuing the advance by the direct road—I made a detour to the left, on the Trent road, for the purpose of cutting off any reinforcements in that direction, and, if possible, attacking the enemy in flank should he be found in position. After a trot of some six miles we found the rebels intrenched on the opposite side of Southwest creek—the bridge over which had been destroyed. The cavalry were promptly dismounted and the rebel skirmishers driven into their works. Captain Schenck did good service with his section, while Major Cole, with his dismounted squadron, approached to within short musket range of the enemy's works, and discovered several pieces of artillery, supported by a considerable body of infantry. It was a strong position and suggested other than a front attack. Just at this moment the Ninth appeared; having heard our music they joined us on the run, closely followed by Morrison's battery, which was posted on a slight elevation on the right of the road, where it opened a brisk fire, the enemy responding with equal spirit. Three companies of the Ninth were deployed to the left of the enemy, along the creek, with instructions to cross and attack in flank the moment Morrison ceased firing. A mill-dam having been discovered on the rebel right, the remainder of the regiment was placed in position for crossing at that point—General Wessels supporting the movement. Several men of the Ninth stole across the dam and secured two of the enemy's outposts without alarming the garrison. At a signal, the artillery ceased firing and the Ninth cautiously crossed the dam, keeping straight up to the fort, when, being discovered, they dashed with a cheer into it, as the last of the enemy safely passed out. Thus again the gallant "Jersey Blues" had put the enemy to flight, capturing a strong position, defended by twenty-five hundred men with three pieces of (field) artillery. Hastily the Ninth were reformed and pushed on in pursuit of the fugitives. Upon turning a bend of the road some five hundred yards in rear of the works, it received a discharge of grape and canister from a twelve-pounder, but the next moment the men of Company A were astride that gun, clubbing the gunners with their muskets. The drivers cut the harness and escaped with the horses to the main force, which was retreating in great disorder, the rear-guard, however, being soon overtaken, and a number captured, together with a caisson, a guidon, and other trophies; a spirited pursuit was kept up for some distance, when an open country being reached it admonished us to halt for the approach of our troops. Later in the day we moved across the open space with Cole's cavalry and found the enemy posted in the timber. The Ninth were ordered up, the right wing of which deploying, dislodged the enemy, with the loss of but one man wounded. We had now reached a point about three miles from Kinston, where the rebels were concentrated in large force and strongly fortified. On the following morning, about seven o'clock, the Ninth's skirmishers became warmly engaged along its entire line. Hotly pressing the enemy's piquets the Ninth, far in advance of our main body, was suddenly fired upon by artillery hidden by the underbrush in the timber about a mile from the

bridge leading across to Kinston. A reconnoissance showed that they held a naturally strong position with plenty of artillery and supported by a large force of infantry. On reporting our discovery to the commanding general, he sent to us Morrison's battery with a brigade of infantry as support, and directions to call for what men and material was needed and to "go in;" that he would attack on the enemy's right near the river. Morrison being placed in position commanding the road at once opened the engagement. Leaving the Ninth's skirmishers in front of Morrison's battery with the balance of the regiment and the Seventeenth Massachusetts, I made a detour to the right and quickly discovered two rebel regiments moving in the direction of the woods on our left, and almost simultaneous with our formation to meet this demonstration, two other regiments were found lying under cover of a slightly elevated stretch of ground on our right. At this moment happily we were reinforced by the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, Fifty-second New York, Colonel Gray, and the Eighty-ninth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Welden, with a section of Wiard guns. These were put in battery and did splendid execution. Leaving the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania as its support facing to the right, the Fifty-second and Eighty-ninth New York were ordered to charge the regiments under the hill and to cut them off from their main body. In this Colonel Gray was eminently successful. Meanwhile the Ninth New Jersey and Seventeenth Massachusetts pressed forward over the open ground under cover of a belt of woods, forcing the two regiments on their front to the left and rear of their batteries, and Colonel Gray at the same moment emerging from the woods, and Jennie's battery bounding along on our right, the three commands started on the run for the bridge, hoping to prevent the escape of the enemy, but the rebels discovering the movement, at once abandoned their works and rushed for the same point. Having the inside line many of them succeeded in crossing the bridge, which they fired as they crossed, and in an instant the structure was ablaze, it having been smeared with turpentine. Quite a number of the fugitives who were borne down by the press and rush of the retreat, met a most horrible death, being roasted alive in the flames which their comrades had kindled. Some four hundred of those who were cut off from the bridge fell back to their fortification, and were captured by our troops who were then in possession. Captain Jennie's guns were placed in battery on the river bank, and engaged a rebel battery posted on the opposite shore, the men of the Ninth New Jersey and Fifty-second New York, with the buckets from Jennie's battery, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, although greatly annoyed by sharpshooters, when the Ninth, lead by her color company, Captain W. B. Curlis, and supported by the Fifty-second New York, dashed across and into the battery at the end of the bridge—capturing four brass field guns and many prisoners. In charging the bridge, the gallant Colonel Gray was killed by the discharge of one of the abandoned rebel muskets, which became heated in the flames of the bridge. Without delay, we pressed forward into the town, which

General Evans had hastily deserted, and was making a night retreat towards Whitehall. The Ninth in this victory captured one stand of colors, four brass field guns and several hundred prisoners. On the morning of the fifteenth we resumed the march, recrossed the bridge, burned it in our rear, and pursued the road on the south bank of the Neuse toward Whitehall, some twenty miles west of Kinston. Reaching a point some three miles from Whitehall the column halted for the night. Early in the morning of the sixteenth the cavalry with a battery having been meanwhile dispatched to Mount Olive, a station on the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, fourteen miles from Goldsboro, where a mile of track was destroyed, as was the bridge at Goshen Swamp —the main column pushed on to Whitehall finding on arriving that the bridge over the Neuse was destroyed, and that the enemy had taken position on the other side, with ten guns in battery on an elevation, with their front well protected by a breastwork of heavy timber and rocks. Whitehall is only a hamlet on a level plain, extending from the river westward about half a mile, where it rises abruptly, forming a bluff thirty feet high. In this open space the Ninth were deployed, and advanced under a brisk fire to the river where they found partial cover under a single row of trees which skirted its bank. The Twenty-third Massachusetts took position on the left of the Ninth, and the Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts formed a second line to the rear, and all of them were ordered to lay flat upon the ground. Our fire (apparently) was having no effect upon the "Johnnies" who were having things pretty much their own way. Belger's battery, in position near the bridge abutment, was badly crippled, losing most of its horses and many men. The guns were drawn off by hand. To add to our discomfort Colonel Ledlie of the Third New York artillery, from the bluff in our rear, opened (senselessly) several of his batteries with fuse shell, which, bursting overhead, showered their fragments upon our men, wounding a number of the men of the Twenty-third Massachusetts. But he would not be silenced until his craze was brought to the attention of the commanding general. If Colonel Ledlie or Colonel Rush Hawkins perform anything creditable while the war lasts, the good citizens of New York state will have reason to be thankful. The enemy were admirably posted, and had perfect command of the plain we occupied, while we had no means for crossing the stream. While searching down stream I found the key that would unlock their stronghold. The river made a sharp bend to the eastward, and furnished a position for a battery which could rake their line in rear of their formidable breastwork. A section of Napoleons, a section of three-inch Rodmans and a section of three-inch rifles, were placed in battery and an enfilading fire opened upon them, which set fire to their works, blew up their magazine and in less than thirty minutes the rebs were on the retreat. Again our little army is on the march towards Goldsboro, the Seventeenth Massachusetts in advance, the Ninth having been left behind to clean their pieces, which had been fouled by bad ammunition. Bivouacked about eight miles from the objective point;

the Ninth, having joined us during the night, were in their old place—the advance. Goldsboro, the point to which our operations were directed, lies at the junction of the Wilmington and Weldon, and the Atlantic and North Carolina railways, and to destroy the former of these roads, which is the main line of northern communication for the Confederates, was the present object of the expedition. To effect a complete interruption it was necessary to destroy the bridge which spanned the Neuse at this point. It was a covered wooden structure an eighth of a mile long. About a mile from the bridge southwest, the highway abruptly turns to the left, south, enters the timber and descends the hill. To the northeast a beautiful undulating landscape opens to view, and a mile away, the Wilmington and Weldon railway stretched along the low land in a line directly north, and disappeared in the timber on the north bank of the Neuse. On our right the country was open to the river, and descended in an easy (natural glacis) slope for half a mile where a creek separated it from the plain which stretched to the railroad embankment. The lay of the land was all that could be desired, and the doom of that bridge was sealed. General Foster planted his park of artillery on the brow of the hill, with his infantry in line, half way down the decline, and opened a vigorous fire on the enemy's batteries, posted at the north end of the bridge. The Ninth, with the Seventeenth Massachusetts, and Rigg's Third New York battery, moved along the highway under cover of the timber until they reached the railroad track, when, leaving the Seventeenth to hold this point until the arrival of Wessel's brigade, we changed direction to the right, and being joined by the Seventeenth Massachusetts, moved up the track towards the bridge. The enemy divining our purpose, concentrated heavily at the threatened point, opening a rapid fire of both musketry and artillery. They had a railroad "monitor" with a Whitworth gun, which sent its bolts with such earnest precision as to force us to leave the track and hug the embankment. Two regiments presumed to dispute our route, but were brushed aside with but little effort. General Foster's artillery on the hill kept pounding the enemy, and thus materially lessened our difficulties, as we advanced toward the coveted prize. At length we reached a point sufficiently near the bridge, when we found an excavation (where the railroad contractor had borrowed ground), of dimensions ample to shield our little force, and enable us to prepare for the destruction of the bridge. Volunteers were called for to complete the crowning piece of the expedition, but the number that responded would leave no reserve force, and as three or four could do the job as well as a regiment, Corporal James W. Green and Private Elias C. Winans of Company K, Ninth New Jersey, were selected for the perilous service. Running rapidly forward under cover of the railroad embankment, exposed to the fire from infantry and artillery, these intrepid "Jersey Blues" safely reached the bridge. There under cover of the bridge timbers, they attempted to kindle the fire, but the fuses refusing to ignite, they tried to fire it with matches, but these, too, failed. Divining their trouble, with a fresh supply of

fuses, Lieutenant Graham of the New York Rocket battery, and Private William Lemon of Company E, Ninth New Jersey, were sent to the rescue. They reached the bridge safely and soon a column of smoke rose over the bridge, then tongues of flame leaped high into the air, and the work was accomplished. Then hurrying from their shelter, these heroes of the day, under cover of the dense cloud of smoke, safely reached their comrades, when cheer upon cheer welcomed them as they took their places in the ranks. How men could live under a fire so withering is unexplainable, yet with their clothing and accoutrements perforated by the enemy's missiles, they escaped whole, except Winans, whose face was seared by a bullet, sent for more effective work. Not so fortunate were the self-constituted detail from the Seventeenth Massachusetts which attempted to share the honors. They were shot down before reaching half-way to the bridge and were carried back by their comrades. After tearing up the track for several miles the Ninth and Seventeenth were withdrawn, both having suffered severely, being the only infantry actually engaged. About 3 P. M., the "object of the expedition being attained," our little army commenced its homeward march. The Ninth, Seventeenth Massachusetts and Rigg's battery were placed in centre of the column. When some three miles on our return we suddenly halted, formed line of battle, faced to the rear with the battery covering the highway, heavy firing being heard in the rear, and were soon dispatched to the relief of the rear guard which had been attacked by the enemy. Although greatly fatigued our gallant command promptly moved to the rescue, arriving on the field just in time to witness the retreat of a Confederate brigade which had been repulsed by Belger's and Morrison's batteries. That rebel brigade in their foolish charge on these batteries paid a heavy penalty for their leaders' lack of discreetness. The column resumed its march toward Newbern, where it arrived on the evening of the 20th. About ten A. M., while at Nethercut's place, I turned over the regiments and the battery to their respective commanders with instructions to make their march to camp by easy stages. Accompanied by Lieutenant Graham I cantered on to Newbern, intending to surprise the Ninth on their arrival with a warm supper ready at hand. But when "after a short trip," I rode on to the railroad bridge I saw a regiment filing off its other end and was told that it was the Ninth New Jersey. It can't be, but it was, as I found on entering the camp. Fortunately Adjutant Carrell had preceded them and the supper piping hot was ready. It seems that the Seventeenth had claimed that they would beat them into Newbern but the Ninth insisted that it couldn't be done, and in proving it, marched the last thirty miles in eleven hours. During the expedition the Ninth marched one hundred and fifty miles and fought four battles with a total loss of over one hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be, Governor, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. HECKMAN,
Colonel Commanding.

To CHARLES S. OLDEN, Governor of New Jersey.

December 21.—The veterans of the Ninth remained very quiet in their tents to-day, poulticing their feet, which had been badly used up by their long march, and in attending to other personal necessities, for they had had no charge of shoes or raiment during their absence.

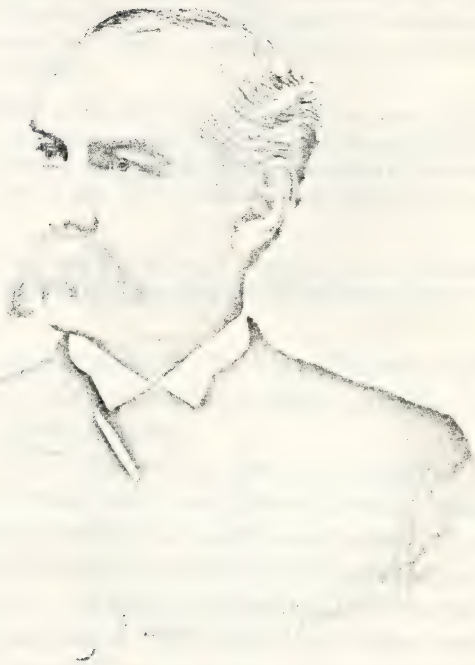
December 22.—Glorious day—one ever to be remembered, as it brought several months' pay to the regiment, a commission of brigadier-general to our beloved colonel, Heckman—to date from October twenty-ninth—anniversary of the Ninth's heroism at Rowell's Mills, and a stand of beautiful colors, costing nearly five hundred dollars, a gift of the New Jersey legislature, together with the following resolutions unanimously passed by that body, and gracefully delivered to the command on the part of the state by Major William S. Stryker, (afterwards paymaster in the army.) The men of the Ninth, quickly forgetting their bodily sufferings, gave vent to their enthusiasm in vociferous cheers, which were continued until they became hoarse. Nothing, however, pleased them more than to be assured that their patriotic services were fully appreciated by the authorities and people at home.

The following are the resolutions which accompanied the elegant flags:

Resolved, That the Ninth regiment of New Jersey volunteers, by their patient endurance under privation and fatigue, and by their courage at the ever-to-be remembered battles of Roanoke and Newbern, (a courage evinced by the havoc made in their own unwavering columns better than by the reports of partial journals), have sustained the high reputation which since the days of the revolution have belonged to the soldiers of New Jersey; and as evidence of our appreciation of that acme of every manly virtue, "patriotic devotion to country," the governor of the state is requested to have prepared and forwarded to said regiment a standard on which shall be inscribed these words:

"*Presented by New Jersey to her Ninth Regiment, in remembrance of Roanoke and Newbern.*"

Resolved, That Colonel Charles A. Heckman, who so gallantly led his well-ordered men to the conflict, is requested, at the proper time, to report to the clerk of the house of assembly the names of those who fell, killed or mortally wounded, on either of the said battle-fields; and that the clerk of the house is, by virtue of this resolution, ordered to



CAPTAIN BENJAMIN W. HOPPER,

COMPANY E.

enter their names, with the place where they fell, in the minutes of the assembly of New Jersey, as men who have fallen in defence of the best government of the world.

Resolved, That New Jersey looks with pride upon all her soldiers in the field, without exception or distinction, and is prepared to honor them; and while extending congratulations that the occasion has never yet occurred when they have been put to flight by an enemy, entertains entire confidence that such occasion will never be recognized by them.

Resolved, That New Jersey highly appreciates the disinterested fidelity of Brigadier-General Philip Kearny in declining proffered promotion, rather than separate himself from the command of Jerseymen to him entrusted.

Resolved, That with the families, relatives and friends of those members of the Ninth regiment who on the fourteenth of March met death in that form most courted by the true soldier—on the battle-field, with their faces to the foe—we most deeply sympathize and sincerely condole.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the generals and colonels commanding the New Jersey troops.

December 23.—Captain W. H. Abel, Company E, was to-day appointed A. A. G. by General Heckman, and Dr. Addison W. Woodhull, brigade surgeon.

December 25.—Christmas! Day of hallowed memories. Throughout Christendom multitudes of grateful mortals, happy that the Savior visited the earth on an errand of mercy, will delight to manifest their gratitude for the precious privileges his mission secured. In some localities in our distracted country it will be commemorated with joyous festivities, and scattered families will assemble around the familiar fireside to inquire concerning each other's welfare, and renew their vows of attachment. Doubtless many of those who are periling life in defence of country will be pleasantly reminded that their heroic services are appreciated.

Surgeon Gillette and Captain Stewart visited the hospitals in Newbern to-day, brightening the hearts of the poor fellows who knew them so well. Among those they found suffering from ghastly wounds was Walter Dey of Company B, shot through the head at Whitehall. After conversing some time with the officers, Dey complained of an unusual pain in his neck.

Surgeon Gillette promptly examined that locality, where the bullet had made its egress, and feeling a hard substance, extracted what he found to be a double tooth. The ever jovial doctor and genial Captain Stewart joined in Dey's hearty laughter at the discovery, and in a few days he was able to rejoin his company, with which he remained until the regiment re-enlisted, when he was discharged from the service.

1863.

January 1.—No duty to-day, except the usual guard-mount and dress-parade.

January 2.—Rumors that Longstreet is advancing upon Newbern relieve us from *ennui.*

January 3.—Companies put to work on the skirmish drill.

January 4.—Reminded of the sanctity of the day by cessation from drill and sweet-sounding church bells across the river. Some of the men attend service in the city.

January 5.—Heckman's star brigade was reviewed by Brigadier-General H. M. Naglee, commanding Second division, Eighteenth army corps.

January 8.—Lieutenant-Colonel Abram Zabriskie received his commission as colonel, to the great delight of the men.

January 13.—The Ninth struck camp, and was transported on cars to Carolina City—a camping-ground that afterwards became very familiar, and which the men were loth to leave.

January 14.—Although General Heckman has established his headquarters at Morehead City, he daily visits the Ninth, which he cannot help looking upon as his own.

January 15.—Jupiter Pluvius took command in this section to-day, everything fleeing before him—the troops being sorely tried in keeping their tents fastened to the light soil. The storm raged with great violence until the following evening.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,
EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., January 14, 1863.

General Orders, No. 4.

As rapidly as any of the following vessels are supplied with coals, water and ten days' provisions, you will commence embarking your troops designated to go with them, leaving cooks and cooking utensils to supply them temporarily: Steamer "City of Bath," Eighty-first

New York, four hundred men; steamer "Expounder," Eighty-first New York, one hundred and ninety-one men; ship "Morton," Twenty-third Massachusetts, seven hundred and forty-five men; steamer "Key West," Ninth New Jersey, three hundred and seventy-two men; steamer "Curlew," two hundred and seventy-one men; steamer "United States," Ninety-eighth New York, four hundred and seventy-four men. Headquarters of the brigade will be established on the steamer "United States." * * * Sealed instructions will be furnished each vessel. * * * By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. A. HECKMAN, Commanding Brigade.
WILLIAM H. ABEL, Captain and A. A. G.

January 20.—With rations in haversack the Ninth left camp early this morning, and marched leisurely to Morehead City—off which at anchor lay over one hundred vessels. A thousand stories were in circulation as to the probable destination of the fleet, but Wilmington was regarded by the majority as the spot where additional glory was to be won. Companies A, B, C, E, F and I were assigned to the steamer "Key West," and Companies D, H, G and K, to the steamer "Curlew."

January 21.—The harbor of Beaufort had never before presented such an animated spectacle, and it is not likely that a similar scene will ever again be witnessed on its usually quiet waters. At night the myriad of lights on the vessels resemble scenes in fairyland that we read of.

January 22.—"Large bodies move slowly," is an adage that was fully exemplified in this instance, as we did not sail away for more than a week after going on ship-board. The men regretted this, as it deprived them of excellent fishing in the waters of Bogue sound, which also supplied succulent bivalves in any quantity.

January 29.—The fleet weighed anchor this afternoon—I suppose because it is very rough outside and a strong wind blowing from the southeast. A number of the vessels experienced difficulty in getting over the shoals, most of them bumping quite heavily on the bar as they scraped slowly over it. The "Curlew," with four companies of the Ninth on board, had a narrow escape from swinging around into the breakers, but it finally managed to get away with the loss of her keel, which was ripped off as with a saw.

January 30.—Those who disliked the sea passed a hard night,

while those who professed while on land to love it, slept but little, owing to the violent motion of the ship. At noon the captain of the "Curlew" attempted to get a reckoning—the sun appearing temporarily for that purpose, as it was thought by landsmen. He told us we were off "Frying Pan Shoals," and from the lively manner in which our ship kept rolling inclined me to the belief that he was about right. If there are any rougher spots along the Atlantic coast than Hatteras and Frying Pan Shoals, I imagine the Ninth New Jersey, for want of time, never got there. Towards night we saw several blockaders off Cape Fear river. The sea had somewhat calmed by midnight, allowing the "Curlew" to make good headway, and as the weather was quite pleasant, many rolled themselves in their blankets to get needed repose upon her ample deck. The sudden boom of a heavy gun and the passage across our bow of a shell with a burning fuse attached, awakened us with a start, and brought every man quickly to his feet. Some distance away over our stern, the most frightened ones among us saw a light on a vessel which appeared to be dancing like a thing of life upon the waters. Our steamer, however, kept right on, but it was quite evident that we could not escape from our pursuer—whether she be a Union gun-boat or a Confederate privateer. A second shot came within such close proximity that it had the effect of causing our captain to order his vessel stopped. In a minute or two the strange vessel was quite near, when some fellow with stout lungs sung out:

"Bear to. Who are you?"

Our captain, a mild-mannered man for a sailor, replied: "U. S. transport steamer 'Curlew.'"

"None of your damned lying to me. Where are you bound?" asked the stranger.

"To Port Royal, with troops," answered the captain of the "Curlew."

"Lay to, and I'll send aboard and see what you are," returned the fierce disturber of our peace.

Sure enough he lowered a boat in all that darkness and roughness, and in a few minutes a lieutenant clambered upon

our ship and walked through the crowd of blue coats who filled the deck to the captain's room, where, our identity being established, he took a swig from an ever convenient demijohn, and descending to his boat rowed away, first giving permission for our vessel to proceed. Before leaving he said his craft had been chasing a blockade-runner most of the evening, but had for the time being lost sight of it, and on seeing us so close into shore felt confident that our vessel was the one they had been in pursuit of.

I may as well add here that during the night the blockade-runner "Princess Royal," with military stores valued at one million of dollars, was captured, and brought into Port Royal the day after our arrival there. This was the vessel the navy had mistaken our old craft for.

The wild excitement of this night did not, however, cease with this adventure, as along toward daylight our pilot found himself very close to the entrance leading to the harbor of Charleston, and as he turned the head of the vessel seaward a gun or two were discharged as a signal, as was supposed, by the Confederate batteries on Sullivan's Island. The blockaders, whose lights were now in plain view by us, sprang after us like dogs released from a leash, thinking our vessel was a blockade-runner on her way out, and a prompt examination of our papers by the foremost of them was the only thing that saved us from delay.

January 31.—The fleet entered the beautiful harbor of Port Royal to-day, the weather being delightful—a balmy breeze blowing from the southwest. The vessels having on board Heckman's star brigade anchored off St. Helena Island—a most charming spot, as it appeared to the men on shipboard.

February 1.—The sun shone brightly and hotly, but no signs of our leaving the vessel, which had become noisome.

February 2.—Still on board, every man longing to be ashore.

February 3.—As no signs of a forward movement were visible, and as the Department of South Carolina was not noted for push or daring, the men began to grumble at their continuance on shipboard, especially as there was ample room on the lovely

island upon which we could almost throw a line from the deck of our vessel.

February 4.—Unpleasant rumors are floating about the harbor, some going so far as to say that General Hunter had asserted his right to command our corps—the Eighteenth—by virtue of his commission antedating that of General Foster.

February 5.—For some reason there appears to be but little enthusiasm among the troops on shipboard, who pass away the long days and dreary nights in a listless manner.

February 6.—Foster's corps, used to fighting, dislike the lazy life they are now compelled to live, and spend hours in looking over the vessel's sides, meditating upon the supineness of things in this department.

February 7.—Thousands of fat, well-dressed and indolent negroes are inhabiting cozy homes on St. Helena island, in plain sight of our anchorage. They come down to the shore daily, gather pails full of oysters, and after taunting us retrace their steps homeward. Is it, then, any wonder that some uncomplimentary things are said by our men?

February 8.—Fresh bread and tolerably fair meat enliven our spirits to-day, and give us a more charitable view of the department.

February 9.—The four companies on board the "Curlew" disembarked to-day, going ashore in the best of humor. A rumor prevails that General Foster having been illy treated by Hunter, has left the department, taking his staff with him. Our only regret is that he could not telegraph to Washington for orders to take his corps back to its old stamping-ground in North Carolina. General Henry M. Naglee, a fighter, assumed command of the Eighteenth corps detachment.

February 10.—This morning the six companies of the Ninth on the steamer "Key West," together with the rest of General Heckman's brigade, came ashore, and before night the entire detachment were pleasantly encamped under the fragrant orange trees. In the early evening some of the men visited the habitations of the darkies to procure good drinking water from the wells there, preferring it to that only to be had in the swamp. The darkies objected to this, and forcibly resisted the

men who attempted to obtain the water. This was more than some of the men who had left pleasant homes to fight for the country would submit to, and the negroes bidding them defiance the soldiers rallied, and, although without other weapons than those provided by nature, made a charge on the obstreperous negroes, who were swept away like chaff before a stiff wind. Somebody upset a stove in one of the houses and in a moment the flames were consuming it. As no one attempted to extinguish the fire, adjoining houses ignited and before daylight not a vestige of the village remained. The negroes, petted and spoiled by Hunter, had lorded it over the troops in the department, imagining themselves as having been given their freedom for that purpose, never dreaming that the gallant men from the battle-fields of the old north state had any rights they were bound to respect.

But Hunter made the Eighteenth corps pay dearly for interfering with the "sacred rights" of the "poor black man," for whom he had sympathy of an unknown quantity, and the first thing this blatant and unsuccessful major-general did was to deprive Foster's veterans of fresh bread, and wholesome meat; and to gratify his spirit of vengeance against them, ordered drills under the burning sun, in the hot sand, almost every hour in the day for one whole month. He compelled company roll-calls every two hours each day—from reveille till taps, and occasionally ordered the long-roll to be beaten in every camp at night to prevent these men who had done something for their country from obtaining sleep and needed rest. But the troops bore this punishment uncomplainingly, and so cheerfully performed their onerous duties and appeared so magnificently on parade and review that they lived down the despicable charges that had been made against them, and at length conquered "Black Dave's" anger.

February 10.—"War" broke out between Hunter and General Naglee, commander of the Eighteenth corps, the latter being ordered to make a return of the forces under his command to the "Department of the South." General Naglee immediately forwarded the roster of the colonels in his division, saying: "At the same time, in the absence of any order from

the war department transferring the troops of the department of General Foster to that of General Hunter, or of any order of General Hunter assuming the command thereof, I would respectfully protest against the request of General Hunter, it being in direct violation of the written and verbal orders of General Foster to me, which I am preparing to transmit to you."

Hunter, on receiving this communication, seeing his mistake, promptly issued an order (February 11), assuming "command of the reinforcements recently arrived in this department from North Carolina—such troops, on their arrival here, having become a portion of the Tenth army corps."

General Hunter also on the same day wrote General-in-Chief Halleck that "as the conduct of Major-General Foster has been disrespectful, insubordinate, and tending to excite mutiny and insubordination among the troops ordered to reinforce this department, in this matter I shall deem it my duty, should General Foster return here, immediately to arrest him."

General Naglee, on the eleventh of February, protested to Assistant Adjutant-General Halpine: "General Foster, prior to his departure, ordered that 'during his temporary absence his detachment should be kept distinct' and detached from the Tenth army corps, and stated that he had come to South Carolina for an especial purpose, and that as soon as that was accomplished, if not before, it would return to his department; that his absence, caused by the necessary delay of the navy, would be short, and that it was understood between General Hunter and himself that the immediate command of the force to operate in the present expedition was to be in his hands, in accordance with the wish of the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton."

"You are probably aware that the expedition was intended to go to Wilmington in General Foster's department, and that after it was prepared to move the monitor sank, and it was found the other iron-clads could not cross the bar, and that the government, in order not to lose the preparations made, ordered General Foster to co-operate in this contemplated attack upon Charleston. This purpose was unknown to any of the command until after the sailing of the vessels; on the contrary, they believed Wilmington to be the object of the movement, and were assured that they would return to North Carolina. General

Foster was in this department from the second until the tenth (yesterday), during which time General Hunter did not, so far as I am able to learn, exercise any command over General Foster or any of his troops.

"Three hours after the departure of General Foster an aide-de-camp of General Hunter delivered two communications, both dated before the departure of General Foster, but addressed to me. * * * I protest that we came here with the full assurance of General Foster that he was sent by the secretary of war and General Halleck to command the troops brought by him, and that the same assurance has been repeated by him since his conferences with General Hunter."

On the thirteenth of February General Foster reached Fortress Monroe, when he telegraphed General Halleck:

"I have just arrived from the south to obtain more heavy guns and ammunition. I have reconnoitered the whole coast from Charleston to the Ogechee, and can give full information of the state of affairs both naval and military."

On the fifteenth the general-in-chief wrote Hunter:

"There seems to be a misunderstanding in this matter on both sides. General Foster and his command, while serving in your department, was to be subject to your general orders and direction; but that command was to form no part of the Tenth corps. It was organized as the Eighteenth army corps by the president, and no subordinate authority could change its organization. You will, therefore, rescind so much of your orders as consolidates it with the Tenth corps. But while this command remains as a distinct organization, with its own officers, as assigned by its proper chief, the command itself, so long as it remains in your department, will be subject to your orders. The transportation which belongs to the Eighteenth army corps will so continue. It will, of course, be used for any temporary purposes you may direct, but will afterward be restored to the North Carolina forces, to which it properly belongs. In fine, these forces are merely assigned for temporary duty under your orders, and their organization, both in men and material, will be retained, so that the corps can at any time be returned entire (except casualties) to its proper department. General Foster will immediately return to South Carolina to take direct charge of the expedition (under your direction), and will remain so long as he may deem it safe to be absent from his own department."

Notwithstanding the above, Hunter continued to make it warm for General Naglee during his entire stay in the department, culminating in his being relieved from duty on the fifth of March, when he left, greatly to the regret of every man in the Eighteenth corps.

Some fun was occasioned after battalion drill this afternoon while some of the Ninth's boys were down along the beach.

A wealth-begetting sutler, without sufficient help, was busily engaged in transferring his goods from a vessel to the shore. He had succeeded in getting half a dozen barrels of apples on land, when he espied "Steve" Crane of Company K, and some others near by picking shells from the sea. Would they oblige him by rolling the barrels over to his tent, just beyond the hill? Of course they would. And away rolled the barrels, while the sutler jumped into his boat and rowed out to the vessel for additional commodities. The men had barely covered themselves by the hilltop when the heads of the barrels were knocked in and the contents picked up and carried away—the men using their blouses for the purpose. For several days afterwards "Steve" and his chums indulged in all sorts of dishes—apples forming the chief ingredient. We prefer to leave the feelings of the sutler, on discovering Crane's little joke, to the imagination of the reader, as no effort of ours can do any sort of justice to his ravings.

February 13.—The Eighteenth corps, commanded by General Heckman, was reviewed to-day by General Naglee. The sight was inspiriting. General Heckman, dispensing with his aides, gave all commands direct—his voice, clear as a bell of silver, being heard at every point—the various regiments executing the movements with promptness and precision. Few generals can handle twelve thousand men without having their commands repeated by aides.

February 14.—It is nothing but drill and review, and it would be a decided relief if the major-general commanding the department, in order to punish the Eighteenth corps, could be induced to direct that it work upon entrenchments. Many wonder why he has not already thought of this mode of punishment.

February 24.—General Hunter reviewed the Eighteenth corps to-day. He was followed by his staff, which resembled a small army. Many ladies came over to witness the ceremony.

March 5.—General Naglee's farewell order was read to the command to-day. The Ninth was inspected and mustered for pay.

March 6.—General Heckman was ordered by General Hunter to take command of the First division, Eighteenth army corps.

March 24.—Reviewed by Colonel J. J. De Forrest, commanding First brigade, Second division. One Saturday, Colonel De Forrest was unable to have a brigade drill on account of the rain, but he ordered the drill for next day—Sunday. General Heckman, not appreciating his zeal, issued an order that Sunday duties should be limited strictly to the requirements of the army regulations.

March 26.—The Eighteenth corps, for the third time, was reviewed by Hunter to-day. This was one way he had of putting down the rebellion.

March 31.—The Ninth, having drilled everything in the book, was closely inspected by way of variety, by Captain Kent of Colonel De Forrest's staff.

April 4.—Companies A, B, E, F, H, I and K embarked on the steamer "Key West"—companies C, D and G going on board the "Tillie." The men received the order to embark with cheers—preferring any service to the confinement and continual drill which they had undergone "on the island" for over a month.

April 5.—The vessels, conveying General Heckman's division, steamed out of the beautiful harbor, and heading northward, came to anchor in the North Edisto river, south of Charleston, early in the evening. Lieutenant Edward S. Moffat reported to General Heckman for duty as signal officer, and it did his old comrades of the Ninth great good to see him again among them.

April 6.—A contraband, reaching our lines on Seabrook Island, reporting that the enemy were preparing to float several fire-ships down the river, General Heckman directed Colonel Zabriskie to detail two companies to go ashore and reconnoitre. Accordingly, Companies I and K, under Captain Hufty and Lieutenant Townley, proceeded on that mission. They advanced some distance, and seeing no evidence of fire-ships or the enemy returned to the vessel.

April 7.—The long-expected attack upon Fort Sumter commenced at an early hour, and although the Ninth is fifteen

miles away, we can plainly hear the roar of the guns. The bombardment never had a parallel in history. Admiral DuPont, who had his headquarters on the "Ironsides," in making his report, said: "I attempted to take the bull by the horns, but he was too much for us. These monitors are miserable failures where forts are concerned; the longest was one hour and the others forty-five minutes under fire, and five of the eight were wholly or partially disabled."

As the fleet of iron-clads, from which so much had naturally been expected, failed to accomplish satisfactory results, of course there was nothing that the army, under the present major-general commanding, could do, and on the ninth orders were received to "prepare for sea."

April 10.—Weighed anchor at noon and steamed south, "Key West" towing steamer "City of Bath," which met with an accident on crossing the bar. Anchored off Hilton Head at sunset.

April 11.—Entered the harbor, but there was no enthusiasm among the troops, owing to the failure of the undertaking, which had been anticipated by the Eighteenth corps veterans.

April 12.—The steamship "Augusta Dinsmore," direct from Morehead City, arrived, bringing intelligence that General Foster was besieged at Little Washington by a large force of Confederates. Major Giles, Third New York artillery, and Captain Hutchins, assistant-quartermaster, who were cognizant of General Foster's peril, after reporting to General Heckman, prepared a statement, which they submitted to General Hunter upon his return to Port Royal in the afternoon. General Heckman, who felt solicitous concerning the safety of his old chief, accompanied them to headquarters, where the following colloquy occurred.

The statement being presented, General Hunter read it, winked several times, and then quietly folding the document, placed it in his pocket. An answer was, of course, expected, or that further information would be asked for. Whether General Hunter wished to be waggish or not, does not appear, but he certainly exhibited a quaint way of disposing of a matter of so much importance as that which had just been laid before him.

"Ah, General Heckman," said he, "you are from New Jersey, I believe?"

"No general," answered Heckman, "I was born in Pennsylvania—in the town of Easton, but I have lived in New Jersey for the past fourteen years."

"In what part, pray?"

"In the town of Phillipsburg."

"What town did you say?"

"Phillipsburg."

"*Phillipsburg!* Where is that beautiful place?"

"Phillipsburg, sir, is forty miles from Trenton, on the line of the Belvidere, Delaware and Central railroads, and directly opposite Easton."

"Ah, indeed!"

A solemn pause of three minutes here ensued, during which period not a word was spoken on either side. Hunter, however, seemed to be keeping up a continual thinking. At last the silence was broken by General Hunter, who, good-naturedly enough, asked if those present would not take a little whisky.

"Thank you," said General Heckman, "we have just taken a little sherry wine."

Another ominous pause, which was broken by the fortunate intervention of the dinner bell. Declining an invitation to dine, General Heckman and his party left, to await the decision of the commanding general.

General Heckman returned to his command in an unhappy state of mind, and while all could see that he had failed in procuring the order to proceed to the rescue of his brethren in North Carolina, all wondered what the final outcome of the matter would be. That night was one of anxious suspense—many of the men praying in a left-handed manner for Hunter's repose.

April 13.—At an early hour this morning General Heckman received the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
"HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 12, 1863.

"*Special Orders, No.* 160.

"It having been officially represented to the major-general commanding, by Brigadier-General Heckman, Major S. Giles and Captain W. V.

Hutchins, that Major-General Foster, commanding Department of North Carolina, is besieged, and in danger of being captured by the enemy at Little Washington, North Carolina, Brigadier-General Heckman, United States volunteers, is hereby ordered to proceed with his brigade, consisting of the following regiments: Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third Massachusetts, Eighty-first and Ninety-eighth New York, to Newbern, North Carolina, where he will report to the general in command for service in relieving Major-General Foster. This duty executed, or it being found that Major-General Foster has been already relieved, Brigadier-General Heckman will forthwith return with his command to this department.

"By command of MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER."

When it became known that General Heckman had received this order, a wild scene took place among the men, especially in the Ninth. Cheer after cheer—the first they had ever given in the department—rent the summer-like air, and were wafted by zephyrs across the broad bay to the lazy-looking head-quarters on the other side. In an hour the brigade was again on board ship, but an unavoidable delay occurred in coaling and watering one or two of the vessels. The men, just as impatient as the officers to get out of the department, were afraid that Hunter would countermand the order under which the brigade commander was acting, and, soon after, when they saw a staff officer being hastily rowed towards General Heckman's flag-ship, a feeling prevailed that there might yet be a "slip." But the officer in question was hurriedly rowed away towards the shore, and as all the steamers signaled "ready," General Heckman's vessel moved out towards the sea—the open sea, followed in "quick time" by the other vessels—the men transported with joy, giving vent to their feelings, in every conceivable way.

The following is a copy of the communication delivered to General Heckman, just previous to starting:

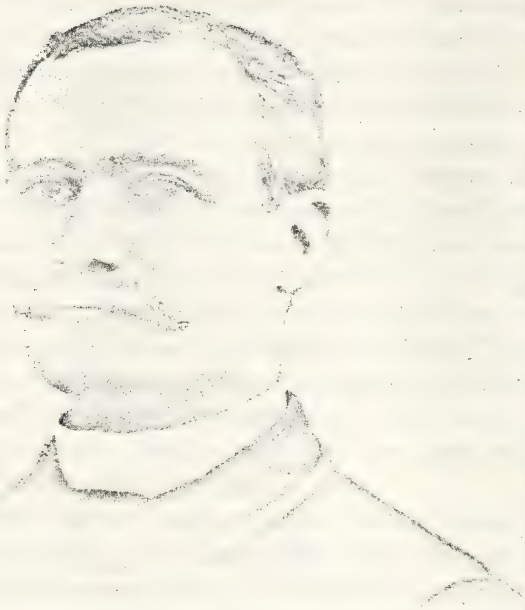
"GENERAL HECKMAN—I am instructed by the major-general commanding to call your attention to the delays in getting off your command—delays the least excusable in view of the representations of urgent haste made yesterday afternoon, on which it was decided to send your brigade to General Foster's relief. Should these delays be continued, in view of the imminent probability of active operations in another quarter, it will be necessary to countermand the orders already given to your brigade. Yours respectfully,

C. G. HALPIN, A. A. G."

For three months most of the Eighteenth army corps had been worse than idle, and when the men were not crowded together on transports, were unnecessarily exposed to blinding storms of sand, a broiling sun or shivering breezes from the ocean. It was no wonder, then, that they cheered themselves hoarse on moving away, and forever, from a department that was using up the substance of the government in constantly making preparations for "active operations" always imminent, but never accomplishing anything of benefit to the nation.

"Put on more steam," was signaled from General Heckman's ship when some distance outside, and when we looked about and speculated on the meaning of this order we saw a steamer following in our wake. Although it did not overtake us, we subsequently learned that it was Hunter's dispatch boat, with an order directing the immediate return to Hilton Head of the brigade. General Heckman did not find it convenient to officially recognize the signals displayed, and continued on his course.

April 14.—The sea was very rough, but its inconveniences were preferable to the life we had been compelled to live while on shore in South Carolina. During the night the "Key West," with seven companies of the Ninth on board, was tossed about on the angry waves like a cockle shell, so violent had the sea become. It was along towards midnight, when off the dreaded "Frying-pan Shoals," that all on board two ships came within an ace of being hurled into eternity. The writer, who was on the forward open deck of the "Key West," will never cease to remember a few moments of horror he experienced on that eventful night. The "Key West," a large and powerful steamer, had risen high upon a foaming wave, from which it seemed it would never descend, when almost directly underneath her larboard bow, in a yawning trough, was observed another vessel going in an opposite or southerly direction. It was an awful moment for all, and fraught with great peril. But that kind Providence which had preserved the Ninth from many sea perils in the past, vouchsafed a safe delivery, as when the vessels again ascended and descended upon the waves, they were separated by a distance that relieved



CAPT. EDWARD S. MOFFAT,

SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

the terrible anxiety of all hearts. In the awful darkness of the night, with the sea roaring in the tempest, the pilots were unable to see either vessel, but God was good.

April 15.—The weather continued boisterous, "the sea running mountains high"—small mountains. Those who managed to retain their appetites indulged in all sorts of pranks upon those who were inflicted with that feeling of nausea so hard to describe—a favorite mode among the more robust being to place a piece of fat pork in their mouths and draw it in and out. This will generally have the effect of causing a sick man to say "New York" quicker than anything else that I know of.

April 16.—The "Key West," with seven companies of the Ninth on board, steamed into the familiar harbor of Beaufort at nine o'clock this morning, and proceeded directly to the dock at Morehead City, where the men quickly disembarked, soon after taking a train of cars for Newbern, which place they reached as the steamer "Escort," with General Foster on board, touched the wharf near the bridge in that city. The citizens turned out in the streets *en masse*, alternately cheering General Foster and Heckman's brigade—both receiving a cordial welcome from all. Such a spectacle had never before been witnessed in the quaint old town.

The "Escort," in passing a long line of batteries, was so completely riddled that her sides and hull more nearly resembled a honey-comb than "walls of oak." General Foster, who knew a thing or two about artillery, had taken the precaution before starting on his perilous trip to have the machinery well protected by bales of cotton, which he procured in the town of Little Washington. The machinery of the "Escort" was thoroughly oiled, and with the aid of pine knots in the furnaces, the little vessel was forced through the water like a racer. Over seventy shot had penetrated her hull and sides—one missile entering General Foster's state-room a moment after he had temporarily vacated it.

The meeting between Generals Foster and Heckman was most cordial, and although each had much to say to the other, they postponed that pleasure until the department had been again made secure by the withdrawal of the enemy beyond the

prescribed lines, upon which task General Heckman at once set to work.

April 17.—The brigade, awakened early, started for the post of danger at eight o'clock, each man provided with eighty rounds of ammunition. The roads, owing to recent heavy rains, were execrable, which rendered marching difficult and fatiguing —something the men had done but little at since December. Darkness coming on, the Ninth, with the rest of the brigade, went into bivouac in an open field, where but little rest or sleep, owing to the cold, was to be obtained.

April 18.—Started early and marched fifteen miles, encamping for the night near Blunt's Mills. About midnight, cheering in the rear aroused the Ninth from slumber, and in a few minutes Major Curlis, with Companies C, D and G, who had reached Morehead after our departure from Newbern, marched in upon us. The salutations between the men of the two wings were very hearty. The three companies had marched over forty miles in a day and a night, despite their sufferings and exposures on shipboard—but the feat performed was highly characteristic of our returned comrades, who had no desire to be absent when glory was to be won or hard knocks to be encountered.

April 19.—The calendar says this day is Sunday, but there is no Sunday for us to-day, as forward we march to meet the men who are endeavoring to destroy a beneficent government. Just before noon, after an uneventful tramp of ten miles, we reached Hill's Bluff, on Tar river, and found the works at that point vacated—the enemy having taken a hurried departure the previous night, doubtless having unpleasant visions of that "——— Dutch Heckman" and his brigade of "foot cavalry," as it was denominated. A division of Confederates had retreated, without firing a shot, before a mere handful of men.

General Heckman, burning for a fight, sent out a squadron of the superb Third New York cavalry, with a section of mountain howitzers, to locate the enemy, if possible, and on receiving the following despatch from General Naglee, who had accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, he pushed the brigade forward rapidly.

"JUNCTION OF GREENVILLE AND WASHINGTON ROADS,
"8.30 P. M., April 19, 1863.

"DEAR HECKMAN—We came upon Hill's rear guard at this point, charged them, killing one officer and two men, wounding several, and capturing one guidon, one officer and five privates, whom I send to you under guard. I will have the squadron remain here until you arrive with the infantry. I never saw cavalry equal to the squadron you sent with me."

The badly frightened Confederates out-marched the pursuing column, which, finding it useless to continue on, turned towards Washington, reaching that place at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the brigade quartered in vacant houses for the night—the siege having been raised, and quietness restored throughout the department.

April 20.—The "Escort" having arrived, the Ninth embarked upon it at an early hour, and late in the evening, she anchored in the Neuse river, a few miles below Newbern.

April 21.—At eight o'clock this morning the "Escort" reached her wharf, when the Ninth went ashore and occupied the commodious barracks at the northern end of the city.

April 25.—An order from General Heckman, directing Colonel Zabriskie to take the Ninth to its former camping ground at Carolina City, revivified the men, and caused them to forget their recent tribulations. Before sunset the regiment was inhabiting its old tents on the spot which had become to be regarded as home.

April 26.—In order that they might enjoy every possible comfort, Colonel Zabriskie ordered the men of the Ninth to stockade their Sibley tents, and gave them ample time to accomplish this. The colonel was thus enabled to have several days to himself, which he spent under his centre fly, devouring some new novels he had just received from friends at home. By stockading the tents a third more room was obtained, while the inmates, generally to the number of fifteen, were afforded more room to turn about in. The other regiments in the brigade speedily followed the example of the enterprising Ninth.

April 30.—A very thorough inspection of the Ninth was made to-day, the officer charged with that duty complimenting

the command upon its appearance and efficiency in drill, which, he said, no regiment in the service could excel.

May 2.—Intelligence received to-day that Quartermaster Samuel Keys of the Ninth, had been appointed commissary of the Second division, Ninth (Burnside's) army corps. Quartermaster Keys, one of the best quartermasters in the army, remained with the Ninth corps until the end of the war—General Burnside refusing to allow him to return to the regiment, which esteemed him highly.

May 12.—The Ninth was reviewed by General Heckman.

May 18.—General Heckman having assumed command of the department, Colonel Zabriskie was ordered to command the troops in the district of Beaufort, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel James Stewart, Jr., took charge of the regiment. Lieutenant Thomas B. Appleget of Company A, who had worthily filled the position of regimental quartermaster for some months, was relieved of that duty at his own request, and Lieutenant Charles Hufty of Company D, ordered to take his place.

May 20.—The Ninth was inspected to-day by Captain Ralston, of General Heckman's staff.

May 27.—Colonel Zabriskie, having returned to the regiment, assumed command.

June 1.—Company B, Lieutenant Thomas Burnett, was sent over to perform piquet duty on Bogue Island, and put a stop to the practices of those who were supposed to be running the blockade between Beaufort and Swansboro, thus doing a prosperous business between those points. Barring the alligators and mosquitoes which infested the island, it was a pleasant spot on which to pass away the time. As the fishing in the waters of the sound was good at all seasons, and succulent clams could be had in great abundance by wading out into the water and "treading" the sandy bottom, and magnificent bathing was afforded in the surf, Company B's boys had a royal time of it when off duty. Although Lieutenant Burnett, ever a strict disciplinarian, maintained a careful watch, neither he nor his men were able to detect any one passing, although they frequently saw Confederates bathing in the ocean opposite

Swansboro, which was at all times piqueted by them. On the island, a couple of miles apart, lived the families of two old fishermen—one of them named Frost—both of whom were true Union men. One morning the fisherman whose name cannot be recalled at this late day, made his way to Company B's outer piquet on the beach, and reported to Corporal Manning Yeomans on duty there, that he had seen three Confederate soldiers near Mr. Frost's cabin, which was located on the right bank of the sound. Yeomans, with visions of promotion before him, called two of his comrades—Thomas Putnam and Minard Garrabrant—and promptly started for Frost's habitation, determined to capture the "Johnnies," whom, he was satisfied, were the identical parties who had been running the blockade. The corporal had no right to leave his post without the authority of his commanding officer, but, fearful of a hoax, and not wishing to be laughed at by the boys, he concluded to say nothing about the matter, and go on and effect the capture, if the old man's story was true. The corporal and his command made their way through the woods, and on nearing Frost's home deployed, so as to surround the place and thus prevent the escape of the Confederates—if any should be in that neighborhood. As they got within sight of the humble cabin, and discovered nothing to indicate the presence of an enemy, they felt that the fisherman had sold them cheaply, but each resolved to make him pay dearly for sending them on what at that moment was regarded as a "fool's errand." However, the three Union soldiers would not risk anything, so long as they had gone to so much trouble, and would continue to act as if an armed enemy was before them. The corporal directed his steps towards the only door the cabin possessed, and when within a few yards of Mr. Frost's abode, discovered through the open doorway three men seated at a rude table partaking of breakfast. Signaling to his command, it advanced on a run, and leveling his rifle Yeomans ordered the three Confederates to raise their hands. They promptly complied, and the corporal and his companions advanced, bidding the inmates to "come out of doors." True enough, Mr. Frost's guests were Confederate soldiers, who had entered our lines, they protested,

to see some friends living near Beaufort. They informed Corporal Yeomans that they had left their rifles and accoutrements among the bushes on the beach, and would be glad to show the corporal the place of deposit, if he would pass along that way. Satisfied with his capture, and having no disposition to give his prisoners any means to effect their escape, he escorted them to camp, and proudly marched to Lieutenant Burnett's tent, where he made known the facts in the case.

Lieutenant Burnett, in his usual stern manner, commanded the prisoners to be closely guarded, and ordered Corporal Yeomans to his quarters *under arrest*. "Republics *are* grateful, aren't they?" said the corporal to a chum after he had gained his tent. "One would suppose the lieutenant could appreciate our morning's work—a clever piece of business, as I had led myself to believe; but he can't—he's too much *regulation*." An hour or so afterwards Yeomans was ordered to report to Lieutenant Burnett. "Corporal," said he, "you did a nice thing in capturing those men, but you had no orders to do it. If they had taken you instead, this company would have been disgraced. You should have reported to me before undertaking the perilous enterprise. Hereafter do so, and I will give you permission to capture all you can find. You are relieved from arrest, and will return to your post." It was by such acts that Company B was made to rank second to none—by such acts that Lieutenant Burnett made himself respected by all brave men.

June 3.—A member of Company C died suddenly in his quarters to-day, and a large number of the regiment were allowed to pay their last sad respects to his memory by following his mortality to the place of rest—a beautiful grove of pine trees just outside the town.

June 4.—A small detail is daily required from the Ninth for work upon the fortifications, which General Spinola is having constructed at Morehead City.

June 22.—Company B rejoined regiment to-day.

June 25.—Surgeon Woodhull of General Heckman's staff, was ordered to superintend the erection of a large hospital building at Morehead City, which was afterwards known as

the "Mansfield General Hospital." The doctor was highly complimented for "the able and faithful manner" in which he performed the task assigned him.

June 26.—Regretfully the Ninth struck tents at daybreak this morning, and two hours afterwards was *en route* on cars to Newbern, where it took possession of the barracks near Fort Totten. During the evening a cyclone passed over the city, doing considerable damage. Unoccupied barracks near the camp of the Ninth were blown down, and a sentry badly injured by being buried under the *debris.* He was finally rescued from his perilous position by several members of the Ninth, who heard his cries.

June 30.—General Heckman took command of the forces and defences of the city. Ninth inspected and mustered for pay, which ceremony it never objected to.

July 3.—The Third New York cavalry, and a squadron of the First North Carolina cavalry, left the city at an early hour to destroy the railroad at Keenansville—forty-five miles distant.

July 4.—Reveille at three o'clock this morning, and an hour afterwards, General Heckman started with the Ninth New Jersey, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and Eighty-first and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York regiments and Belger's and Angel's batteries, as a support. The infantry proceeded by way of Pollocksville, eight miles beyond which it went into bivouac early in the evening, nothing of the enemy having so far been seen.

July 5.—Resumed the march shortly after daylight, and at seven o'clock passed through the pretty little town of Trenton. Continuing on till late in the afternoon the column halted on Scott's plantation, when Companies B and F went off to destroy a bridge over the Trent river, which they successfully accomplished, although the Confederates were known to be but a short distance away.

July 6.—Owing to the intense heat and the non-arrival of the cavalry expedition at this point, the brigade remained quiet until three o'clock in the afternoon, when hearing a signal, General Heckman started off at its head in the direction of the river and what was called Free Bridge. Companies E and G,

deployed as skirmishers, had not proceeded very far, however, ere they discovered the Confederates, who promptly opened with a couple of field pieces, which did considerable execution —severely wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, and several members of the Ninth. At this moment, General Heckman dashed up with a section of Belger's battery, which speedily drove the enemy from his chosen position, leaving free access to the bridge, over which the cavalry soon afterwards crossed in safety—their appearance being the signal for enthusiastic cheering.

The cavalry had been eminently successful, having torn up the railroad track for a considerable distance, and destroyed a blacksmith shop where sabres and small arms were being manufactured. Three hundred fine horses (badly needed by our cavalry), and a small army of the happiest darkies (of all ages and conditions) under the face of the sun, were among the results of the expedition. During the day the sun was severe upon the men, but at night, cooled by the heavy dews, their situation was more endurable.

July 7.—The Ninth, greatly fatigued by the heat and excessive marching, reached its barracks at Newbern early in the evening.

July 10.—John Bader, a member of Company A, while bathing in the Neuse river this evening, was drowned. His body was recovered the following morning by a marine, who went down in fifteen feet of water.

July 12.—An alarm in the city, consequent upon an attack on our piquets at Deep creek by some Confederate horsemen.

July 13.—The Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third Massachusetts, a section of artillery and a company of Twelfth New York cavalry, rendezvoused at Newport barracks early this morning, conveyed thither by rail. Marched at ten o'clock, via Cedar Point road to Broad creek, over which a rude bridge was constructed, when the march was continued to Saunders' plantation, twelve miles distant, where a halt was ordered for the night.

July 14.—Column in motion at daybreak; reached Cedar Point at eight o'clock, having travelled nine miles in three

hours. It had been expected that the gun-boat "Wilson," with one company of the Eighty-first New York, would communicate with General Heckman at this point, but it was "hard aground" on one of the many shoals in Bogue sound, ten miles away. The cavalry company was sent out to observe the country in the direction of Smith's Mills, where it found a small party of the enemy, whom it routed in fine style.

July 15.—Lieutenant Cook, in command of two boats from the "Wilson," arrived with information that that vessel was still "fast," with no prospect of release. Captain Edwin Stevens Harris of the Ninth, with a platoon from Company B, went off with the boats, from which they made "soundings" in White Oak river as far as five miles from its mouth, and on returning and reporting no "possible chance for fording," General Heckman gave the command an order to return.

July 16.—Despite the intense heat and the burning condition of the sand in the roadway—almost hot enough to roast an egg in four minutes—the column reached Newport just before noon, having made eighteen miles in less than six hours.

July 17.—Took cars this morning and returned to our quarters in Newbern. General Foster departed to take command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe, General Heckman succeeding him in the command of all the forces in North Carolina, and yet it had been only a little more than a year since the latter entered the state as a lieutenant-colonel.

July 22.—Considerable excitement consequent upon rumors of a Confederate advance upon Newbern. Ninth formed line and after remaining by its colors for a couple of hours retired to quarters.

July 23.—Five companies of the Ninth called out on the parade ground, but the order to march was soon after countermanded.

July 24.—The Ninth was ordered to prepare three days' rations, and be ready for a move in the morning. Men carefully cleaned and inspected their rifles, about whose condition they were always more particular than any officer could be, as they knew their lives depended upon the efficiency of the weapons.

July 25.—General Heckman with the Ninth New Jersey, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and four companies from the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Eighty-first New York and Belger's battery, embarked shortly after daylight, and after a delightful sail reached the mouth of the Chowan river and anchored off Edenton at ten o'clock in the evening.

July 26.—Weighed anchor early and steamed up the Chowan, reaching Winton on its right bank at about two o'clock in the afternoon. The steamer "Convoy," conveying the Ninth, was the first to reach the landing-place, which it had no sooner touched, than Company I, commanded by Lieutenant Robert D. Swain, sprang ashore and dashed up the steep hillside, with instructions to advance and afford protection to the debarkation of the troops. The remainder of the Ninth quickly followed. After marching nearly a mile without seeing anything of the enemy, the Ninth, notified by an aide that it had taken the wrong road, countermarched. It reached the junction too late to keep the advance, which was now being made by the Seventeenth Massachusetts. This command, believing that the Ninth was in its front, was marching unsuspectingly along when it received a volley from the front and from the woods on the left flank. The Seventeenth quickly formed line across the road, and returned the fire until the Ninth came up, when the Jerseymen, perfectly used to the work, gave a cheer and charged up the road, driving the enemy in confusion before them. The pursuit was continued for a mile or so—the Confederates not stopping to contest the advance until they crossed Pattocassey creek, over Hill's bridge, which they only partially destroyed. Reforming in splendid earthworks on the right bank of that sluggish stream, the enemy opened with a heavy fire, but the men of the Ninth had had much experience in fighting for the possession of bridge crossings, and used their usual skill until they got the lay of the position, when, with a shout which struck terror to the hearts of the foe, dashed forward across the structure and into the works, capturing some thirty Confederates who were unable to make their escape. The Seventeenth Massachusetts and Ninth New Jersey had a number of men wounded—among the latter being Lieutenant J. Madison Drake,

who was in command of Company D, and Sergeant Coyte of Company E. General Heckman at once disposed of his forces, by placing them where they would be able to render the best service in case the Confederates mustered courage to renew the attack, but they were doubtless glad to leave him severely alone.

July 27.—The men were ordered to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Some of the "bummers" scouted about the woods, and over the plantations near by, and among those whose curiosity led them to wander about the country was Private Charles Muller of Company A, of the Ninth, who, while rambling in the woods, with no other weapon than a walking-stick, which he carried in his hand, ran across three Confederates, whom he discovered standing under a tree, their rifles, accoutrements, etc., stacked close by. The German lad watched them closely for a few moments, fearing others might be near at hand, and when satisfied that they were alone, he noiselessly made his way to their guns, and seizing one and aiming it at the dumbfounded Confederates, whom he at the same moment terrorized by a yell, called upon them to surrender. They had some difficulty in making Muller understand that they had already done so. He pointed the direction he wished them to pursue, then shouldering the three rifles, drove them into our camp—his arrival creating profound amusement among the men, who cheered him as he passed slowly along the line. Colonel Zabriskie told Muller he could have a pass every day if he would promise to do as well each time.

During the afternoon the First New York mounted rifles, Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, and Stewart's (regular) battery, who had marched from Suffolk, were ferried across the Chowan river, and everything being in readiness, those commands at nine o'clock passed out of our lines at Pattocassey creek, to destroy the railroad at Weldon.

July 28.—Weather very oppressive—rainy and hot—many of the men being down with fever and ague. A member of Company C, while fishing in the creek, landed what he at first supposed to be an eel, but was surprised on seeing the ovifarous animal making a bee-line for the water, running along in the

style of an ophidian. Its headlong rush for the muddy stream was only checked by an effort on the part of the fisherman, who had to kill it because of its intractability. The animal, which was nearly two feet in length, propelled itself while on land with its six short legs, equi-distant along its disgusting looking body. It was a repulsive creature.

July 29.—Shortly after noon one company of cavalry entered our lines, bringing some fifty prisoners, many horses, vehicles and contrabands.

July 30.—Ninth anxious to get away, owing to the poisonous (malarial) atmosphere along the creek, but must await return of the cavalry, due to-day. The horsemen were seen approaching at noon, and as they came up, we saw they had been badly used, having failed to accomplish what they had been sent to do, owing to the concentration of a large force of the enemy near Weldon, and returning without the fruits of substantial victory. It was ten o'clock before the cavalry was conveyed across the river, and midnight when the Ninth left its position and retreated to the landing, where it again embarked on the "Convoy" and sailed away, a great majority of the men being afflicted with fever and ague.

August 1.—Some three hundred men in the Ninth prostrated with the regular North Carolina chills, which made no distinction between officers and enlisted men.

August 3.—Ninth received its pay to-day from Major Harbert, a New Jerseyman.

August 5.—Three commissioned officers and six enlisted men, left to-day for New Jersey to obtain recruits, which the Ninth badly need if it is to be continued in the forefront of every battle, as it has invariably been for more than a year.

August 13.—Major-General John Peck arrived to-day, and relieved General Heckman from command of the district of North Carolina, which causes the men to think that there will be no more marching or fighting for some time to come.

August 17.—Inspection of Ninth—slim turn-out, on account of fever and ague epidemic.

August 26.—Surgeon Gillette, who never tires in ministering to the wants of the men, made a lengthy report to the medical

director of the department on the condition of the members of the Ninth regiment—more than two hundred of whom were daily borne upon the sick list, not one of whom was fit for guard or fatigue duty, whereupon an order was issued, directing Colonel Zabriskie to remove his command to the old camping-ground at Carolina City, which that officer lost no time in doing.

August 27.—The old Sibley tents were placed upon the stockades—still standing—the men being willing to incur any labor they were capable of in making themselves comfortable, hoping thereby to regain their wonted strength and spirits.

August 31.—Colonel Zabriskie inspected the Ninth and mustered it for pay—a ceremony that always pleased the men—every one being perfectly willing to undergo a parade which was the first step towards securing the monthly stipend from the government. In the early evening, while the train for Newbern stopped at camp, as usual, some of the men, led by "Steve" Crane of Company K, who, while being a most excellent soldier, was noted for his "little jokes," as he called them, suddenly determined to have some fun. Gathering the guy ropes in rear of the sutler's tent, which was pitched within a few feet of the railroad track, the boys fastened them to the rear end of the hindmost car, and retired to watch the result. Directly the train started, tearing the larger part of the tent from its moorings, and dragging it behind. Simultaneously with the snapping of the ropes which fastened the sutler's habitation to the earth, was a loud crash within, as boxes, barrels, etc., were overturned, to the consternation of the sutler and his assistants, who, believing that the end of all things was at hand, fled as if pursued by a thousand fiends. The noise thus occasioned attracted the attention of many men in the regiment, who hastened to the scene of catastrophe, and in the enforced absence of the sutler, helped themselves to the tobacco, sweet-meats, etc., lying promiscuously about. This transaction cost the sutler several hundred dollars, and "Steve" said it was worth that amount, considering the fun they all had. I may just as well say that it was a long time afterwards before "Steve" revealed the perpetrators.

September 1.—The regiment drilled daily during this month—the exercise benefitting the men, most of whom, on filling their lungs with pure sea air, recovered from the intermittent fevers incident to the poison taken into their system on the recent march to Winton. Although the Ninth enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, with none to molest or make them afraid, along towards the close of the month they began to express their discontent, and long for something more exciting. As there had been no "reviews" in over two months, the outlook for active service was not particularly encouraging to those more ambitiously inclined.

October 1.—Time drags heavily with the Ninth, notwithstanding the fact that the men are comfortably located, and living on the fat of the land and the best bounty of the government.

October 14.—Rumors are floating about that the Ninth is to be sent to Virginia, to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." Well—anything for a change, say the men. This afternoon General Heckman surprised the regiment by suddenly riding into camp. Shortly after the buglers sounded the "assembly" for parade, and forming line the command was reviewed by the general, who declared it had never marched more steadily. Perhaps the boys wanted him to see that they had lost none of their vigor, and that they had as much *esprit du corps* as in former days. At all events everybody was pleased, and as an itinerant photographer visited camp, the artist was kept busy in taking pictures of men and officers.

October 15.—Orders received to prepare three days' rations, and be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

October 18.—Struck tents after dinner, but did not leave camp till late in the afternoon, when the Ninth took train for Newbern, where it embarked on steamers "Albany" and "Jersey Blue" at ten o'clock. An hour and a half later steamed down the Neuse, with whose contour we were all familiar—other vessels, with the remainder of the brigade, following.

October 19.—The sail was enjoyed by most of the men of the Ninth, they having become quite used to sea-faring life, owing to their frequent movements upon the water.

October 20.—Arrived at Fortress Monroe at eight o'clock this morning, and, after a brief time, continued on up the James river to Newport News, where it landed. Before the sun went down that day the brigade was *tout ensemble.*

Our camp, located on a high bluff, on the left bank of the majestic James, overlooked the spot where the ram "Merrimac" won her victory over the United States fleet, in which contest she destroyed the "Congress" and "Cumberland," whose topmasts, above the surface of the quiet waters, were still to be seen. One day Corporal "Sam" Dilks of Company K, made his way out to the projecting spars and removing a piece returned to camp. He subsequently, with that ingenuity for which he was distinguished, made a handsome miniature hose carriage from the stick, and presented the same to the America Hose company of Trenton, in whose house it still remains.

October 21.—Camp was placed in tip-top order and dress-parade held.

October 22.—Ninth received orders to cook three days' rations and be ready for a move, which brightens up the intellect of the men and sets them to speculating. During the afternoon, however, the order was countermanded.

October 23.—General Heckman arrived to-day and assumed command of the post, consisting of six infantry regiments, one regiment of cavalry and three batteries of artillery.

October 29.—Brigade reviewed by General Heckman, which inclines the men to the belief that active operations are contemplated at an early day.

November 2.—General Foster came up to-day and reviewed us with a smile upon his handsome face. The pleasure of seeing each other again was mutual.

November 16.—A singular battle took place in the Ninth's camp to-day, being no less than a spirited engagement with an army of rodents, which had occupied the grounds since the time McClellan's force was encamped there in idleness. The one-sided contest afforded considerable exercise for the men and rich amusement for the ladies, quite a number of whom were living in camp with their husbands—officers, of course.

November 26.—Thanksgiving day, with interesting services

in the Ninth's capacious chapel—a log structure. The chaplain made some return this month for the pay he received from the government, but as a general thing I never saw useful chaplains in the service. I know there were exceptions to the rule. Chaplains might have been very useful, but nine times out of ten they did no more work than they were compelled to do.

December 1.—General Butler rode through camp to-day, and the boys ran out of their stockaded tents to see him. On reaching the street where Company D was located, the general stopped his horse, and pulling out his big navy revolver, his inseparable companion when out riding, he pointed the weapon direct at the head of Joel Hulse of that command. Of course there was considerable commotion among the men, each one of whom thought the general had his eyes upon them, owing to their peculiar conformation. No one could account for his conduct, and for a moment it looked as if Joel's hour had come.

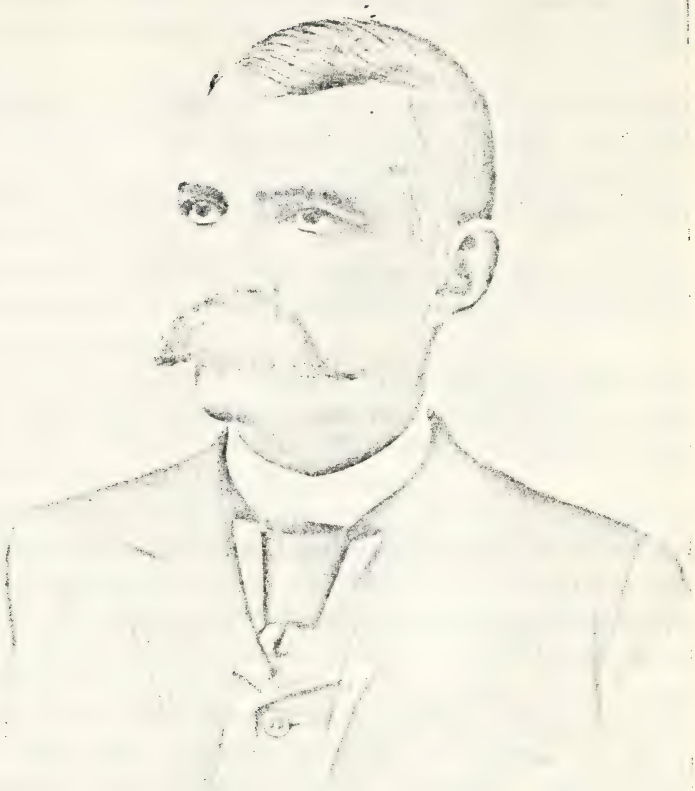
"Hold, general! what's the matter?" asked Sergeant Bennett.

"Matter enough!" replied the general, slowly turning his head. "I once swore that if I ever saw a man uglier than myself, I would shoot him on the spot, and there stands the man who has haunted me."

The boys now understanding the matter, burst out into a hearty peal of laughter, and the general, who never allowed an enlisted man to suffer or want for anything which was in his power to supply, rode off amid cheers. Joel, poor fellow, was killed near Suffolk, Virginia, in February, 1864, and his death sincerely mourned by all who knew his amiable traits of character.

December 2.—The men of the Ninth received pay to-day, enabling their families at home to have a "Merry Christmas."

December 4.—The arrival in camp of several "patriots" from New Jersey with plethoric purses, which they were willing to turn inside out for the benefit of those who would "re-enlist for the war," created a flutter of excitement. Eight hundred dollars was the minimum price offered to any one in the Ninth who would be re-mustered for another term of three years. To many this large sum of money was a great temptation, and



LIEUT. HENRY HOPPER,

COMPANY E.

before night over one hundred young men had signed the muster-roll and pocketed the treasure. The "bounty" had much to do in stimulating recruitment, but a desire on the part of these men to return home and see their families was the chief reason actuating them in accepting the terms offered.

December 10.—The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiment having been ordered to Norfolk, its quarters were occupied by Ninth.

December 20.—Company drill in the forenoon, with battalion movements and a dress-parade in the afternoon, were the routine at this post. Officers and men fared sumptuously—most delicious bivalves being readily obtained at prices within reach of all.

December 21.—A cold snap rendered bright fires necessary, and occasionally a tent was consumed, putting its occupants to much inconvenience.

December 24.—Mrs. J. Madison Drake and Mrs. Charles W. Grover arrived in camp to-day, and were presented to the other ladies—Mrs. Edwin S. Harris, Mrs. Edward S. Carrell, Mrs. Thomas Burnett and Mrs. W. D. Rogers.

December 25.—Our third Christmas in the army—and a merry one it was to those who had been spared through all the vicissitudes of the past to enjoy it. Well-filled boxes from home had arrived a day or two previous, and so the happy recipients had invited their particular friends to enjoy the good things, there were none in camp who did not have good cheer. Some of the regiments celebrated the day by engaging at target-practice, while others had excellent programs of athletic exercises, concluding with burlesque parades, in which some of the officers saw their peculiarities cleverly mimicked.

1864.

January 1.—Snow—of which the best use was made—the men giving themselves to all sorts of frolicing. During the forenoon the artillerymen improvised sledges, which they drove through the various camps, creating lots of fun; and after dinner, the Ninth's boys got out and formed line of battle—the right wing being opposed to the left wing. The missiles used on this occasion were balls of snow, instead of the Minie bullet. Officers and men participated in the excitement—no undue liberties being indulged in by either—so popular were the shoulder-straps, who never lost any of their self-respect by mingling with their men. The contest raged with unabated fury for an hour or so, to the delight of the ladies present, when, both parties being fatigued, and neither side showing signs of surrendering—something the Ninth had never studied—the engagement stopped by mutual consent.

The following letter, written to a newspaper by Rev. J. J. Carrell, chaplain, will show the religious feeling which pervaded the Ninth regiment:

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., January 11th, 1864.

By your permission, I will send you a few lines from East Virginia, designed for the eyes of the many friends and acquaintances who made our stay in Livingston pleasant and profitable. It was a matter of regret that I could not, in person, wish them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. From this point, and through your paper, I would send them many greetings, assuring them that they are ever in mind, having, as formerly, a deep and imperishable hold on my affections.

We have been here since the 23d of October last, and besides changing our encampment once, the removal of some three regiments and a battery for duty elsewhere, and the supplying of their places by other troops, and two grand reviews, one by General Foster, and the other by General Butler, little has occurred out of the usual routine of camp life.

We are close by the waters in which lie the wrecks of the Cumberland and Congress, relics from both of which, in large numbers, have been

sent to friends at home by the parties who are and have been here. In this work a mast from the Cumberland, which had been washed upon the shore, and worth, by marine estimation, three hundred dollars, has entirely disappeared. The old Merrimac, which did the work of destruction upon our ill-fated vessels, lies between this point and Norfolk, and more recently came near including the Champion, a government vessel, plying between this place and Old Point Comfort. It happened in this wise: A pleasure party, consisting of officers, ladies and civilians, had gone over in her to attend the theatre at Norfolk. Upon her return, the night being foggy and withal dark, she came in collision, at low tide, with the *bogus Confederate*, who nevertheless clutched and held her fast. For several hours the Champion—not Champion now—was interlocked in the embrace of this malignant secesh, and not without danger of serious injury. But in time the watery element came to the rescue, lifting with its rising tide the proudly named, but for once throttled ship from its awkward and defenceless predicament. Accordingly she did not return to Newport News until eleven o'clock A. M. next day, when at eight she should have been on her way to Fortress Monroe. A party, among whom was the writer, had been waiting from eight to eleven for the boat, to go down to the fortress, and consequently were not in the best of humor. And at the announcement of the reason of the detention, your correspondent, who often does queer things, said: "Glad of it; wish theatre-going people would always be served just so; the punishment in this life is only a little taste of what such will get hereafter." The company being evidently a good deal crestfallen, gave hard looks but no blows; an opportunity was given them of meditating upon the estimation in which such people are held by a chaplain in the army.

The force at this point, under command of Brigadier-General Heckman, consists of five regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two batteries. The general is a great favorite in that branch of the army of which he is the head. That he is universally esteemed, trusted and loved, is a eulogy that may truthfully be pronounced. Order, discipline, efficiency, and the comfort of all, are matters evidently aimed at and in a high measure attained. Indeed, everything moves like clockwork; any disorder that may arise is immediately suppressed; the closest surveillance is employed against the clandestine introduction of that which would make the men noisy and unruly. At one time liquor was kept at farm houses in the region of the camps; it was also sent in boxes by express, but lately the examination has been rigid, so that this enemy seldom gets within the lines, at all events not among the men. I understand that on Christmas day the *monster Alcohol* got through the pickets and escaped the inquisition by ensconsing himself in a fine fat turkey. The Jesuits, the inquisitors at this place, committed the same blunder that the Greeks did in the matter of the Trojan horse; they did not examine the turkey internally, and so the enemy got in. I do not know that he did much mischief. At all events, somebody got on that joyous day not only good dinner, but something to drink into

the bargain. But, nevertheless, it is well for the soldiers' friends at home to know that there is danger of confiscation in running the blockade, but that if successful it is a very sure way to the guardhouse. But since there are so many ways by which to smuggle in contraband articles, it has astonished us that we so seldom suffer from this cause, and we attribute it to the wise and firm administration which holds the avenues of entrance to this port.

The chaplains have special reasons for loving their general. It is pleasing to the flesh to have an opportunity to preach to the great ones of earth, and the general and his lady attend our Sabbath worship, the writer having his full share, if not a monopoly, of this honor. In his attendance our good general does not seek the highest seat in the synagogue. He comes in like any other man, takes any seat that offers, is always very attentive, goes out as others do—the star being his only mark of distinction. Indeed, his presence, for its commanding influence, is much coveted, and I do not know how it is, but of late my congregations, and particularly in the evenings, have grown so large that the house will no longer hold them. Several are also dropping in from other regiments, to our encouragement. I am inclined to think that the presence of the commander and the ladies, who are in attendance, have much to do with it. Possibly having a church now may be some explanation in the matter of increased attendance. Indeed the chaplains here are afforded, by the general, every facility in his power that comfort and efficiency may connect with our work. All work unrequired by the army regulations is prohibited on the Sabbath. Our general ordered the observance of the day of *Thanksgiving* appointed by the president, and having enjoined the conducting of the exercises by the two chaplains who were then here—the others having gone home to spend the holidays. He called out his entire force—a novel scene and a novel work in the history of the war, for such days are seldom kept in the army. The presence of some four or five thousand men, wearing the garments and armor of their country, assembled to thank the Deity for war's success, was a sight grand and imposing, trying to the nerves of timid and unwarlike chaplains, yet requiring the force and voice of a Whitfield. The general himself took command, refused to be seated on the platform, but stood at the head of his men. Outwardly, it was a sublime acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Deity, who gradually develops His purposes among men by an overruling providence.

In concluding these rambling remarks, I would like to say that our position here is in many respects exceedingly pleasant. We have a number of Northern ladies in our several camps. Christmas was a high day with us. In the morning I gave, by way of present, to each man in the regiment a copy of the *Army Hymn*, written by O. W. Holmes. In the afternoon we had an elegant Christmas dinner at the house of the adjutant and Captain Harris, who have their wives here—in part from the contents of a box made up and forwarded from a farm house, not a hundred miles from East Groveland post-office. In

the evening we had services in our chapel and a crowded house. The hall was decorated; adamantine candles in profusion gave forth their light from ornamented chandeliers, from grotesque hangings about the pulpit and along the walls. The music was grand and appropriate to the occasion. The sermon was from the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke ii, 14.

And much in the preacher's usual style. It was my first Christmas in the army, and altogether was full of business and of many unalloyed pleasures.

In our meeting to worship God, the adornings are still above and around us, as also the Stars and Stripes—the torn and blackened colors which have been in the regiment in eight hard fought battles, the names of which appear in gold upon their immortal folds. In passing into my pulpit, it is both a pleasure and a necessity to bow to the flag of our country. I am supported on the right by the officers' "*better-halves*," several of whom are here, on the left by the musicians, whilst in front a sea of faces are upturned, apparently eagerly drinking in the words of life. Indeed since our encampment here, and in possession of a chapel, my situation, as chaplain, has been so pleasant and the attendance on my ministry so large, that I sometimes feel myself the happiest and most favored among men.

With pick and shovel, axe and hatchet, saw, auger and nails, the soldiers put up the house in which we worship; excepting the pulpit and some seats for the ladies, boards find no place in the building. The seats are split timbers, standing on wooden feet; the walls are of split timbers of large size let into the ground, the interstices being filled with mud to the eve of the roof; the shingles are split with the axe; the materials came rough from the woods, and the building, as it is, stood erect after the work of a few days. It is capital for summer use, but altogether too open, especially under the fierce winds which disturb this coast and the snow which for a few days past persists in stopping with us. Still we hold in it, in the most inclement weather, two services and a bible class on the Sabbath, and a weekly prayer meeting, and we feel cheered every way in our work.

It has been rumored in camp that we are to leave shortly for duty elsewhere. From the source by which it has reached us, there is probably truth in it. If so, considerable suffering will necessarily connect with the moving of our quarters, as it is in the dead of winter and extremely cold.

Wishing yourself, and all my old friends, long life and every needful good, I remain your obedient servant,

J. J. CARRELL.

January 13.—The gallant fellows who had re-enlisted for the war went off to-day to spend thirty days with their friends at home. Many of the men who remained behind rather envied

them their good fortune, and another party of patriotic capitalists from New Jersey arriving in camp, the re-enlisting fever set in badly. It was contagious. Nothing else was talked of among the men.

January 16.—General Heckman rode through the camps this forenoon, and it being known that he had been ordered elsewhere, the men cheered his heart by making the welkin ring, as they often had when following him in battle. At dress parade the following orders were read:

HEADQUARTERS, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,
January 12th, 1864.

General Orders, No. 2.

Having been relieved from the command of this brigade, by special orders, No. 12, from Headquarters, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, I therefore bid farewell to the officers and men comprising this command. The intercourse, both official and personal, between myself and those serving in the command, has been highly satisfactory, and will always be remembered with pleasure. To those troops which formed a part of my old command, I bid an affectionate farewell. From my first association with them at Trenton, through the perils and affliction at Hatteras, the gallant charges at Roanoke and Newbern, the noble, daring and brilliant deeds at White Oak, Southwest Creek, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, my feeling toward them has been one of affection and pride.

Called to another command, I will continue to watch over you with unabated interest, feeling confident that your future history will be equally brilliant as in the past. By command of

BRIGADIER GENERAL C. A. HECKMAN.

W. H. ABEL, Captain and A. A. G.

January 17.—The men, with visions of a good time at home, even though for a brief period, continue to talk of re-enlisting, and the line officers are waited upon and asked if they will remain until the end. This action on their part show how much the officers of the Ninth are respected. Before night nearly all the men had expressed a desire to re-enlist, providing Colonel Zabriskie would stand by them. This fact was communicated to the colonel, who was much affected by the responsibility thus imposed upon him. The men expected he would say something on the subject at dress-parade in the evening, but his mind had been so much disturbed by the

confidence reposed in him, that he did not dare trust himself before the men, without a deliberate consideration of the important subject, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart commanded in his stead.

January 18.—Colonel Zabriskie was ordered to command the troops at the execution of H. C. Fuller, of Company C, One Hundred and Eighteenth New York volunteers, convicted of desertion. A reprieve was granted at the last moment, the courier arriving with the paper as the troops marched out to the spot designated.

January 21.—The men are in a high state of excitement to-day, it being understood that Colonel Zabriskie will appear on dress-parade this evening and give his decision. The regiment being formed by Adjutant Carrell, the usual ceremony was gone through with, at the conclusion of which a few movements were made—the last formation being three sides of a square—in the centre of which stood Colonel Zabriskie, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, Major Curlis and the staff. Among the six hundred men—all that now remained out of the twelve hundred who had started from Trenton with the regiment over two years previous—not the slightest movement was made. Each man stood there like a statue, prepared to listen to whatever the colonel, in his wisdom, might say to them. In silver tones he said:

MEN—I have delayed answering your question until now, for various reasons. In the first place, I wanted you to have time to fully consider the matter, which is so important. It is easy for me to say that I shall remain in the service of my country, as I have no one dependent upon me; but to those of you who have wives and little ones, or aged parents, at home, it is different. I appreciate your motives in asking me to remain with you as long as I may be able, and if it is possible for me to serve you as well as any one else, and you think you will never regret my answer, I cheerfully give it—yes, we will continue to serve our country together.

Five hundred men, on hearing this, shouted themselves hoarse, to the great joy of Mr. Crane, of Essex county, who thus saved that number of his friends and neighbors from being drafted into the army. The parade being dismissed the men began to make plans for the immediate future, retiring early to

dream of pockets stuffed with crisp greenbacks and loved ones from whom they had long been parted.

January 22.—Those who declined to re-enlist, believing they would be able to do their full share of duty within the term of their original enlistment—three years—were sent off to-day to Portsmouth, in charge of Major Curlis. Company officers were kept busy in making out muster-rolls, descriptive lists, etc.

January 23.—The ladies who had spent a season in camp very pleasantly, left for home to-day, in the joyous expectation of an early meeting with their husbands in New Jersey.

January 31.—Instead of the customary Sunday morning inspection, the Ninth, with knapsacks well packed, marched to the wharf, and embarked on two steamers—seven companies—two hundred and fifty-eight men—on the "Virginia," and three companies — one hundred and twelve men — on the "Montauk." With the one hundred and ten who had previously re-enlisted and now at home, this footed up a grand total of four hundred and eighty men, which made the Ninth New Jersey a *veteran regiment*, and as such it was to be forever after known and designated.

February 1.—Paymaster H. L. King came on board and paid each man, besides the sum due him for services already rendered, as follows: One hundred dollars, thirteen dollars (one month in advance), and sixty dollars—first instalment of government bounty.

February 2.—The paymaster having concluded his task, the two vessels steamed away at noon, and an hour afterwards were ploughing their way through the perturbed waters of the Atlantic ocean—the men in most joyous spirits, eagerly anticipating pleasure in meeting those from whom they had been so long and painfully separated.

February 3.—Entered the "narrows" at about eight o'clock in the evening, and two hours later anchored in the Hudson river—within stone's throw of the railroad pier at Jersey City.

February 4.—Flags could be seen floating over many buildings in Jersey City—the home of Colonel Zabriskie—in honor of the arrival of the Ninth, while the docks were thronged with men, women and children, who had gathered to do

LIEUT. RICHARD E. COGAN,

COMPANY B.

honor to the only regiment from New Jersey which, notwithstanding its hard service, had enlisted for the war. About eleven o'clock the Ninth filed off the steamers upon the wharf, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. At the city hall the regiment wheeled into line and was formally welcomed by the mayor, who was surrounded by the members of the city council and many prominent citizens—Colonel Zabriskie responding in a modest manner.

After a short march, passing *en route* the mansion of Chancellor Zabriskie, father of the colonel, the Ninth entered Taylor's hotel and partook of a banquet, prepared by the city. At five o'clock the regiment proceeded to a train in waiting, and at eight o'clock was marching through the streets of Trenton, amid hearty applause from the people who lined the sidewalks. The night was spent at the camp near the arsenal.

February 5.—Governor Joel Parker visited the Ninth bright and early, and on being presented to it, made an eloquent speech, thanking it for its great services on many fields of battle. The men, being given furloughs, dated the sixth, with orders to report for duty on the seventh of March, stored their arms and accoutrements, and with faces beaming with pleasure hurried away to their homes.

February 12.—The detachment of one hundred and ten men, who had re-enlisted January 13, reported for duty at camp in Trenton to-day, but, owing to unavoidable delays in transportation, did not get back to Getty's station, beyond Norfolk, until noon of the twenty-second. Forty-one recruits returned with the detachment—this number being all that the veterans could find while at home. "The Ninth has too much fighting to do," said the stay-at-homes, when approached on the subject of enlistment, "and we will join some command that prefers eating to fighting and marching."

February 29.—The Ninth's detachment at Getty's station, if it flattered itself to escape hard duty during the absence of the major part of the command, was doomed to disappointment, as on this day a detail of one hundred men and a lieutenant were called for to report to Colonel Smith of the Eighth Connecticut, commanding piquet post at Deep creek. Lieutenant Thomas

Burnett was the officer selected to command the detachment, which reached the place of danger at four o'clock in the afternoon.

March 1.—Lieutenant Burnett, who never fancied idleness, whenever anything could be found to keep his men busy, suggested to the commanding officer of the post the propriety of making a reconnoissance in order to obtain a better knowledge of the country. The commandant falling in with his views, directed the lieutenant to take his detachment and move forward. Burnett was given twenty-five men—the remainder forming a reserve, followed along under command of Colonel Smith. Burnett, after marching seven miles, discovered evidences of the enemy's presence, and cautioned his men. Corporal Thomas MacQuaide, of Company K, and two men, were considerably in advance, keeping their rifles in readiness for instant use, when, accidentally looking into the dense swamp on the right of the narrow road upon which they were marching, MacQuaide saw a line of bright barreled rifles leveled upon him at point-blank range. He dropped as if he had been shot, telling his comrades to do the same thing, but before they could comprehend his meaning, the volley had done its fatal work, and two brave members of Company D—Albert S. Nutt and Joel Hulse—had fallen for their country. Nutt received six bullets in his body, and when found on the following day it was in a nude condition, and horribly mutilated. Six bullets had passed through Hulse's clothing, one through his right arm, and another in his left side. Corporal MacQuaide, finding resistance on his past futile, sprang to his feet, and ran with the fleetness of a deer towards Lieutenant Burnett and his party—the Confederates sending a volley after him in his flight.

Lieutenant Burnett opened upon the enemy, and continued a well-directed fire until the Confederates, about five hundred in number, attempted to flank him, when he slowly fell back to the cross-roads, half a mile distant, where Colonel Smith awaited him. The Confederates charged upon the band of heroes at this point, but were repulsed with severe loss. The Ninth's detachment, notwithstanding its loss of two brave men, held its ground till reinforcements came up—two hours afterwards.

March 2.—General Heckman, who was at Getty's station when intelligence of the fight reached him, late in the evening, selected a couple of regiments and a battery, and when the sun appeared this morning, was on the ground ready to avenge the deaths of men who had often followed him in battle, and whom he had looked upon as his own children. About noon he came upon the Confederates, consisting of three regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery, under General Ransom, and after an engagement which was short, sharp and decisive, drove them from their chosen position and pursued the force beyond the North Carolina line.

March 3.—A number of prominent citizens assembled at the home of Colonel Zabriskie in Jersey City this afternoon, and presented him with a magnificent sword, belt, gloves and *aiguillette*, when Hon. Isaac W. Scudder made the following address:

COLONEL ZABRISKIE—To be held in high appreciation by one's friends and neighbors is one of the greatest charms of life. Your friends and neighbors have come together to testify their warm admiration for your patriotism and courage. Nurtured in ease and affluence; surrounded by those incidents which make life pleasant and agreeable; preparing for a profession which rewards those who labor in it with assiduity with high honors, you could not remain at ease when your country called. The roar of the cannon aimed at the government erected by your fathers—which has brought peace and prosperity to so many millions of people—aroused you to energy and action, and you joined that illustrious band of patriots and heroes who were determined not to survive the destruction of the Union.

With deep solicitude we have watched your course; we observed the coolness and courage which marked your conduct when a noble-hearted Jerseyman, Colonel Allen, was overwhelmed in the waves; Roanoke Island, Goldsboro, Kinston and Whitehall attest your valor.

We found you, at the commencement of your military career a first lieutenant and adjutant, now we hail you as a leader of a gallant regiment, and on the honorable road to promotion.

It has been boastfully said that the south gave to their cause the best blood of their sons. We, too, have sent from the ranks of ease and elegance in social life, those who preferred freedom and constitutional government to arbitrary power. We feel that freedom and constitutional government ought to command as much of sacrifice and devotion as treason and tyranny.

While we look to the great north: full of trade, business and enterprise; engaged in great schemes of improvement; in commerce and

manufactures; where the harvests are sown and reaped in security and plenteousness; where the cataract, which leaps from the mountain-side, and coursing through the valleys, turns the wheels of successful business; where there is an undoubted confidence in public security; and ask ourselves from whence spring all these happy results in the midst of civil war? the answer is, We owe these blessings to the valor of our armies and the skill of our officers; we owe these triumphs to such men as you.

The north has, with undoubted confidence, trusted their fate to the army, and the very peace and security in which we live is the most flattering eulogium that can be bestowed on those who carry the bayonet and wield the sword. Should our army return with defeat and disaster, then discord, anarchy and confusion would prevail here. Successful war in the south is peace in the north, and friendship in Europe. If we succeed, non-intervention will be the watchword of European politics, and, above and beyond all, it will produce here a triumph of freedom, union and constitutional government. You and your compatriots are battling for peace here, the restoration for the Union, and a proud position for our own nation among the people of the earth. We, therefore, hail you on this occasion as a representative of that grand army which has made its triumphant march along the banks of the Mississippi; which has stormed the heights of Vicksburg; which has raised the standard of the Union at New Orleans; which thunders at the gates of Charleston; which has penetrated North Carolina, rescued Kentucky and Tennessee, and which will not stay its victorious march until it shall reach the Gulf of Mexico.

New Jersey is proud of her gallant sons, and your name will be recorded among the illustrious men who have taken up arms in defence of that right which is most inestimable, the right of self-government.

In presenting to you this emblem of professional pride, I have no special charge to make. It has been won by your skill and valor, and whenever you shall wield it, we know it will be in the thickest of the fight, and our prayer to God is that it may always flash with the beams of victory.

Colonel Abram Zabriskie made the following modest, manly, and dignified response:

MR. SCUDDER—I accept, with feelings of gratitude and pride, the beautiful present you have tendered me in the name of many citizen-friends in New Jersey. I thank you, gentlemen, for the gift of this sword; I thank you, even more, for the feelings that prompted it; and I thank you, sir, for the words of compliment and encouragement with which it was presented.

The soldier, gentlemen, values a testimonial of this kind far more than you can think. Separated, as he necessarily is, from all the former associations of his life; separated from all the amenities and comforts of his home; undergoing many hardships, and encountering many

dangers, it excites his patriotic zeal, enlarges his pride in his profession, and incites him to a more earnest performance of his duties as a soldier, to know that he is not forgotten by his friends, to know that his fellow-citizens are watching his course with interest; that they are ever willing to offer him their encouragement and assistance, and will do him justice according to his deserts. This smooths the roughness of his path of duty, and teaches him that his conduct is not unregarded, and will not be unrewarded.

I accept this sword, gentlemen, as a New Jersey soldier, and I accept it with the proud boast that I am one of a band of volunteers that have never, on any occasion, dishonored themselves, their state, the uniform they wear, or the flag under whose folds they fight. The history of many a battle proves their efficiency, and the bodies of New Jersey's dead, now mouldering in numberless unknown graves, and the soil of almost every rebel state, testify to their unflinching execution of their dangerous and bloody duties; almost every military department has felt the benefit of their services, and every army has acknowledged its indebtedness to the soldiers of New Jersey, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, from Roanoke Island, first, until Chattanooga last, in many a battle. The soldiers of New Jersey have never fought but to fight well, and while doing their duty to the common country, have always reflected honor on their state and on themselves, and in every hard-fought field, bloodily won, or still more bloodily lost, the banner of New Jersey, floating in unison with the sacred emblem of the nation, has ever marked the spot where brave men were fighting, and where brave men were falling; and as one of New Jersey's volunteer soldiery, as *one* whom she has honored with an important trust, I accept from you, my fellow-citizens, and I accept with feelings of grateful pride, this testimonial of your confidence and regard.

March 7.—Lieutenant J. Madison Drake, who had been in command of Company D for many months, and who resided in Trenton, was first to report at the barracks—his veteran furlough having expired. Colonel Zabriskie arrived at an early hour, and arranged for the accommodation of his men, who reached the capital by every incoming train. With very few exceptions the men reported for duty before sun-down, which was highly gratifying to the officers, who had ever reposed confidence in them.

March 8.—Owing to a failure in securing transportation, the return of the Ninth to Virginia was postponed—officers and men being allowed to look about the city.

March 9.—The colonel, to-day, wishing to give his men all the pleasure possible, ordered them to be in camp on the

morning of the fourteenth, and in the interim they could go where inclination led them.

March 15.—The Ninth, with a number of recruits, embarked on cars at eight o'clock this morning, and at noon partook of a substantial dinner at the Cooper refreshment saloon in Philadelphia. At midnight it reached Baltimore, and quartered at the "Soldier's Home."

March 16.—Embarked at nine o'clock on steamer "John Tucker."

March 17.—Arrived at Fortress Monroe at noon, and two hours later disembarked at Portsmouth, when a train of cars conveyed the regiment to Getty's station, from which point it marched to Julian's creek, where "*Auld Lang Syne*" was sung by the detachment, which had anxiously awaited its coming. The command had hardly been dismissed when the men rushed forward and warmly embraced each other, and yet they had been separated but little over one month. *Fraternity* always existed in the Ninth among those who had so often stood shoulder to shoulder in battle, the love of these veterans being considered by the men of other commands as "passing strange."

March 19.—General Heckman's command now consisted of the Eighty-first, Ninety-sixth, Ninety-eighth, and One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York—*First* brigade: Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts—*Second* brigade: Fourth Rhode Island, One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, Eighth Connecticut, Tenth and Thirteenth New Hampshire—*Third* brigade; with nine field batteries and thirty-two pieces of heavy artillery on the long line of fortifications.

March 17.—Dress-parade—first ceremony of the kind since the Ninth re-enlisted.

March 28.—Disagreeable wind from the north-east, with heavy fall of snow during afternoon and night.

March 29.—Snow continued to fall until noon to-day, when it had reached a depth of two feet on a level, with big drifts, which put a stop to all work except necessary guard duty. Those regiments which had failed to provide themselves with an abundance of fire-wood suffered considerably, as the teams

could not go into the woods. In some commands the men consumed the floors in the tents, and I know of instances where bunks were torn down and used for fuel.

April 1.—The genial sun disposed of most of the snow to-day, leaving the ground thoroughly soaked, which, for a few days, rendered drilling impossible.

April 13.—The Ninth this forenoon marched over to the railroad (where General Heckman had his headquarters) to witness the execution of Charles Crampton of Company F, Tenth New Hampshire regiment, who had been convicted of desertion. The poor fellow was sitting upon his coffin—a rudely constructed pine box, momentarily expecting to receive the fatal bullet, when all further proceedings were stopped, and the troops returned to their various cantonments with lively music, instead of a mournful dirge.

At noon the Ninth, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, Colonel Zabriskie being on detached service, received orders to prepare for a march, carrying three days rations, and at half-past four o'clock it took cars for Portsmouth, where it arrived two hours later, immediately going on board the steamer "John Tucker," which steamed away, anchoring off Newport News at midnight.

April 14.—Were steaming up the James river at daylight, and an hour afterwards entered the Chuckatuck river, up which tortuous stream we proceeded for several miles, disembarking at what was known as Cherry Grove plantation, at half-past seven o'clock. The Ninth, in the advance, as it had ever been where danger lurked, moved forward for a mile, when it halted and awaited the arrival of the remainder of the "Red Star brigade." Companies A (Captain Appleget), C (Captain Harris), and D (Lieutenant Drake), were deployed at nine o'clock, and after advancing a short distance, discovered the enemy in the edge of a heavy woods skirting a broad plantation over which it was then advancing. An officer on a white horse seeming to covet the glory of a soldier's death, Private Jesse Wilkins, of Company D, kneeled upon one knee, and uttering a silent prayer for the horse took good aim, and discharged his rifle, the bullet doing its work effectually, as the

man fell from the animal, which galloped madly away. Company I (Captain Hufty) being deployed, now took the lead—supported by Companies D, K and C.

The Confederates, who distinctly saw our large force approaching, deeming discretion the better part of valor, retreated into the recesses of the woods, leaving the road to Smithfield, the objective point of the expedition, open to the brigade, which took peaceable possession of the place at four o'clock in the afternoon—none of the inhabitants having thought it worth while to remain and give us a welcome, or care for their property. The Ninth found comfortable quarters for the night in the vacant dwelling-houses. In an old building on the main street, near the steamboat landing, occupied by one company, were many books belonging to Hon. Leopold C. P. Cooper. As the men were illy provided with light, and unable to read the interesting volumes, owing to their limited sojourn in the place, a number of the more valuable volumes speedily found their way into knapsacks, and ultimately into camp. Colonel Stewart, on learning of this, issued an order that all books thus taken be at once sent to his headquarters, and this being complied with, he boxed them up, and forwarded the package to the distinguished owner.

April 15.—At seven o'clock the Ninth marched on board the "John Tucker," which had come round to Smithfield, but we did not sail away for a couple of hours, owing to the appearance of a number of Confederates, who put in an appearance on a hill a mile or so away on our right. As there was a suspicion that the enemy were arranging to attack us on our departure, Colonel Stewart and the officers took rifles and repaired to the upper deck of the steamer, where they would be in a position to more effectually resist the Confederates in case they ventured upon any foolhardiness. At nine o'clock the "Tucker" went down the river stern foremost, being unable, on account of the narrowness of the stream to turn around, and at two o'clock it drew up at the wharf at Portsmouth, when the regiment went ashore, and, taking cars was soon at the station. Some of the boys captured a large quantity of excellent tobacco, for which they subsequently found a profit-

able sale—"Ed." Vantilburg of Company D, a noted "bummer," realizing handsomely upon his share in the enterprise.

April 18.—The Ninth was inspected to-day by Captain Wilcox, acting brigade inspector, who was hardly "up to snuff."

April 20.—Company I joyfully returned to-day from Fort Walker, where it had been doing garrison duty for some time. No company in the Ninth ever hankered after "snaps" of that nature.

April 22.—A lovely morning. The receipt of orders by officers to send trunks and every unnecessary article to their homes, created a flurry of excitement among the "shoulder straps." In consequence of this, the merchants of Norfolk did a thriving business in disposing of valises, satchels, etc.

April 26.—Shelter tents issued to the Ninth, which looks like business, especially as the army of the Potomac is now under control of the great fighting chieftain from the victorious armies of the west. Broke camp and left Getty's station at half-past ten o'clock, reaching Portsmouth about midnight. Embarked on steamer "George Leary," and promptly sailed away in the Stygian darkness—we knew not whither.

April 27.—Awoke early, being anxious to learn something concerning our destination. Found our vessel, in company with many others, ascending the York river. At seven o'clock anchored off Yorktown, and during the day were transferred to ferry-boat "Winnisimit," which landed us at the dock at sunset. Brigade marched two miles beyond what McClellan's army had left of the old town, and bivouacked in an open field.

April 29.—The Ninth, with the rest of the brigade, marched a few miles in the direction of Williamsburg, and as no other troops followed, many of us wondered whether the commanding general had decided to let General Heckman see what he could do in the way of capturing Richmond without other help. But this illusion was dispelled when the column, without having had a glimpse of the enemy, countermarched, and returned late in the afternoon to the camp it had occupied the previous night. The general had merely indulged in this march to give the men a little recreation—to oil their joints, as it were.

April 30.—Colonel Zabriskie returned from courts-martial duty. Ninth was mustered for pay by gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers of the Twenty-third Massachusetts. In the afternoon the troops on the field, which consisted of the Eighteenth army corps, were reviewed by Major-General Butler, who was accompanied by several well-known generals and a large and brilliant staff. The corps felt proud, as it thought itself complete in all its appointments; and it was a complete organization, except in the matter of one or two prominent officers who, actuated by jealousy, which was a *crime* under the circumstances, a few days later, allowed that magnificent army to be slaughtered and defeated. Sixteen days later thousands of the brave young hearts who, on this occasion, felt so much confidence in each other, and who believed themselves capable of wresting victory from any force that might be opposed to them, lay maimed and bleeding or still in death on a sanguinary battle-field, within plain sight of the Confederate capital—only seven miles away,

May 1.—Heavy rain, rendering walking very "sticky." Every man in the Ninth received forty rounds of extra ammunition, which replaced the superfluous baggage. Ordered to keep four days' cooked rations constantly on hand. New clothing was issued to-day to those who needed it. General Heckman issued an order that—"commandants of regiments will see that all men of their commands, now wearing boots, be supplied with regulation shoes; this precaution is necessary to prevent sore feet while marching, which boots have a tendency to create."

May 3.—Ordered to be prepared for "instantaneous move."

May 4.—General Heckman formed his brigade line, consisting of the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts — honest regiments and true—at six o'clock, and marched to the wharf, where it speedily embarked on vessels in waiting. The Ninth was accommodated on the steamer "Nellie Penz," which took the barge "Pilgrim" with the Twenty-third, in tow. General Heckman and staff took passage on the steamer "Wyoming," laden with the Twenty-seventh. At ten o'clock that evening

the fleet, with the entire Eighteenth corps on board, anchored in the James river, stretching from the great fortress to Newport News.

May 5.—Anchors were weighed together at six o'clock, and preceded by a number of gunboats, the armada proceeded on up the noble river—the men keeping a keen watch on either side for any lurking enemy. Along toward the middle of the day, the gun-boats, especially the monitors, hugged each side the stream, prepared to send their compliments, in the shape of fifteen-inch shells to any who had the temerity to molest them in their progress. It was about three o'clock when the companies of the Ninth formed on deck and loaded their rifles, and half an hour later Harrison's landing was passed. From certain movements of the gun-boats and constant signalling between the admiral's ship and General Butler's headquarters boat, the men regarded it as certain that the time for action was drawing nigh, and although no enemy was visible, they awaited with feverish anxiety the order to land. As the men stood motionless upon deck, ready to perform any duty required of them, the good-natured captain of the "Nellie Penz" who, by many acts of kindness, had endeared himself to the boys, went among them taking such of their hands as he could reach and bidding them "farewell," expressed the hope that he would again be permitted to meet them.

At a little after four o'clock the vessels conveying Heckman's Star brigade lay in the mouth of the afterwards historic Appomattox river, which empties into the James between City Point and Bermuda Hundred—the gun-boats sailing off in different directions. A steamboat lay at the wharf at City Point awaiting an exchange of prisoners—negotiations for which were at the time in progress. Those upon the vessel and about the wharf looked at us with surprise, which could not well have been feigned, as our fleet had ascended the river without loss of time, and its approach could not possibly have been heralded to the Confederate authorities at Richmond. The fact that the members of the signal station on the opposite side of the Appomattox river were anchored in a small boat in mid-stream engaged in the pleasant pastime of fishing, did not notice us until too late

for them to make their escape from a small steamer which sped after them, proved conclusively that the enemy really had no notice of our coming; if we were to "occupy the land" in that vicinity, we preferred doing so in a quiet manner.

At six o'clock the Ninth New Jersey, followed by the rest of the brigade, landed upon the low meadow-like land of Bermuda Hundred, and advancing some distance established piquets without molestation, the men promptly stretching themselves upon the ground to await the coming of the morrow.

May 6.—Before daybreak the men of the Ninth were engaged in boiling coffee in tin cups over small fires, and when the order came at six o'clock to move forward they were in perfect readiness, with stomachs amply satisfied with coffee, salt junk, hard tack, etc. The Jerseymen never neglected an opportunity to satisfy their cravings for food, neither did they put off until to-morrow that which they could digest to-day.

This was the first real step in the opening of the great campaign around Richmond and Petersburg, which culminated, nearly a year later, in the capture of those strongholds and the surrender of General Lee and his army of heroes, a few miles away from where the Ninth moved on this beautiful May morning. General Grant, at the head of the grand old Army of the Potomac, was at this moment entering the wilderness, and to General Butler had been deputed the task of destroying Lee's communications and cutting off his supplies. Grant confidently hoped to accomplish the destruction of the great Confederate army and end the rebellion. There was a certainty of desperate fighting, needing the sturdiest courage and most robust endurance, and it was but natural that the veterans of the Ninth New Jersey, who had opened many fierce battles, and never turned their faces from the foe, should again have the post of honor, which in an active army, is always the place of danger. Accordingly, Company D, Lieutenant J. Madison Drake, at once deployed as skirmishers, and moved forward with its centre resting upon a hard level road—General Heckman and his staff following quite closely in rear of the thin line, which, however, was well supported by the remainder of the Ninth and the brigade. Occasionally Company D's boys

caught a glimpse of a Confederate horseman or two, but the latter managed to keep out of harm's way, having no disposition to tackle the advance of two army corps—the Eighteenth and Tenth—composed of between thirty thousand and forty thousand men—most of whom had been seasoned in battle, and were inured to all the hardships of war.

It was about noon-time, when Orderly-Sergeant Hulsart, who was familiar with that section of country, having repeatedly ascended the James and Appomattox rivers before the war, pointing to several spires, which could be seen above the tops of trees, some distance away, in our front, remarked: "Lieutenant—there's Petersburg!"

"Halt at the edge of the timber, yonder, lieutenant," said General Heckman, who stopped as he reached Cobb's plantation, while Company D continued on a few hundred yards to the point designated, where it kept vigilant watch over a deep ravine until the following morning.

For two hours or more regiment after regiment filed in upon the level ground of that plantation and moved to appointed places. Why the Army of the James did not continue on was then, and is to this day, an unfathomable mystery. General Heckman, who had kept his brigade in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and was eager to advance before the Confederates could receive reinforcements or erect earthworks, soon grew heart-sick at the masterly state of inactivity which prevailed, and after waiting two hours in idleness, rode over to General Butler's headquarters with a view of ascertaining whether anything further was to be done. General Butler, seeing General Heckman ride up, ordered him to advance his brigade in the direction of Petersburg, with a view of ascertaining something definite concerning the position and strength of the Confederate forces, but not to bring on a general engagement.

How horrible, yet terribly sublime and magnificent, is the scene of a battle. Yonder in the distance, we behold the outlines of the enemy, drawn up in array, the bright barrels of their rifles glittering in the sun, while here and there we see the bright or brazen bodies of those terrible instruments of

death and destruction—the field pieces. The tattered ensigns fluttering in the breeze, the sound of the bugle, the immovable appearance of the soldiery, each produces its effect. Our army is now advancing with measured tread—the men being almost transmuted into demons, as they near the enemy, some to meet certain death. A halt is ordered, and the engines of death are quickly arranged, sighted, and in another moment will pour their deadly contents into yonder ranks. The crisis has come! The solemn boom of a cannon announces in unmistakable terms that the battle has commenced. An involuntary prayer escapes the lips of many, however familiar they may be with such scenes. But hardly is this uttered before another boom is heard—then another and another, and finally the dismal rattle of the rifles. The bright picture of a moment ago is now shrouded in smoke and dust, and the fragrant air is filled with a sulphurous stench. The cloud of smoke ascends, the field is strewn with bodies of men, dead and dying, who, but a brief space ago, were sanguine of glory and victory. "Charge, Ninth, charge!" yells the gallant Heckman, and in a moment the bright bayonets flash in the sunlight to drink the heart's blood of those brave souls who have courage to withstand the shock.

At three o'clock the star brigade, with two Napoleon guns, march quietly away—the Ninth leading the van—confident of its ability to render a good account of itself, no matter how perilous its mission. When the brigade returned to the camp at Cobb's hill, or Point of Rocks, three or four hours later, the men wore subdued countenances and were burdened with heavier hearts then they had ever before known.

Upon reaching the ravine on the outskirts of the plantation, Captain Hopper was ordered to deploy his company (E) and advance, and it was not long before the Confederates were discovered, but as they fell back, Captain Hopper found no necessity of opening fire. This continued for two miles, when the beautiful plantation of Dr. Walthall was reached. Three-fourths of a mile away in front without a single intervening twig, was a line of bushes across the broad open and almost level field. On the left was a piece of woods

along which the Twenty-third Massachusetts deployed to guard the flank. Captain Hopper continued on across the field—the Confederate skirmishers answering every movement made by his command. If Company E halted, the Confederates did the same, and the moment it moved forward the enemy faced about and marched quietly to the rear—towards the line of bushes, beyond which for a short distance nothing could be plainly seen. The Ninth marched magnificently in battle line, supported by the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments—the battery remaining on the road near the house. General Heckman, mounted on "Mustang," rode at the front on a line with the left flank of the Ninth, observing everything. As the day was nearly spent, and the general somewhat disgusted with the action of the enemy, he ordered Captain Hopper to open on the Confederate skirmish line, now within a short distance of the bushes. The fifty brave men of Company E blazed away. Instantly the thin line of Confederates dropped to the ground, some actually believing, for the nonce, that it had been swept away by the volley. But this illusion was quickly dispelled, as from behind the prostrate skirmishers arose a brigade, stretched for some distance, which poured a terrible fusilade into the advancing Unionists. Some thirty men in the Ninth fell in their tracks, while General Heckman was also wounded and his horse killed—riddled by thirteen bullets (counted next day.) Captain Hopper fortunately saw the Confederate line of battle in the edge of the bushes, and ordered his men to drop upon the ground, which they did in the nick of time, thus escaping annihilation. The Ninth at this moment had just gained the summit of a slight elevation. "Charge, Ninth, charge!" shouted General Heckman, the moment he had extricated himself from his prostrate horse, but owing to the din of battle, the order was unheard by the entire command, and but a portion of it dashed forward. The Confederates, posted behind earthworks, with an excellent range, delivered their fire with terrible effect, the Ninth being in a perfect maelstrom of danger. The general, satisfied that the force in his front was too strong to be overcome by his brigade, and having orders to avoid bringing on a general engagement,

sorrowfully gave orders to fall back, which the brigade was reluctantly compelled to do, retiring in good order, and bringing off the wounded, despite the hailstorm which continued to rage around it. The Star brigade had never before left a field in possession of the enemy.

The brigade reformed at Dr. Walthall's house as dusk was setting in, and remained in position some time, hoping the Confederates would venture in that direction, but they did not pursue, being content to remain within the works which had protected them along the railroad. It was while the Ninth was standing at "rest," everything being still as death, that a bullet came singing through the air, and passing through the head of Corporal John Munch of Company E, killing him instantly, struck a man in the rear rank in the breast, causing a mortal wound. It was the last shot fired that day.

The brigade reached camp at nine o'clock—the men, although thoroughly fatigued, vowing vengeance for their mortification and the loss of many good men and true.

May 7.—The brigade was in readiness to move at seven o'clock. Company D, which had performed piquet duty in front of the army the previous day and night, was ordered to "assemble" and support Company I, which, being deployed as skirmishers, the advance movement began. The brigade was accompanied by a section of two field batteries. The advance was made with caution, but nothing could be seen of the enemy until the skirmishers reached and passed the deserted mansion of Dr. Walthall, on an eminence commanding a somewhat extended view of the surrounding country. Confederates were observed dodging about in the woods half a mile away on our left, also from the railroad cut across a wide open field three-fourths of a mile directly in front. Companies I and D halted at the mansion to await the arrival of the brigade, and while doing so, some of the "bummers" of Company D entered the house and helped themselves to such valuables as could be carried along without impediment. The writer has a distinct recollection of accepting a large and very handsome Marseilles counterpane from "Ed." Vantilburg, which the latter had found on the premises. It might be well to add that

the recipient was, at the time, without a blanket, having given his own the previous evening to Private Samuel Gaston of Company K, the first wounded man brought into camp from the battle-field. The counterpane, after the writer's capture, was forwarded to his home in New Jersey, by the company, and did good service for a number of years afterwards.

General Heckman, on coming up, after a cursory view of the situation, ordered Captain Hufty and Lieutenant Drake to advance with their commands to a knoll in the centre of the beautiful and undulating field in front, and there await further dispositions, but not to open fire upon the Confederates unless it became necessary to do so to obtain possession of the summit. The two companies had no sooner crossed the road leading down to the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, ere a similar force of Confederates leaped over their earthworks and advanced towards the Union line, whose every motion it imitated. If the Ninth's skirmishers halted, the Confederates did likewise, and if they stepped out briskly, the "Johnnies" did the same. At length the Ninth's skirmishers, who had begun to grow a trifle nervous at their proximity to the enemy, reached the coveted spot and halted. The Confederates, now not more than one hundred yards away, followed suit, and in a few minutes were conversing with the Jerseymen—but in a somewhat taunting spirit.

Meanwhile General Heckman had massed his brigade under the brow of a slight rise in an open field on the left of Dr. Walthall's house, where it remained inactive throughout the entire day. The Confederates shortly afterwards brought up a section of light artillery and placed it in the edge of a woods, almost on a line with the left flank of the Ninth's skirmishers, who were well advanced, and within a few yards of General Heckman's dead horse, which still remained where it had fallen so heroically the previous day. The Confederate battery went into "action front" and sent a number of solid shot into the brigade, with a view of unmasking the Union force, whatever it might be, and ascertaining its strength and intention. As our movement was simply a feint to attract the attention of the enemy in our direction, while General Brooks with a large force

made a detour around our right to destroy the railroad and telegraph between Richmond and Petersburg, General Heckman ordered no reply for some time, notwithstanding the provocation he had for doing so. It was only when the Confederate spherical-case shot had killed and wounded a number of the Ninth that forbearance ceased to be a virtue with our commander, who had, like the men, been chafing under the restraint of orders. "Send those fellows away from there," said General Heckman to the commander of his artillery, whereupon the music began. The first shot caused a decided sensation among the Confederates, and when the second shell struck a caisson and exploded the ammunition therein contained, the batterymen limbered up and dashed through the woods, kicking up great clouds of dust as it went to the rear, causing joy on the part of the Unionists.

The Ninth's skirmishers, and their waiting opponents in the field, greatly enjoyed the artillery duel, especially as most of them were entirely out of harm's way—Sergeant Redin N. Penn of Company D, being the only man on the line injured by a shell. Along toward the middle of the afternoon a movement of Confederates was observed a mile away in our front, and directly afterwards musketry firing was heard on their left flank. The Confederates could be plainly seen changing front to meet this apparently unexpected danger, which was no less than the arrival of the division of General Brooks, which had at last reached the railroad, whose destruction had been the object of the attack.

It was very interesting to watch the battle, especially as we were enabled to do so in comparative safety from afar. The Confederate skirmishers in our immediate front became very uneasy as the sounds of the firing increased, and undoubtedly momentarily expected an advance on our part—their anxiety being increased when some of Company D's boys sung out: "Look out, Johnny, we're coming!" As the sun, which had scorched us all day, began to sink behind the tall trees which covered Petersburg from our view, the brigade slowly fell back to the camp it had left at daylight—the skirmishers covering the retreat—no attempt being made by the enemy to molest the movement.

It should be stated here that during the day a detail from the Ninth consigned to mother earth the nude, mutilated and terribly decomposed bodies of its members who fell in the conflict of the day previous. It was a sad duty.

May 8.—Sunday. As our generals were unable to find anything for us to do,—not even a review—or were themselves desirous of obtaining rest, and a change of underwear, there was comparative rest for all. Many of the men, therefore, embraced the opportunity of going down to the river side and indulging in a skin bath, notwithstanding the fact that the natatorial pleasure was attended by some danger, not only from mocassin snakes which hissed at us in the water, as if resisting an invasion of their domain, but from Confederate sharp-shooters on the opposite side of the Appomattox. A shell which came across in the afternoon, striking plump in the camp of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, greatly alarmed a new assistant-surgeon who had just joined the regiment. The doctor ran out of his tent, and, springing upon his horse, attached to a post, sunk his spurs into the rowels of the poor animal, who reared and plunged, but could not get away, owing to his secure fastening. The dumbfounded "saw-bones" only recovered his self-possession on hearing some of the boys laugh at him, when he dismounted, and treating them to some whisky and quinine, begged them not to mention the matter to the officers. At sundown one hundred men from each regiment in the Star brigade marched outside the lines to keep watch and ward for the night.

May 9.—At half-past four o'clock this morning, after a sleepless night and a light breakfast, Heckman's Star brigade again marched in a northerly direction from Cobb's Hill, to reconnoitre along the railroad, towards Swift Creek, a sluggish stream running directly in front of Petersburg, and not very distant from that city. The Ninth's skirmishers speedily encounter the Confederates, who kick up a dust as they hurriedly fall back to a fortified position at Arrowfield church, situated on the turnpike near the junction of several roads—the railroad being a short distance away. Heckman has formed his brigade in two lines—two regiments east, the other two west of the

roadway. In his immediate front are five regiments from South Carolina, under General Hagood. The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and Ninth New Jersey, immediately in rear of the little church building, are impatient to open the engagement and be the first to enter the city, known to be but a short distance beyond, but Heckman, busy examining the grounds in his front, fails to give them permission and they bide their time. An hour elapses ere the Confederates, who plainly see the small force opposed to them, advance with their long-practiced and peculiar yell from the cover of the woods, and only cease in their headlong charge when met by a pitiless storm of leaden hail. Brave to madness though they be, the fiery South Carolinians quail before this fire from the deadly rifles held by men who have confronted danger for three years, and precipitately retreat to the opposite side of Swift creek. Had General Heckman been properly supported at this moment, nothing could have prevented the capture of Petersburg; but the Eighteenth army corps was in another direction, "Baldy" Smith always taking good care to have it so disintegrated at the critical moment, that no matter what success General Heckman or any other honest subordinate commander might meet with, the effort would be futile. "Baldy" Smith had determined that General Butler should not win in battle, and many precious lives were sacrificed in preventing it—the sad results of the sanguinary conflict at Drewry's Bluff, a week later, satisfying the most incredulous that treachery and imbecility had succeeded. It was this that nearly destroyed the usefulness of the Eighteenth army corps, by sending half its best men to death or to prison pens in the south.

The engagement continued until darkness put a stop to the strife. Shortly before midnight the Confederates, having received reinforcements of infantry and artillery, renewed the attack, and although encouraged to make a charge upon the thin line opposed to them, they failed to dislodge the Union force, which remained on its arms until daylight, when the enemy opened with artillery, which had but little effect on the Star brigade, owing to the strength of the position it had meanwhile taken.

May 10.—At ten o'clock, Wistar's brigade arriving upon the field, General Heckman marched his command to camp for needed rest, taking with him some two hundred prisoners. Had Petersburg been really wanted it could have been taken at this time with the troops that were near at hand. But it was not to be.

An incident occurred this morning that created a ripple of excitement. A low-browed and repulsive looking member of Company H, a foreigner, unable to speak our language, who had recently enlisted to obtain the large bounty offered—and whose singular conduct had repeatedly attracted the attention of his companions-in-arms, took advantage of the "rest," which the Ninth was temporarily enjoying, to end his miseries. Had his intention and calculation been fully realized, the tragedy would have had a mournful ending. The fellow, who was seated upon the ground, as many of the men were, moved himself by degrees from the right to the centre of the company, before which Captain Lawrence was standing, as was his wont in time of danger. The brutish looking fellow was so quiet in his action that no particular attention was bestowed upon him, and only when his sinister eyes emitted fire and his frame shook with frenzy did those near by have a suspicion that something was wrong with him. He had kept the butt of his rifle on the ground, and suddenly placing it between his feet, and the muzzle in his mouth, it was discharged—the fatal bullet passing through his head, just grazing the shoulder of Captain Lawrence, who was unsuspiciously standing close behind him. The report alarmed the entire regiment, which sprang up instinctively, only to see the body of the villain topple upon the ground in death. The fellow's previous singular actions were now understood—he had attempted the assassination of his captain, who never had anything but kindness for his men. He had confidently counted upon one bullet accomplishing his double wicked purpose, but his villainy failed. His worthless body was quickly hidden in the ground which had become saturated with his murderous blood.

May 11.—The following order was read to the Ninth, which remained in camp to-day:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, May 11, 1864.

General Orders, No. 21.

The general commanding takes great pleasure in returning to the gallant officers and men of his command his thanks for the noble manner in which they have discharged their duties since the opening of the present campaign. The enviable reputation which you have attained, and so richly merited, has been sustained in a noble and creditable manner, and the commanding general would not only be doing great injustice to his feelings, but to the officers and men of his command, did he fail to notice it. The fatigues and privations which you have suffered without a murmur are but characteristic of your previous conduct, and the punishment inflicted upon the rebels is one of the many lessons you have taught them, that will cause them to ever remember and fear the Star brigade. By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. A. HECKMAN.

W. H. ABEL, Captain and A. A. G.

May 12.—Sunrise found the Ninth leading the Star brigade and Eighteenth army corps in the forward movement on Fort Darling, a strong position at Drewry's Bluff, on the right bank of the James river—a few miles distant. At nine o'clock the Ninth's skirmishers commenced popping away at the Confederates, who fell back upon a strong body of infantry and artillery, advantageously posted in a heavy woods along the turnpike. Several attempts were made during the day to dislodge the enemy, but he held fast with wonderful tenacity, and refused to allow the Unionists the right of way without first earning it. Most of the fighting to-day was done by the artillery, which kept at it incessantly until dark, when a cessation of the hostilities took place. The Ninth, with the remainder of the army, rested upon its arms all night, which was rendered all the more disagreeable by a heavy rain-fall, which continued with but little intermission for two or three days.

May 13.—Up and at it again as soon as gray streaks lightened the eastern horizon. The Confederates contested every foot of the ground, but the superiority of our forces enabled us to dislodge them from every position. The Ninth had seen desperate fighting in the Carolinas, but had never witnessed such dogged persistency and stubborn bravery. It was a fine sight, however, to see General Heckman leading his brigade

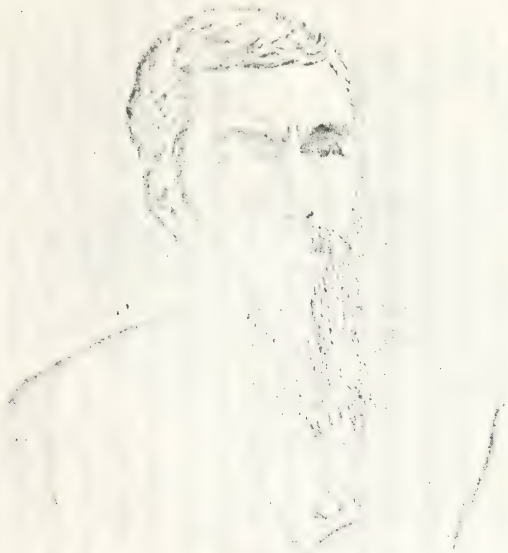
hither and thither, oftentimes passing through a wall of fire while endeavoring to find a vulnerable spot in the enemy's lines. He seemed omnipresent, giving most of the orders himself, rather than make use of his staff, who, however much they tried, were unable at times to keep apace with him. Wherever the fight was thickest Heckman (whom his brigade believed bore a charmed life) was sure to be found—his constant presence with his command often enabling him to shield it from danger, if not annihilation. It can be as well said of him, as of his fighting prototype—the gallant and lamented PHIL KEARNY—

> "When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
> Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
> He rode down the length of the withering column,
> And his heart at our war-cry leaped up at a bound.
> He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,
> His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign,
> Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
> 'There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line.'"

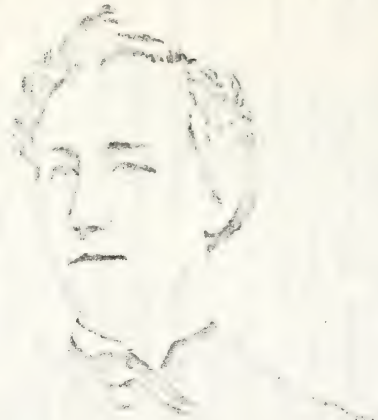
The Tenth army corps was meanwhile endeavoring to get around the right flank of the Confederates, whose line extended from Petersburg to Fort Darling, on James river, but owing to procrastination, enforced or otherwise, the Confederates were enabled to concentrate against the Eighteenth corps, engaged in vigorously assaulting the centre and attempting to flank the enemy's left on the James river, and then return to the left to prevent an advance in that direction. About the middle of the dark and disagreeable afternoon, a rumor reached our brigade that the Tenth corps had got to work and was pushing the enemy, who were in full retreat towards Richmond. This cheering news stimulated the Eighteenth corps, which at once made a determined attack in its front, but the response made by the Confederates speedily satisfied us that whatever had been done on their right, there was no intention on the part of those on the left to give up the turnpike leading to Richmond without a further struggle.

The Ninth had had plenty of marching and fighting all day, and the men being hungry and pretty well exhausted, late in the afternoon were given permission to make coffee, upon

which task they proceeded with great delight. In a few moments small fires, built from rails obtained from an old fence near by, were blazing, over which each man placed his cup. Careful attention was bestowed on these diminutive vessels, as they were likely to upset or boil over, and as soldiers think more of "government Java" than any other article of diet, they seldom run chances of losing the fruits of their endeavors. It was while thus engaged, and before the coffee was in a condition to be enjoyed, that Companies D and G were ordered to deploy, and move forward into a dense woods, a few yards in front of where the brigade had halted. The poor fellows had no alternative except to obey orders, and reluctantly pouring the aromatic liquid upon the ground, fastened the empty utensil to their haversacks, and speedily taking "distance on left file," were in the act of springing over a fence separating the woods from the open field in which the troops stood, when a western regiment, armed with sixteen-shooting rifles, marched along in their front, causing them to halt. For a moment the men of Companies D and G entertained the hope that their services were to be dispensed with, but when the western regiment halted, faced to the front, opened its terrible fire for a few moments and retired, they again received the order to proceed, and into the now fast darkening recesses of the lonesome woods the two companies disappeared to keep faithful watch while the army slept. The writer well remembers the experiences of that night. His company had not marched more than two hundred or three hundred yards before it became too dark to distinguish any object at five paces, when a halt was quietly ordered and the men directed to "rally by fours," which formation they maintained until daybreak, when the deployment was again made. Although the Confederates were but a few yards away, those of us who were in the swampy woods knew they would be unable to move, owing to the nature of the ground, and the uncertainty of our location, as well as the strength of our force. The rapidity of the fire delivered from the Indiana regiment just before we moved into the forest, must have frightened the Confederates, as neither they nor ourselves had ever before heard anything approximating to it. It was a



COLOR-SERGT. GEORGE MYERS.



PRIVATE WILLIAM P. AMERMAN,

COMPANY E.

continual rattle until every man in the command had emptied his magazine rifle, and the shower of bullets must have greatly accelerated the flight of the enemy from that particular spot. Evidently, from the wide berth which the Confederates gave us that night, they must have been under the impression that nothing less than army corps was firing at that moment. On the whole, I cannot say that any of us regretted the delusion or their ignorance of our situation, which we deemed so critical that none dared step about or so much as whisper to the other. There were no "reliefs" or "grand rounds" that night—not the slightest movement, not even the breaking of a branch or the rattling of a canteen—every man feeling that safety depended upon his absolute stillness. While Companies D and G had thus disposed of themselves, one hundred men of the Ninth had volunteered to accompany Captain Samuel Hufty, who had been requested to reconnoiter the enemy's works. The detachment made its way to the river, then northward along its right bank for some distance, until it was ascertained that the enemy had not only no disposition to vacate the massive works, but were actually hilarious over their prospects for driving back the invader.

May 14.—When the slightest streaks of light were discernable in the east, gallant Adjutant-General Abel, ever alert, made his way to the skirmish line and inquired for Colonel Elwell of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, whom, he said, was field officer of the day. When informed that that person had not visited the line during the night, Captain Abel indulged in language that is not especially defined in Webster, and ordered the skirmishers forward, with instructions to "watch things very closely, as the fort is not far away." Company D moved squarely to the front, Company G, commanded by Lieutenant Peters, being thrown to the right and rear as "flankers." It was not long, however, before the enemy's works were discovered, when both commands, some distance in advance of the brigade, were halted. Lieutenant Drake notified General Heckman of his discovery, and accompanied that officer on the personal reconnoissance which he made. While observing the movements of a large force of Confederate infantry in an open

space outside their fortifications, the general and his young subordinate were fired upon by sharpshooters, posted in trees. As the "Johnnies" fired with remarkable accuracy, and as the general had obtained all the knowledge that would be of present help to him, they withdrew and returned to the rear. Company G changed front forward, when both commands again advanced through a low, swampy place, and only halted on reaching the edge of the high and dry ground, three hundred yards beyond which were the Confederate embattlements, over which peeped many brazen-mouthed dogs of war. So skillfully and quietly had this manoeuvre been executed that with the exception of a few shots by sharpshooters, no alarm had been raised.

While the men of Companies D and G lay flat under the brow of the rising ground, intently peering over the surface, awaiting the arrival of the brigade, Commodore Jupiter Pluvius opened his flood-gates and deluged the army and the earth. It was impossible for the men to protect their rifles, (the only thing they now cared for) from the rain, so thoroughly was everything drenched. The only consolation we had was in the reflection that the enemy were being treated in precisely the same manner. The brigade being at length in position, immediately in rear of the skirmishers, the latter were ordered to advance and drive the enemy within his works. The skirmishers had no sooner risen to their feet than firing commenced and the battle of Drewry's Bluff was opened.. The Confederate skirmishers were posted in the *abattis*, which fronted their works as far as the eye could reach. Immediately behind them were frowning cannon and a heavy force of infantry. Companies D and G labored at a disadvantage, inasmuch as they were compelled to advance over an open space for some distance before they could obtain cover—a highly desirable thing for skirmishers to have. But on reaching a line of large trees, standing equi-distant, and opening fire in earnest, they felt confident of driving the enemy within his fortifications. Obtaining a perfect view of the enemy's situation, and believing that it was within the range of possibilities to make the Confederate skirmishers give way, our boys entered the *abattis* by

crawling underneath—sometimes over—the huge trees which lay in every conceivable way, and feeling comparatively safe, continued a well-directed fire. It was only when Companies D and G had succeeded in reaching this point that the enemy within the works took a hand in the fight; but they acted too late, as we could now prevent the Confederates from firing their artillery, having a most excellent range, and were, besides, comparatively free from danger—the prostrate timbers affording us desirable protection.

Lying on the earth and firing from the rests which the timber conveniently afforded our deadly rifles, the Ninth's skirmishers had things pretty much their own way. True, they were wet and hungry, having had no coffee in over thirty hours, but the shooting was "so good," as Orderly Hulsart said, that all thought of hunger and thirst was banished from their minds. There was considerable sport in picking off "Johnnies" who had the temerity to expose any part of their persons over the breastworks, and it was impossible for the enemy to discharge their artillery after our skirmishers had gained the covert in the *abattis*. The writer saw many Confederates fall along the front of his company, especially at that point where a regiment lay behind a five-rail board fence—two hundred yards from the front of Fort Darling.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the one hundred and thirty rounds of ammunition which each skirmisher had gone into the fight with, having been nearly expended, Lieutenant Drake made his way through the labyrinth of fallen trees to the ravine in the rear, where the Ninth, with the remainder of the brigade, was temporarily encamped, and asked to be relieved. Colonel Zabriskie, who was masticating a roasted fowl, referred the young officer to General Heckman, by whose orders, he said, the detail had been made. Drake speedily found the general, who was standing with his staff, a short distance away, and reported his command as nearly out of ammunition.

"There's plenty of ammunition, lieutenant, and you shall have all you want," replied the general, smiling.

"It isn't ammunition, general, that we need so badly, but something to eat, and a chance to clean our guns," said the

lieutenant. "We have had no coffee since yesterday morning at daybreak, but plenty of work to do ever since."

"That's so," replied General Heckman; "you have done well, and deserve a rest. Tell Colonel Zabriskie to relieve you."

In a few minutes, Company E (Captain Hopper) and Company K (Captain Townley), deployed under cover of the hill, and advanced across the open space into the *abattis*—Companies D and G firing briskly as they saw the long-expected "relief" nearing them. The Confederates evidently understood what was transpiring, as they, too, opened a vigorous fire, with a view of demoralizing the companies which were making their way with great difficulty through the entangled timber. The men of Companies D and G crawled out and returned to the ravine, and were speedily enjoying fragrant coffee, for which they long had suffered. After satisfying the wants of the inner man, the men cleaned their rifles which had been in almost constant use since the previous morning, and were terribly leaded inside and rusted outside, in order to have them in perfect condition for future service, of which any amount stood in fair and immediate view.

I ought to state that the *abattis*, notwithstanding its apparent safety for a man after he once got fairly into it, was not a place where one could act with impunity, and this fact Captain Townley soon learned to his cost. The captain never liked the idea of going into battle without keeping both eyes open and seeing all that was transpiring about him. There were such men in every regiment, and their curiosity frequently attracted the enemy's fire. On this occasion, Captain Townley, than whom no braver man ever lived, stood up to count the cannon on the earthworks, and while thus engaged invited a shot from a sharpshooter, who sent a bullet through his wrist, which compelled him to drop his sword and return to the rear to seek a surgeon. It was ever after a source of regret to the captain that he was sent to the hospital and not permitted to engage in the great battle which followed.

Every hour during the balance of the day two companies went into the *abattis*, and at night the line was made doubly

strong to prevent a surprise visit from the Confederates. There was more or less firing between sunset and sunrise on the part of the enemy, caused, no doubt, by the frequent desertions which were made, also by the desire to prevent us from obtaining needed rest. It isn't the most delightful feeling to sit upon the ground holding a heavy rifle all night, in order to be ready for something in the way of the unexpected, but this soldiers were often required to do in the campaign of 1864.

A number of deserters crawled into the Union lines during this and the succeeding night. As a rule they were a hard looking lot, but expressed themselves as heartily tired of the war.

May 15.—Sunday, but no rest for either army, as each was preparing for the encounter—the deadly grapple—which could not be much longer delayed, owing to the surrounding order of things. The arrival of a large mail for the regiment this forenoon was the only pleasurable event of the day. Despite the dangerous surroundings and imminent peril in which the men found themselves, they eagerly perused missives from loved ones at home, from whom many of them were destined never again to hear. The writer received a number of letters addressed to him "care Ninth New Jersey volunteers, Richmond, Virginia," the senders evidently believing the Ninth would be in possession of the Confederate capital by the time the mail reached the army. Less than twenty-four hours afterwards letters bearing that superscription would have found the writer a prisoner of war in "Libby."

The day passed without any exciting event, other than the continued firing between our skirmishers and the Confederates, admirably posted behind their works. Occasionally the monotony was ruthlessly disturbed by the passage of a screeching shell over our lines into the woods in our rear, but as our brigade was shielded under the brow of a hill, and by earthworks hurriedly thrown up, the missiles did but little damage. It was the Minie bullet, coming from a long distance, and doing its work quietly and effectually, that was most dreaded.

It was just at dusk that the brigade was relieved, and as the

Ninth moved along by the right flank towards the road, which we knew ran through the woods, a feeling of joy took possession of our souls, anticipating, as we then did, that we were marching to the rear to obtain rest and recuperate. But, alas, for human expectations. We soon discovered that instead of retiring we were simply prolonging the line of battle—taking ground to the right, towards the James river. Half an hour after the movement had begun it was completed, and the Star brigade again faced the enemy, but in a far more dangerous position than it had previously occupied.

Between the Ninth New Jersey, (which occupied the extreme right of the Union line,) and the river, was a distance of more than one mile, which had been, and was still, unguarded, except by a squadron of colored cavalry, which had taken position in the woods during the afternoon. As this space was open, and admirably calculated for a flank movement by the enemy, nothing less than a division of infantry, with proper artillery support, would have been sufficient to hold it against the Confederates. This was the most important point in the whole line, as it covered the shortest route to our base of supplies, and on its retention depended the safety of the Union army. Our false position invited attack. Beauregard's advance, if not unexpected, was totally unprovided for.

General Heckman had repeatedly called the attention of General "Baldy" Smith, commanding the corps, to this glaring oversight, but that officer failed to remedy the matter, except by sending the squadron of cavalry as before stated. During the early evening, when it was known to every man in the Star brigade that the Confederates were massing in its immediate front, General Heckman again reported the matter to headquarters, saying that without reinforcements his brigade would be sacrificed. General Smith said he would attend to it, and he did so by sending a section of two batteries over to General Heckman, who placed them where they would be of most service. When the two *first* lieutenants who commanded the sections, met, they compared notes, and as each maintained that he ranked the other, and as neither would give in, the batteries limbered up, and went to the rear, and that was the

last heard of the reinforcements so faithfully promised by the general commanding the corps, who had no desire that General Butler should win a victory and reap the honors thereof.

Captain Lawrence, early in the evening, marched his Company—H—down into the open field beyond Kingland's creek, a beautiful rivulet of water coursing along at the base of the hill upon which Fort Darling rested, and down and into the James river, where its crystalizing influences were absorbed. The captain and his men proceeded upon their dangerous duty without flourish of trumpets, and speedily covered themselves in holes which they noiselessly dug in the ground with their bayonets. It soon became apparent to Captain Lawrence and his men that the enemy was busily engaged in preparing for battle, and this fact was promptly reported to General Heckman, who with a full knowledge of the situation before him, was in a state of feverish anxiety. Who of us that saw him, as he passed along his decimated line, bidding us gather limbs and trunks of trees and erect them as a sort of breastwork, can forget his solicitude and the awful anxieties of the night? Who can cease to remember the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped us—the heavy, murky and chilly atmosphere that made us more wretched than our previous fatigues and lack of nourishing food? How slowly passed the hours, as the night wore on—sleep and rest being impossible owing to the unremitting fire of the enemy, and the wretchedness of our situation.

The men of the Star brigade, however, feeling the critical condition in which they had been placed, went to work with all the energy they possessed, and long before the attack was made, a rude though quite formidable breastwork, had been improvised from decayed trunks of trees, limbs, stumps, etc. It was all the men could do, but how gladly would they have hailed picks and shovels. This task accomplished, the men sat down behind the logs, rifle in hand, to await the coming of daybreak, and the appearance of the now vigilant foe. Throughout the long and eventful night, there was no rest for the just or the unjust—the crack of the rifle and the sping o bullet being constant, and to keep up their own spirits, as well as to depress us, the Confederates indulged in frequent hideous

yells, beside which that of the Comanche is child-like in comparison. Occasionally the more venturesome among them would make a dash towards our skirmishers, who, by their vigorous fire, were enabled to check them, for the time being.

It was along towards four o'clock in the morning when the earth became enveloped in a dense fog—heavier, darker and wetter than any of us had ever before experienced. Should it continue until after daylight, what might we not fear ?

May 16.—It was a quarter before five o'clock when four brigades of Confederates, commanded by General Ransom of North Carolina, debouched from the works in which they had been penned up, and with firm, set array, and swift, steady motion, bore down with terrible front across the open field. Captain Lawrence, seeing the futility of attempting to check such a force, ordered his brave men to commence firing and fall back upon the brigade line in the woods, perhaps two hundred yards in rear. The enemy continued their movement, paying no attention to the firing of our skirmishers, who retreated slowly and in good order. In a few moments the roar of the Confederate artillery, massed on the height in their rear, caused the earth to tremble, but there were no iron Union dogs of war to respond. Our hearts almost sunk within us at this thought —especially as we knew a dozen superb batteries were near enough, had the commanding officers chosen to order them up, to have rendered us every necessary assistance in this moment of our tribulation and extreme danger.

A shower of shot and shell facilitated the flight of our skirmishers, who had made a stand at the edge of the woods, determined to prove worthy of the confidence reposed in them, by checking the advancing host, if such a thing was possible. But grape and canister have a demoralizing influence upon soldiers—no matter how well trained—and again did they fall back until they reached the logs behind which the brigade had anxiously awaited their return. With our skirmishers safely within our rude works, every man leaned forward, peering through the darkening fog, listening intently, and hoping to catch a glimpse of the infuriated enemy, whom all knew to be

BATTLE FLAG OF NINTH NEW JERSEY.

SERGT. EDWARD D. MATTSON,

COMPANY I.

advancing—his superior force giving him every confidence and justifying the recklessness which he so defiantly exhibited.

On, on, came the sanguine Confederates, encouraged by the absence of an artillery fire on our part, until they reached the wires stretched along our front just within the shadow of the woods we occupied, when the infantry became befouled, throwing their compact lines into confusion. Curses loud and deep, sounding above the roar of their guns, admonished us that this was the proper moment to teach the impetuous enemy it was not to have everything its own way, and we embraced it with all the zeal of which we were capable. In an instant a sheet of flame from the muzzles of our well-aimed rifles proved "our flag was still there," and that wearied as we were with ten days hard fighting we had no thought of surrendering the advantages so dearly gained. As the light of day increased the fog became thicker and more disagreeable, and to its kindly shelter the enemy had every reason to be devoutly thankful. The front line of Ransom's division melted before our ruthless fire, as snow before the genial sunshine, and yet the Confederates disdained to fly, rallying again and again to dispute with unparalleled bravery possession of the red and rent field. Again did the earth vibrate with the thundering of their artillery, under the convenient cover of which they repeatedly reformed their shattered columns.

General Heckman, indignant at the manner in which his command had been treated, raged like an unloosed lion, and his eyes, always terrible in battle's commotion, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard, as it often had been, amid the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand rifles to cheer on the men who, finding themselves left to their own resources, fought like demons incarnate for their honor and the protection of the two flags presented them by the state of New Jersey. Colonel Zabriskie and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart exerted themselves in directing the fire of their men, over whose safety they had often watched in battle's dire confusion, until both were rendered *hors du combat* by ghastly wounds.

"Fire low, boys," shouted the gallant Heckman, as he

passed along the line, "and don't waste a single shot." But it needed no inspiration of this character to incite the men of the Ninth to duty, for each was doing all in his power to drive back the brave but insolent foe. Time sped on as volley after volley was poured into the baffled and discomfited enemy, who was still laboring to reform his shattered lines and extricate himself from the entangling wires.

Such obstinacy the Ninth New Jersey had never before witnessed. How much longer could the Confederates withstand the slaughter? At length the firing in front almost ceases, and the Jerseymen, feeling the old-time impulse, instinctively prepare for the charge, which movement, however, is prevented by an attempt of the enemy (Gracie's Alabama brigade), to reach our rear by marching around the right flank of the Ninth. Colonel Zabriskie, weltering in the blood of his death wound, and borne to the rear, had been succeeded in the command by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, detecting the dangerous march of the Confederates, promptly *reserved* the position of three companies on the right, and opened a vigorous fire in the new direction, which had the effect of temporarily checking the enemy. But the Confederates, discovering that the Union line of battle was a thin one, and without support of any nature, continued to press the Ninth, which, assailed in front, flank and rear, was now compelled to fire in *three different directions.* The Ninth stood immovable, exchanging volleys with the Confederates, who, despite their strength, faltered and fell back in dismay under the remorseless fire which smote hundreds of their number.

Captain Lawrence, who fought with desperation until he received a mortal wound, was carried to the rear by Manning Yeomans and Minor Garrabrant, to whom he said as he was borne along amid bursting shell: "Don't leave me, boys; don't leave me!" Fearing the gallant captain would bleed to death, the two brave fellows made a *tourniquet* with their handkerchiefs and a bayonet, a screw not being available.

The impetuous Captain Harris and soldierly Captain Carrell were dead on the field of battle, while Colonels Zabriskie and Stewart, Captains Hopper and Townley, and Lieutenants Burnett, Brown, Sheppard, Hawk and over one hundred and

fifty men dead and dying, lay upon the ensanguined field, or were receiving attention from surgeons at the field hospital.

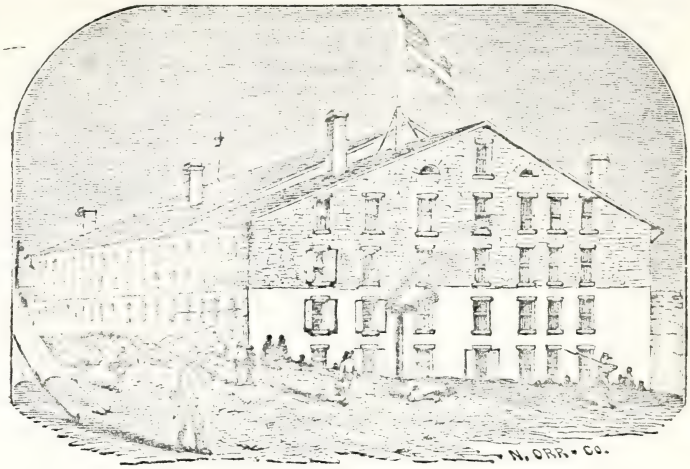
Despite its terrible losses, and the imminent danger of being cut to pieces or captured, the Ninth continued the fight, each man feeling the weighty responsibility resting upon his individual exertion. But even the Ninth New Jersey could not withstand the final resistless charge which the massed Confederates at length made, and the command, sorrowfully, but slowly retired, delivering effective, staggering volleys, as it turned its back to the enemy.

The Ninth performed prodigies in disputing the passage to the rear of this overwhelming host, and those who participated in the desperate struggle have the proud satisfaction of knowing that their stubborn resistance stopped Beauregard's advance, and saved the Army of the James. The Ninth had never retreated, and knew not how or when to commence that movement. But when brave Color-Sergeant George Myers, who had proudly borne aloft through the fiery ordeal of many battles the tattered silk emblem of his country's greatness, saw that capture was imminent, he tore the precious relic from the staff and secreting it about his person, seized the rifle of one of his guards, who had just fallen, and fought like a demon in attempting to stem the torrent which had overwhelmed his companions. Reaching a defensible spot, Lieutenant Coyte, who had the previous day received a commission as adjutant, and who had fallen back step by step with Sergeant Myers and the color-guard, called a halt, and in a moment or two nearly one hundred men had gathered about him. Sergeant Myers, hearing the command, discarded the rifle he had been using, and quickly producing the shred of the Ninth's glory, and tying it to a stick, held it aloft, while at his side stood a little band of heroes, who, imagining themselves to be the only survivors of the regiment, reopened a fire that again brought the exultant foe to an abrupt standstill, and checked, for the time, at least, the onward march of the maddened enemy. The heavy firing at this point speedily brought to the scene one of General Butler's aids, who encouraged Adjutant Coyte and his Spartan band to hold the position for a

few minutes and he would save them. Dashing furiously away, he speedily returned with a battery of field pieces, which unlimbering, opened with spherical-case—the men of the Ninth lying upon their faces while the guns blazed away directly over them. The Confederates, believing this to be a new and strong line of battle, and seeing the awful havoc made in their column, and being unable to longer withstand such a fire, fell back. This ended the battle.

Company D, occupying the extreme left of the Ninth's line, and Company G on its immediate right, in ignorance of the retreat of the regiment, kept on firing, and it was only when the fog partially lifted and revealed their solitude—no troops being within sight—that they began to realize the peculiarity of their situation. Lieutenants Drake and Peters held a council of war, and while thus engaged, were surprised at the sudden appearance of a number of Confederates, who rose in front of their breastwork, and leveling their rifles, demanded a surrender. The two companies, having no desire to comply with this rude and ill-mannered request, and seeing that further resistance would be vain, broke and rushed to the rear, where, strange to say, they heard sounds of continued strife. Between the smoke and fog, and their ignorance of the situation and the whereabouts of the regiment, the men ran in a helter-skelter sort of way—intent only on escaping capture from their pursuers. They had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when they suddenly plunged against a Confederate line of battle, advancing in the same direction they were taking. It would be difficult to decide which party was most surprised at this unexpected and strange encounter, but as the Confederates were the strongest party, and looked as if they would have great pleasure in running their bayonets through the fifty or sixty men standing beside them, the survivors of the two companies concluded to gratify the desire of the enemy, and reluctantly yielded up their arms, accoutrements and individuality to a regiment in Gracie's Alabama brigade. An hour later—Kissam, Drake and Peters, with their few followers, were standing upon the wharf under the shadow of Fort Darling, frowning one hundred and fifty feet above them, and at noon

were in the occupancy of the east room of Libby prison, lying upon the hard oaken floor beside their beloved brigade commander, who had been captured some time before them.



LIBBY PRISON.

Report of Lieutenant-Colonel James Stewart, Jr.

CHESAPEAKE GENERAL HOSPITAL,
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, May 25, 1864.

HON. JOEL PARKER, *Governor of New Jersey:*

SIR—The Ninth New Jersey has experienced her full share in war's dreadful havoc during the past three weeks. Many of New Jersey's brightest and bravest spirits have been cut down while defending the flag of their country. In this hospital are Major Curlis, Captains Lawrence, Townley, Hopper and Sheppard, Lieutenants Brown and Burnett —all seriously, and we fear some fatally, wounded; while Colonel Zabriskie, who was brought here with the above-named officers, breathed his last yesterday. It therefore devolves upon me to submit a report of the operations of our regiment since landing at Bermuda Hundred.

May 3—Orders came from Department headquarters to prepare to break camp and move at a moment's notice. We were encamped at this time on the York river, and brigaded with the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts volunteer infantry. Our organization was known as the Red Star brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman. May the fourth, at six A. M., the troops fell into line, marched to the landing and embarked on the vessels there waiting to receive them. All superfluous stores, camp

equipage, etc., were sent to Portsmouth and the command was in light marching order, stripped for the spring and summer campaign. The Ninth embarked on the "Nellie B" with barge "Pilgrim" in tow—the "Wyoming" carrying General Heckman and staff, took the advance and served as flag-ship. The fleet formed line and got under way about four P. M., moved down the York river and anchored near Hampton Roads that same night. This movement of the fleet in starting on a course directly opposite to that really intended, was done for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, and convey the impression that the troops were being sent to some point along the Atlantic coast. At six the next morning we weighed anchor and headed direct for Bermuda Hundred, the point selected by Major-General Butler as his base of operations for the memorable campaign of '64. It was not certain but that we should have to fight to get a foothold on this part of Virginia's soil, therefore the men fell in by companies—their arms, accoutrements, etc., were subjected to a rigid inspection—ammunition was distributed, the arms loaded, details made for landing and everything in readiness on our part to "carry out orders." As we steamed past City Point and towards the landing at Bermuda Hundred only a few of the enemy's videttes were noticed, and the Ninth effected a landing about six P. M. and at once took up the march and continued it for about one mile when they halted for the night. Early the next morning the regiment fell into line, was assigned to the advance of the army, and with Company D, Lieutenant J. Madison Drake, deployed as skirmishers, advanced several miles to a point designated as Cobb's Hill, where we halted. After resting some two hours our brigade (General Heckman commanding) was then ordered to make a reconnoissance towards Petersburg, endeavor to ascertain the position of the enemy, but to avoid bringing on anything like an engagement. The Ninth still held the advance, and with Company E, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper, deployed as skirmishers, the brigade moved steadily forward—the enemy falling back as our skirmishers advanced. This continued for some two miles, when we reached the Walthall plantation; advancing into a large field, or open space, the enemy was discovered in a fortified position at Walthall Junction, a short mile in front of us. Between us was a clear field, almost without an obstruction, while on our left and the enemy's right, was a strip of timber. In this timber and at a nearer point towards us, the enemy had under cover several batteries of light artillery. Our line of skirmishers moved across the field for some distance, the enemy's skirmishers falling back towards their fortified line. Captain Benjamin W. Hopper had pushed the enemy's skirmishers about two-thirds across the open space, when he was ordered by the brigade commander to open fire. As Company E obeyed the order, the Confederates dropped flat to the earth, and at the same instant a brigade of the enemy rose up but a short distance in their rear and responded with a destructive volley into our ranks—killing and wounding some thirty men of the Ninth. Captain Hopper discovered the presence of this large force of the enemy in time to order his men

to "lie down," and thus saved them from great slaughter. The regiment charged forward very gallantly to the support of the skirmish line. The enemy could not advance against the heavy and well-directed fire which the Ninth poured into them, but contented themselves by working their guns against us for all they were worth. General Heckman's orders were to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy and then return. We were therefore ordered to fall back on the main force posted at Cobb's Hill. Our killed and wounded were all picked up by our men and brought back with us, reaching camp about nine P. M. On the morning of the seventh our brigade, with the Ninth in advance, and with Company I, Captain Samuel Hufty, and Company D, Lieutenant J. Madison Drake, as skirmishers, took up the line of march again, going over the same ground. We reached the Walthall plantation, from which point we could see that the enemy were strongly posted behind their works across the open field in our front, but the woods on our left appeared to be used as a cover for their artillery and quite a body of infantry as support. General Brooks had been sent with his division on a detour to our right with the intention of striking the enemy on their left flank. Brooks's division soon engaged the enemy, forcing him back into their fortified lines. The Ninth did not get into a general engagement at this time; their position being an exposed one we were ordered to hold it awaiting the result of the movement of our troops on the right. The enemy annoyed us with their artillery fire and we suffered some loss thereby, but we retaliated in kind as a few well-directed shots from a regular battery which was in service with our brigade blew up one of their caissons, causing them to "limber up" and retreat under cover of their fortified line. Night coming on our regiment was ordered to fall back and bivouac. The next day, the eighth, being Sunday, was spent in rest, cleaning up and preparing for the hard week's work which was to follow. Early on the morning of the ninth, with the other troops of Butler's command, we started forward in the movement which was intended to cut off Petersburg from Richmond and invest the latter city on the south and southwest, while it was expected that the Army of the Potomac would reach the same city and invest it on the east and northeast. The Ninth met with only slight opposition until we reached Swift Creek, where the enemy made quite a determined stand with their battery of artillery, strongly supported with infantry. We silenced their batteries and they fell back towards Petersburg. The Ninth struck the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, destroying several miles of track and then continued their movement toward the city. We drove the enemy for quite a distance until we had reached within about two miles of Petersburg, when we met the enemy in strong force and a general engagement ensued. The enemy repeatedly and gallantly charged our lines, but the old Red Star brigade, consisting of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and Ninth New Jersey, stood as immovable as a stone wall and repulsed their attack with great slaughter. The fighting continued from noon until dark, and even during the night

attacks were made upon our lines, but our men withstood them all and drove the enemy back behind their breastworks with considerable loss.

The Ninth having had the advance and done such such hard service for several days, our place at the front was taken by other troops and we marched to the rear for a day's rest. On the twelfth the regiment and brigade took up the line of march before sunrise. We almost faced about from our former fields of action ; this time our course was towards Richmond. The weather was very bad, it was raining steadily, and that meant in Virginia bad roads and great difficulty in hauling artillery and supply wagons. In less than three hours we struck the advance line of the enemy, who showed a stubborn resistance against our approaching any nearer to the Confederate stronghold. We gradually forced the enemy back until darkness halted our movement. Early next morning the order was given to advance, and firing commenced at once, as our picket lines were within speaking distance during the night. The Ninth preceeded by Companies D, Lieutenant J. Madison Drake, and G, Lieutenant Peters, pushed forward very rapidly, and by noon had gained some distance on the main body of our troops, when the enemy made a determined stand, and from noon until dark the Ninth made a most gallant fight and held their position, too, against overwhelming odds. Early in the morning the enemy opened with their artillery. The Union forces were ready and commenced to force the fighting. They could not resist the fierce onslaught made by the Union forces, and were driven by our advance line of skirmishers from behind their outer line of defences and took cover under the frowning guns of Fort Darling or Drewry's Bluff. Our forces pushed up in front of the fort, and while our sharpshooters kept the enemy from working their heavy siege guns against us, our generals were busy planning and establishing their lines of investment. The position of the Ninth at this time was opposite the nearest point of Fort Darling towards us, and which was not over three hundred yards in our front. Between ourselves and the fort was, first, a wide deep ditch, a powerful abattis, and the remainder of the distance fallen timber and brush. It was out of the question for us to pass through or over this and reach the enemy in their stronghold. Two companies from the Ninth would be sent out at a time and deployed through this brush keeping under cover, and directing their fire at the heavy guns to keep them from being fired, and also to keep an eye on the enemy's sharpshooters. As these two companies exhausted their ammunition they would be relieved by two other companies, and thus was the Ninth engaged during part of Saturday and during Sunday. In front, and looking to the left from Fort Darling, was a large cleared space. The James river made a bend towards the north so that the right of the Union line might face the left of the fort, and yet there would be an open space between the right of the Union line and the James river of over a mile. On the night of the fifteenth of May the Ninth was ordered to advance their line towards the right, which was done. Our position was now the extreme right of the line and some one thousand yards further to the right than

BVT. BRIG. GEN. J. MADISON DRAKE,

COMMANDANT ELIZABETH VETERAN ZOUAVES.

we were before, and yet there was a full half mile between the right of our line and the James river, offering an inviting opportunity to the enemy to come in and flank us. The men of the Ninth were ordered to throw up a barricade in their front which was done to a very limited extent; they had been fighting and marching almost incessantly for eight days, for three days and nights it had been raining—wet, hungry and exhausted. They felt indifferent as to the dangers surrounding them, and preferred sleep to anything else in that hour of sheer exhaustion. I was detailed on this night as "general officer of the day," and in making my visits to the pickets I learned sufficient to convince me that there was some movement intended by the enemy. I at once reported to our brigade commander, General Heckman, and pointed out to him the exposed position of our right flank. He immediately sent one of his staff, Lieutenant Wheeler, to General Smith for the necessary infantry and artillery to protect and cover the gap between the right of the Ninth's line and the James river. I returned at once to the line, and in the course of an hour was surprised by a visit from a lieutenant of colored cavalry who had about thirty men under him and who said he was ordered to report to me for duty. As I could not use his reinforcement (?) in our front, the ground being well dug up in gopher holes for our pickets, I ordered him to follow the prolongation of our line until he reached the James river and to take up his position there, and hold it until further orders. I have had no word from him or his command since. A second visit after midnight to the outposts in front of the open space heretofore spoken of as being to the left and front of the fort, convinced me that the enemy were massing in our front and in all probability preparing for an attack on our line that morning. I cautioned Captain Lawrence of H company, to be vigilant, and if he felt certain the enemy meditated an attack to send in word at once and to instruct his men that the moment the enemy commenced to move forward for them to fire and fall back rapidly to the regiment. The morning of the sixteenth of May was a damp, foggy morning. It was hardly light yet when the enemy dashed for our lines. We were as well prepared for them as the exhausted condition of our men and their thinned ranks would admit. With the first sound of command from the enemy's side Captain Lawrence opened fire from his picket line and then fell back rapidly to the main line. Colonel Zabriskie rose up from where he had been trying to gain some needed rest and was among the first to fall fatally wounded. I took command of the regiment. Being thoroughly familiar with the lay of the ground in our front, having passed over it several times during the night, I directed the men so far as I was able to aim very low and to await command. I had noticed that the ground was depressed in our front and about thirty yards from our line was a stream some four feet wide but only a few inches deep. When I heard the splash in the water I gave the preparatory command, and as many indistinct forms began to show through the fog, "fire" was sounded to the top of my voice. The centre and right centre companies who had been instructed hurriedly and who

were within sound of my voice, responded as handsomely as ever they did in drill, and the sheet of flame which leaped from our well directed rifles swept away the fog from our front, showing the enemy in solid mass and only a few feet distant. This well directed fire of our boys almost if not quite annihilated Gracie's brigade, which was in the rebel advance, and notwithstanding our weak line and the overwhelming numbers of the foe, their loss in our front was so terrible that they could not break our line at this point. They were enabled, however, to extend their left and swing around our right flank. To meet this the companies on the right of the regiment changed front to rear, and thus met them with a galling fire. As the enemy with their overpowering numbers, continued to extend their left, thus once more threatening our flank, the right companies again moved back from right to rear, which placed the right wing of our regiment practically forming three sides of a square. About this time General Heckman came to me and inquired how things were going. I quickly gave him the position of things, and further stated that we were about out of ammunition. He ordered me to withdraw my men from that part of the field. As the general left us he passed through a gap in our line, supposing he was returning to the left of the brigade, and the fog, still being very dense, he was in the midst of the enemy before he could discover his danger, and was made prisoner by them. In obedience to instructions received from the general I rallied the fragments of our regiment to withdraw them to the rear. Out of ammunition, and with but a remnant remaining of that gallant band of heroes who four hours before answered to their names, the Ninth, for the first time in its history, extending over some three years and covering many a bloody battle-field, turned its back upon the foe and left the enemy in possession of the ground. She left, however, because the power of her resistance (ammunition) was gone and not that she was dismayed. As the regiment withdrew, Color-Sergeant George Myers stripped the colors from the standard and placing them in his bosom we passed to the rear, the barren standard seeming to give mute evidence of the terrible struggle its followers had underwent. Passing some five hundred yards to rear I ordered the men to wipe out their rifles and sent Lieutenant Charles Hufty, acting quartermaster, to get a fresh supply of ammunition. About this time General Smith ordered me to take the regiment and guard some artillery which was near us. I asked permission to put my senior captain in charge, as two companies of the Ninth, "D" and "G," Lieutenants Drake and Peters commanding, were missing, having evidently not followed the movements of the regiment, but had that of the brigade, and I wished to look after them. This permission being granted I returned into the woods to look for our two missing companies. The shot and shell were tearing in every direction, and it was impossible to tell in what direction to go to find our friends and avoid the enemy. While making my way cautiously I was hit with a Minie ball which passed through my left thigh. The Ninety-eighth New York coming up at this time, Colonel

Weed very kindly sent a man to assist me to the rear. After having my wound dressed, I was sent in ambulance to the hospital, and the second day after we were brought to this hospital. I am forced necessarily to omit much of the details in this report. I would like to revert to the many special instances of bravery exhibited by the officers and enlisted men of the Ninth, but I cannot do it without embracing the entire command; for every officer, non-commissioned officer and private in the Ninth proved himself a hero this day; and the state, whose honor they so gallantly upheld on this bloody and disastrous day, should be as proud of them as is their comrade who pens this report, and who acknowledges his inability to adequately describe their loyalty to duty, and their heroism in the hour of danger and death. A record of our losses I must necessarily omit, to be supplied in a future report, or to be obtained from the company and regimental returns. The Ninth is largely represented in this hospital, I am sorry to say. Captain E. S. Harris and Adjutant E. S. Carrell were killed on the field; Captain Kissam and Lieutenants J. Madison Drake and George Peters were, I understand, captured, while sent to this hospital were Colonel Abram Zabriskie, Major William B. Curlis, Captains Benjamin W. Hopper, Lewis D. Sheppard, J. B. Lawrence, Lieutenants A. B. Brown, Jonathan Townley, F. Hobart and myself. Colonel Zabriskie's wounds terminated fatally yesterday, while no hopes are given for Captain Lawrence; Lieutenant Brown will lose the use of his right arm, but the surgeon expresses hopes of his ultimate recovery, as he does also of the other of our wounded officers. May I request from your excellency that until such time as I may be able to return to my regiment and ascertain some of its requirements that you will not make any appointments to fill existing vacancies. I ask this that I may go upon record as recommending those who are in the line of promotion, and who deserve recognition for their faithful discharge of every soldierly duty.

With all respect, your obedient servant,

JAMES STEWART, JR.,

Lieutenant-Colonel Ninth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry.

I cannot resist the temptation of inserting the following brief but lucid account of the campaign, written by General Heckman for the Philadelphia *Times* in 1886:

"The landing on the south bank of the James had been a complete surprise; but that night the 'Cockade city' slept secure, with only one small South Carolina brigade, the Washington artillery (unserviceable for want of horses), the militia (Bates' battalion of boys, 'for local defence), and a regiment of Clingman's brigade—a ridiculously inadequate force—to defend it, and Butler's army of thirty-five thousand veterans in sight of its church steeples. Kautz, who had moved simultaneously with the Army of the James, had been partially suc-

cessful in cutting the Weldon road,' and the small force engaged at Port Walthall was all of Beauregard's troops, coming hurriedly up from South Carolina, that had been able to pass the break in the railroad. On the seventh a meaningless movement was made toward Fort Walthall, and a useless battle fought, Weitzel, it is true, destroying seven miles of railroad; but the enemy repaired it the following day, while our army remained supinely in camp. Wise, Hoke and Kemper now arrived; the enemy formed the line on Swift creek; Beauregard arrived, and to him General Pickett turned over the command, which he had held for so many anxious days and nights. Monday, the ninth, our two corps made their first combined or even concerted movement, the operations of days before having been carried on by detached brigades and divisions. A small force of rebel infantry, with a section of guns, was encountered at Swift creek, three miles from Petersburg. They discharged a round over our heads, fell back to the next hill, and so continued to fire and fall back till we had arrived within three hundred yards of Arrowfield church. Here the enemy were in strong force, and assumed a vigorous offensive. Being in advance I hastily prepared to meet the attack, instructing my colonels to fire at a given signal. The Confederates came on in splendid style with their peculiar 'rebel yell' till within forty yards of my line of battle, when one volley swept them back across the creek into the arms of their comrades, who were holding a redoubt which covered the ford. It was a magnificent charge and bloody repulse. The ford was held by General Johnson Hagood's brigade, consisting of the Seventh, Eleventh, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh South Carolina, Fifty-first North Carolina, and Seventeenth and Sixty-third Tennessee, with a battery. General Hagood, in his report says: 'On the ninth, I was induced to make a reconnoissance in front of this line. The object was accomplished, but, from the broken and wooded nature of the ground, I became more heavily engaged than I desired with the force in my front, and my loss was severe.' Captain Leroy Hammond of the Twenty-third South Carolina, mortally wounded and a prisoner in our hands, when he was told that the troops that were opposed to the Confederates that day was the 'Star brigade,' composed of the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, remarked, 'that it was a striking coincidence that three regiments of the attacking force, the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh South Carolina should meet three regiments of the same numbers from her most inveterate enemy—Massachusetts. The attack would not have been made,' he said, 'but for the idea that our troops were ninety days emergency men,' and certainly the timorous movements of our army since the landing gave some reason for such an opinion, for on no other hypothesis could the enemy account for our failure to advance.

"For the next four or five days, while our army was marching hither and thither in the open country, the time was improved by Beauregard in hurrying up troops and getting them well in hand. From Drewry's Bluff he suggested to General Bragg, 'that General Lee should fall

back to the defensive line of the Chickahominy, or even to the immediate lines of Richmond, sending temporarily to this place fifteen thousand of his troops. Immediately upon this accession to my present force I would take the offensive and attack Butler's army vigorously. Such a move would throw me directly upon Butler's communications, and, as he now stands, on his right flank, well towards the rear. General Whiting should also move simultaneously. Butler then must necessarily be crushed or captured, and the stores of that army would fall into our hands.' This was written on the fourteenth. Let us see how well the plan was carried out. Our army at this time was facing north and operating more immediately against Fort Darling, having on the very day that Beauregard's dispatch is dated driven the enemy within his works. The rebels held a strong position on our front, their line extending from Fort Darling on our right to the Appomattox on our left, and threatened us, instead of us threatening them—we being in an essentially false position. My brigade held the extreme right of our line, with an unoccupied space of one and a quarter miles between it and the river. This was the most important part of our line, as it covered the shortest route to our base of supplies on the James. The unusual quietness of an enterprising enemy was suspicious. On the fifteenth, learning that he was in strong force, having been reinforced by Anderson's corps of Lee's army, it became apparent that Beauregard meant to attack us while our faulty position offered such an excellent opportunity for an effective stroke. Through our glasses we saw President Davis, Beauregard, and other Confederate general officers, sitting on a log in front of their line reconnoitering our position, and deserters told us that a plan of attack was being named. This state of affairs was reported at the division and army headquarters, with a request for reinforcements to occupy the all-important space between the right and the river. In the afternoon General Smith visited my line, and on everything having been explained to him he seemed to realize our peril, as no military man could help doing, and exclaimed: 'Heckman, this is fearful!' Belger's battery and a section of three-inch rifles were sent me later in the afternoon, and subsequently withdrawn to the centre for safety, where they were captured the next day. Afterward a squadron of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, Captain Roberts, was sent to guard the space on my right that should have been occupied by a brigade with artillery.

"Being thus denied the reinforcements asked for, preparations were at once made to meet the attack which we knew would come before another day. A breastwork of such materials as could be hastily gathered was thrown up so that the position so essential to the safety of an army could be defended to the last. At midnight the rebels moved out from their works, massing strongly on my extreme right, held by the Ninth New Jersey, and just at daylight, having obtained position, rushed with great impetuosity on our pickets, but after a desperate struggle were forced back by Captain Lawrence. Shortly after this a dense fog suddenly enveloped us, completely concealing the

enemy from our view, and five picked brigades in column debouched from their works, rapidly advancing on a run to our main line. When only five paces intervened between our inflexible line and the rebel bayonets a simultaneous scorching volley swept into the faces of the exulting foe, smiting hundreds to the earth, and hurling the whole column backward in confusion. Five times, encouraged and rallied by their officers, that magnificent rebel infantry advanced to the attack, but only to meet and be driven back by those relentless volleys of musketry. Finding it impossible to succeed by a direct attack, they advanced on our flank in column by brigade, and for the first time during the war we were compelled to fall back and take up a new position. While this movement was being executed—the Ninth already in position—my aides being engaged in other parts of the field, I passed along to the left of the Ninth, to a point where the Twenty-third Massachusetts was supposed to be, but found instead an approaching line of battle. Taking it to be reinforcements, I ordered them to 'wheel to the right and charge!' and almost instantly discovered that they were 'graybacks.' As the left of the line passed me a sergeant approached and demanded my surrender. I bid him attend to his duty, telling him in reply to further inquiry that I was Major Andrews of General Hokes' staff. The sergeant apologized and joined his command; but I was by no means out of my predicament, the fog being still very dense, and the firing having for the moment ceased, I had nothing to guide my actions by. Taking direction from the point at which the Confederates had disappeared in the fog, I soon found myself in front of an Alabama brigade commanded by Archie Gracie, formerly of Elizabeth, New Jersey, who at once recognized me. He said he was glad to see me; was proud to say that he had been fighting Jerseymen, but that he had only a skirmish line left. On the way to the rear, had an animated discussion with his adjutant on the result of the war, and at nine A. M. with Lieutenant Drake, who had been captured with his company, was a guest at the Hotel de Libby.

"I never, at any other time, experienced such a musketry fire as on that day. It was one incessant volley, and its terrible fatality may be judged from the fact that the enemy acknowledged a loss of forty-five hundred men—more than the Star brigade numbered—on my front alone; and I lost nearly all my field and line officers either killed or wounded. Many others accompanied me up the river to Richmond. The result of the campaign which culminated in this battle was a source of great congratulation to the enemy. Not only was the threatened danger to Petersburg and Richmond averted, but the pressure on their lines of communication was relieved, and Butler, besides suffering a terrible loss, was shut up and held inactive by a comparatively small force. Had General Whiting moved out of Petersburg with his ten thousand men as directed, the Army of the James could not have escaped destruction. The ultimate result: The spoiling of Grant's plan of campaign; the transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the south of Richmond; the siege of Petersburg: the bloody struggle for the Weldon

road, all these, with their enormous losses of lives and property, are the sadder to think of when it was remembered that it was all caused by the incompetent handling of the Army of the James.

"General Grant laid the onus of the failure on General Butler in a caustic paragraph of his official report; the press and the histories of the war blame with the severest language, and even now the nation at large call him 'Bottled-up Butler.' But the opinions of intelligent officers who fought in the campaign, and who judged it impartially from a military point of view as well as the facts, will rather lay the fault at the doors of his corps commanders, Generals Gilmore and Smith —his advisers in name, they were as really directors of the operations as was Von Moltke's the intelligence that conducted the victorious marches of the German prince's armies against France. They did not seem to comprehend what was to be done, and then failed to co-operate in what attempts they did make."

The following sketch written for the Washington *National Tribune*, by Lieutenant J. E. Shepard, adjutant of the Ninth Maine regiment, is a just tribute to a number of men of the Ninth New Jersey, which won imperishable renown in this terrible battle. It shows the characteristics of the Jerseymen. Adjutant Shepard says:

"I desire to make a record of one among the many little incidents of the war that goes to show the stuff the boys were made of. At Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, on the morning of the sixteenth of May, in a dense fog, Beauregard struck heavily at Butler's right wing, and Heckman's brigade (in which was the Ninth New Jersey), on the extreme right, was almost lifted up and dashed in pieces, so terrible and unexpected and in such overwhelming masses was the rebel onset. Many were killed and wounded, and many, including the gallant Heckman, captured, comparatively few escaping one fate or the other. The night before the Ninth Maine and One Hundred and Twelfth New York, of Drake's brigade, were detached from Ames's division and sent up to "Baldy" Smith, and went into bivouac just in rear of the main line. These two regiments were instantly started at a double-quick through the fog in the direction of our right wing, and ran plumb into the charging and exultant enemy, checking its further progress to our right and rear. The Ninth and One Hundred and Twelfth at once took up a strong position, partly in a sunken road, and three companies of the Ninth Maine were deployed as skirmishers and sent well to the front, thus causing the Johnnies to keep the shelter of the woods. Further to our right, and perhaps three hundred yards to our front, was a clump of large pines of perhaps an acre in extent, and the writer was instructed to hold it at all hazards and to the last extremity, and 'Brady' Smith of the Ninth Maine (and a pluckier boy never lived), was selected to 'hold the fort,' and he held it. After seeing him in

position I started to return to the main line, but in doing so was forced to make a detour to the left to avoid the sharpshooters, who grew unpleasantly familiar as the fog rolled away. Passing through a field of clover of exceedingly rank growth, I came upon a squad of twenty or more enlisted men of the Ninth New Jersey. To my inquiry what they were doing there, the spokesman for the party said they had escaped capture when the brigade was surrounded, but that not an officer or non-commissioned officer was with them, and they were at a loss what to do, and asked orders. I suggested that more of the regiment had probably escaped capture and advised that this party move to the rear and left until the turnpike was reached, and then form a nucleus upon which such of the regiment as had escaped death or capture might rally. They were evidently disinclined to go to the rear, and one of them seeing the nine on my fatigue cap, asked my regiment and where it was posted. My reply was, 'Ninth Maine.' They held a hurried and whispered conversation, and I was becoming impatient at their not moving more promptly. The spokesman again saluted and said the boys believed the regiment was pretty nearly wiped out, and they did not think that many more, if any, of the boys had got away, and as they had no where else to go why couldn't they form on with the Ninth Maine, and take their share of the fighting there, for it would still be with a Ninth anyway. They got permission right away, and while conducting them to the line they asked if they might report to the officer in charge of the skirmish line.

"Knowing the line was weak I said, 'Go ahead,' and forward on a double-quick across an open field, under a heavy and increasing fire, to the skirmish line they went, mixed right in with the men of the Ninth Maine, and began popping away at the rebels as though they were duck hunting. They fought there all the rest of the day, and such as were alive came back when the retreat was ordered just at night, joining meanwhile in a charge by the skirmish line into the woods, where the loss was heavy. I do not remember if I ever knew the name of one of these gallant fellows, but if any of them are alive and this should fall under their eye they will remember the circumstances thus imperfectly told. The Ninth New Jersey had a deservedly high reputation, and it is not to be wondered at when it was composed of such men as I have written of. Poor soldiers under like circumstances would have been utterly demoralized; overcautious ones would have considered it their duty to rally at the rear, and the further to the rear the better. Not so with these brave fellows, and I honored them then and at this late day pay this slight tribute, that good soldiers everywhere may hold in esteem these patriotic but unknown New Jersey fighters."

Surgeon F. B. Gillette, who sent us the above sketch, says:

"DEAR DRAKE—You, who with your company were captured in this terrible conflict, will remember the clumps of pines and the clover field, also the sunken road; and I also at the time heard of the Ninth Maine being in our rear, but never thought much of it at the time,

CAPT. JOSEPH J. HENRY,

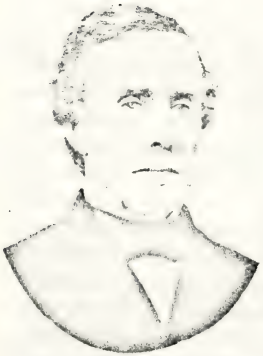
Company H.

CAPT. JOSEPH B. LAWRENCE,

Company H.

CAPT. EDWIN S. HARRIS,

Company C.



JOHN J. CARRELL,

Chaplain.

CAPT. EDWARD S. CARRELL,

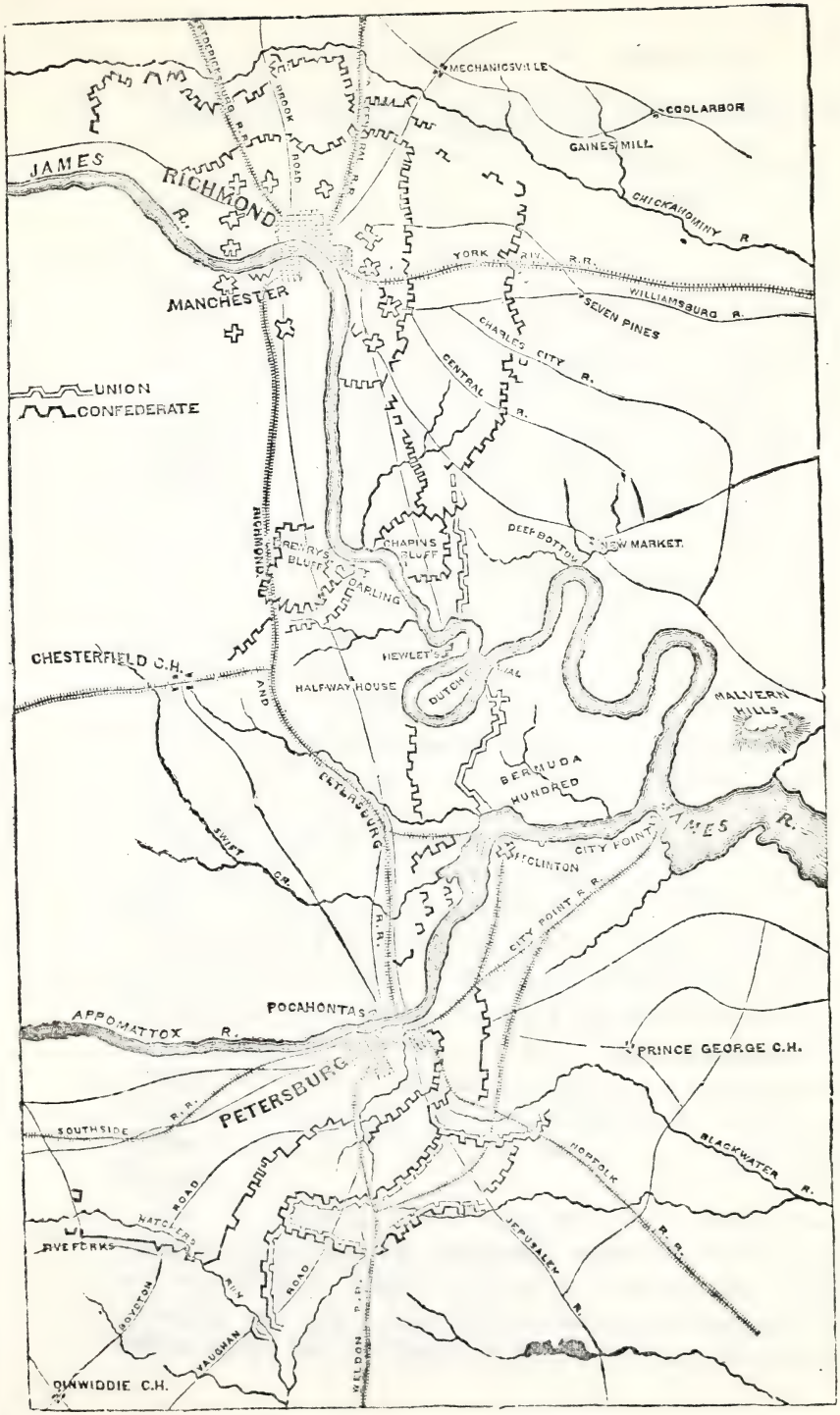
Company G.

considering it army talk; but often army talk, or the casual remark around a camp fire, from some quiet, modest private was history, and good history too. I have heard several men speak of this incident, but they were so modest about it I thought but little of it till this sketch met my eye, and then it all came back to me. We could have held the ground there, but 'Baldy' Smith got scared, and ordered the retreat. Had he brought Ames up, we could have gone to Richmond."

Surgeon Gillette of the Ninth New Jersey, in 1886, wrote General Butler in reference to the movement and operations of the latter's army in the spring of 1864, and received the following reply, which confirms the opinion the men of the Ninth had of "Baldy" Smith at the time they were uselessly fighting and suffering in front of Petersburg:

LAW OFFICE OF BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
NO. 6 ASHBURTON PLACE,
BOSTON, Massachusetts, March 3, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR—I have to apologize to you for not answering your note earlier. I have been detained from my office unavoidably for a number of weeks, and I am now only answering it in my sick room where I am quietly awaiting nature's slow repair of an injury caused by a fall which dislocated my arm at the shoulder. With most of your letter I agree. There is one thing that you don't quite know the reason of, which will appear hereafter, and which Grant knew very well. When we were up around Drewry's Bluff and the defences on the south side of Richmond, we were to meet Grant by an arrangement on the north side of Richmond, he having driven in Lee's army, and then make a junction above Richmond, and scoop Richmond out of the Confederacy. But the trouble was General Grant did not get there on his side of the river as I did on mine. He had many more things to contend with and could not carry out the programme. You may perhaps remember that Sheridan came to me on the morning of the fifteenth of May, when the fight was going on around Drewry's Bluff, and told me that Grant had changed his march from a march by the right flank, which would have brought him to Mechanicsville, to a movement by the left flank, which did bring him to Cold Harbor, and afterwards to City Point. Then I had no further business around Richmond, with Lee's army having a short route to me on one side, and the army coming up from the South under Beauregard and Whiting, outnumbering my own men, filing into Petersburg, and I retired to make Bermuda Hundred the base of General Grant's operations, as was agreed upon. Your estimate of the character of General ———, which blank I fill in "Smith," is entirely correct, and I have many items of proof that you have not. But time at last sets all things even, and I suppose will set that right. I thank you for your letter and the spirit


MECHANICSVILLE
COOLARBOR
GAINES MILL
JAMES
RICHMOND
R.
CHICKAHOMINY R
YORK RIV. R.R.
WILLIAMSBURG R.
SEVEN PINES
MANCHESTER
CHARLES CITY R.
CENTRAL R.
UNION
CONFEDERATE
DEEP BOTTOM
NEW MARKET
CHAPINS BLUFF
DARLING
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
HEWLETS
HALFWAY HOUSE
DUTCH GAP CANAL
MALVERN HILLS
BERMUDA HUNDRED
PETERSBURG
SWIFT CR.
CITY POINT
JAMES R.
CLINTON
CITY POINT R.R.
POCAHONTAS
APPOMATTOX R.
PRINCE GEORGE C.H.
PETERSBURG
SOUTHSIDE R.R.
NORFOLK
BLACKWATER R.
HATCHERS RUN ROAD
JERUSALEM R.R.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
WELDON R.R.

of kind remembrance towards your old commander, whom you know tried to do his duty, which breathes from every line.

I am very truly your friend and servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

DR. F. B. GILLETTE.

May 17.—How thin the line looked to-day, when Captain Hufty formed the Ninth to march it back to the camp at Point of Rocks. Where are the four hundred braves so sadly missed? Many are dead, some are dying, while nearly a hundred others are to linger in captivity for God alone knows how long. With the energy of despair they had struggled against overwhelming numbers, exhibiting a fearlessness of danger worthy of heroes of any age, until stricken down where the blast of war's tempest smote most fiercely. But they did not pour out their blood in vain. They proved their faithfulness to duty, and showed the world that they were thoroughly in earnest in defending the right.

May 18.—General George J. Stannard, a gallant Vermonter, took command of the Star brigade to-day. Owing to heavy artillery and musketry firing along the entire line, the Ninth moved over to the edge of the woods, and commenced the construction of earthworks.

May 19.—Weather very foggy, which tempts the enemy to renew its attack. After a short contest the Confederates cease firing and resume their old position.

May 20.—At two o'clock this morning the Ninth formed line with amazing rapidity, as the enemy made a fierce onslaught on the center of the Union line, but a few volleys repelled them and all again became still. At five o'clock another desperate attempt was made to take our works, but the plucky Confederates reckoned without their host, losing heavily. Among the prisoners taken by the Ninth in the *melee* was Major-General Walker.

May 21.—General Butler, who had keenly felt the loss of General Heckman, was overjoyed when the Ninth's boys escorted General Walker over to his headquarters, and he promptly sent out a flag of truce offering to exchange that officer for the late commander of the Star brigade, but the Con-

federate officials declined to entertain the proposition. They evidently had no desire to restore a fighter like the Jersey general, no matter how much "boot" Butler offered in the exchange. Perhaps no greater compliment was ever shown General Heckman than this. Indeed, the Richmond *Examiner* of the nineteenth instant, made substantially this admission, when it said:

"We congratulate General Beauregard on his victory over 'Beast' Butler, and have a lively satisfaction at the destruction of Heckman's brigade and the capture of its daring commander. His celebrated New Jersey rifle regiment has been completely destroyed—thus ridding, although at a late day, the bleeding Carolinas of a terrible scourge. Heckman feels his imprisonment keenly, but his indomitable spirit does not seem to be at all broken. At any rate, he is prevented, for a time, from making further raids upon our lines of communication with his 'foot cavalry.'"

No language could constitute a better eulogy of Heckman and his gallant command than this from the bitter pen of an antagonist.

During the afternoon there was heavy cannonading, and an assault upon our right center, but the Confederates were again repulsed.

May 22.—General "Baldy" Smith, anxious to learn something about the intentions of the Confederates, called for four volunteers from the Ninth to act as scouts within the enemy's lines, and Privates James Van Buskirk and Robert H. White of Company B, and Privates Marshall Howell and Daniel Johnson of Company H, offered themselves for the dangerous duty.

Comrade Van Buskirk furnished the following account of the wanderings of himself and White:

"White and I left the Union line together in the evening, but heard nothing of the enemy until we reached a gully, or railroad cut, near Port Walthall. Watching our opportunity we advanced by crawling along upon the ground, and succeeded, after considerable delay, in passing the first line of piquets, composed of cavalry, when we turned to the right, keeping about midway between this line and a second one, a few hundred yards in rear, for some three miles, when we were enabled to elude the second line, and so got well in rear of the army, which

was stretched out for a long distance. We passed quite near to Beauregard's headquarters, and, after having learned all that was to be learned in a short time, set out upon our return, by making a circuit farther to the rear, in the direction of Petersburg, whose lights we could plainly see. We gained the right bank of the Appomattox river before daylight, and secreted ourselves in a woods to await the darkness of the following night, when we hoped to cross over and make our report. We congratulated ourselves upon the good fortune which had attended our operations, and were already counting upon having a good time on our return to camp, when a regiment of cavalry from North Carolina entered the woods and dismounted. This blasted our hopes, as we saw no way of evading the horsemen, and we continued to hug the ground very closely. But we were espied directly, and jumping up and starting to run, were fired upon and pursued. We finally surrendered, when an officer said: 'What are you uns doin' heah?' 'We were out foraging, and got separated from our command,' I replied. 'You lie!' hissed the officer; 'boys, let's hang the —— ——.' And in a twinkling two or three cavalrymen took ropes off their saddles and ran forward to where we stood. Quite a crowd had gathered by this time, and 'Bob' and I began to get nervous. Things looked dusty as the 'Johnnies' led us to a big tree which they said would answer their purpose. 'Hold on there!' shouted some one, and the next moment the colonel of the regiment—I think his name was John Kennedy—stood at our side. He questioned us, but I guess he didn't believe what we told him, as he said he would have to hold us, whereupon he placed us under guard. The doctor of the regiment engaged us in conversation, and ordered a good supper for us, for which act of hospitality we thanked him. He inquired about some friends whom 'Bob' was acquainted with in New Jersey, and said he regretted it was not within his power to aid us. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, while we were all eating breakfast, a three hundred pound shell from a gun-boat exploded over our heads, and so demoralized the cavalrymen that they dispensed with what they had not eaten—having no desire to continue the meal. They saddled very quickly, and fell back a mile, when we left

them and continued on under the escort of two mounted men, who delivered us prisoners at Beauregard's headquarters, where we were thoroughly searched, and, I might add, robbed, as they relieved us of watches, overcoats, caps, boots and haversacks. Then Beauregard himself questioned us sharply. He was surrounded by his staff, and upon a table before him were a dozen maps. He talked very nice to us at first, but when he found that we were too much for him, he gave vent to his anger by using a good many cuss words, which, being an officer, he presumed, doubtless, he had every right to use towards privates. He talked French and English at the same time, and this made 'Bob' laugh, whereupon Beauregard hissed: 'You said you were out foraging—vell, I vill forage you to Petaresburg!' And he did. But he forgot to restore us our boots and the other things he had allowed his guard to steal from us. We had to walk in our stockings. After being confined in Petersburg seven days we were sent to Andersonville, whose horrors we endured for many months."

Howell and Johnson travelled due north for a short distance, when suddenly running across a Confederate piquet, they were fired upon, and thus became separated. Johnson secreted himself for a time, and, watching a favorable opportunity, made his way back to camp, which he reached late in the evening. Howell, however, determined to gain the reward and the information sought, took things philosophically, and after hiding in a thicket until all became quiet, succeeded in getting in rear of the enemy's piquets, and made his way to a deep ravine, which afforded him excellent cover, as well as an admirable place for observing the movements of the enemy, whom he saw reconstructing the railroad track, recently destroyed by our forces. Regretting that he had not been provided with a gray uniform, in which he could have traveled about at sweet will and leisure, but being in full regulation army blue, and not able to gain additional information without remaining away a longer time than had been allowed him, he set out upon his return to camp, which he reached at sunset, and two hours later described to General Smith all that he had been able to see. Next morning Howell reported to General

Butler, as he had been ordered to do, when that officer presented him with five hundred dollars, as a reward for the valuable information imparted by him, which made him the most envied man in the regiment.

May 23.—General Stannard, commanding brigade, issued the following order to-day : "Owing to the frequent presentation of forged orders for the purchase of whisky from the brigade commissary, in future no whisky will be sold or delivered to the enlisted men or servants of officers of this command." Comment is unnecessary.

May 24.—Considerable firing to-day, but the Ninth regiment was not called upon to march.

May 25.—Distinctly heard the whistles of locomotives on railroad between Richmond and Petersburg—the first that had been able to run since the ninth instant, when the track was torn up by our troops.

May 26.—Bugles sounded "assembly" at ten o'clock this morning, and as heavy firing continued on piquet line, the Ninth marched out in the broiling sun to support it. At two o'clock the command returned to the camp—the men being glad to once more crawl under the welcoming shade of their shelter tents. In the evening the Ninth, with eighty rounds of ammunition per man, proceeded to the outer line and performed piquet duty until following morning, the constant firing of the enemy preventing the men from obtaining needed sleep or rest.

May 27.—Broke camp at noon, and after proceeding four or five miles, halted and pitched tents.

May 28.—"Pulled up pegs" late in the afternoon, and folding our shelter tents, crossed the Appomattox river on pontoons by moonlight at Point of Rocks, and after a tiresome tramp of six miles, bivouacked in a wheat-field contiguous to City Point.

May 29.—Hastily swallowed breakfast and marched to the wharf at City Point, where nine companies (all excepting Company I) embarked on board steamer "Thames." Company I took passage on steamer "Vidette." The "Thames" steamed away down the James river at half-past five o'clock, but got

firmly aground opposite Jamestown three hours later. Other steamers also got aground at the same place.

May 30.—The "Thames" remained "fast" all day, and as there was no likelihood of getting away before night, a number of officers and men were allowed to visit the historic town but a short distance away. The quaint-looking meeting house was an object of special curiosity, and some of the stones in the old grave-yard bore inscriptions as far back as 1684.

May 31.—The large ferry-boat "Minnissimmit" came to our rescue early this morning, and took on board not only the nine companies of the Ninth regiment, but the Twenty-third Massachusetts and Eighty-ninth New York, who were similarly situated. The old vessel was so much crowded that some feared she would sink or capsize, and it is to be presumed that a fearful accident would have occurred had the men on board been capable of being unduly excited. As the men of the Ninth had devoured the rations with which they had been provided before starting, and as there were no more to be obtained on the "Winnissimmit," much suffering necessarily ensued. "I had just as leave remained where I was and drowned," said Private Knapp of Company K, who was always hungry, "as to be here and starve."

The "Winnissimmit" however, succeeded in reaching Fortress Monroe at sundown, signaling the event by running aground near the steamboat wharf. After a vexatious delay, which sorely tried the patience of the steamboat men and the soldiers, the commodious steamboat "Massachusetts" was signaled, and in attempting to ascertain what we wanted, it, too, grounded, and was, with great difficulty, freed from its useless, if not dangerous position. The steamer "Washington" then ran up, and the six hundred men of the Eighty-ninth New York being transferred to her capacious decks, the Ninth New Jersey passed on board the "Massachusetts" after midnight.

June 1.—The men of the Ninth, half-famished, made a hearty meal on bread and bacon, and having good water, enjoyed the coffee issued. At daylight the "Massachusetts," with the barge "C. Grant" in tow, steamed out upon the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, thence into the York river, and subse-

LIEUT. SAMUEL KEYS,

Quartermaster.

CAPT THOMAS BURNETT,

Company B

COLONEL ABRAM ZABRISKIE.

CAPT A. BENSON BROWN,

Company C

CAPT CHARLES HUFTY,

Company I.

quently into the devious Pamunkey, until Whitehouse Landing was reached, at eight o'clock in the evening. The myriad of vessels lying here, when lighted up at night, presented a spectacle that can never be effaced from the recollection of those who were permitted to behold it.

June 2.—Assistant Surgeon Gillette, who had accompanied Company I on the "Vidette," which had preceded our arrival, awaited us on the wharf, as we embarked in the forenoon, with instructions from General Stannard to follow to the front immediately upon arrival. The Ninth started off with a wagon-train, and encamped near Passee's Mills for the night.

June 3.—Resumed the march at daylight, and reached Cold Harbor at noon, being placed at once in the front line, which was a perfect hornet's nest. The Confederates, on discovering fresh men in their immediate front, opened a terrible fire—their sharpshooters being especially difficult to evade. The Ninth had been in tight places before, but never had it been subjected to so ruthless a fire. With one accord, and without instruction or working tools, the men set to work with their knives and forks and bayonets, and tin cups and bare hands, and in a remarkably short space of time, succeeded in obtaining a sort of cover, from which they could with some degree of safety reply to the vigilant enemy.

Late in the afternoon a number of engineers came up and commenced the labor of constructing earthworks in rear of the position occupied by the Ninth. This act gave mortal offence to the Confederates, who made a desperate charge, but as this movement had been expected, they were received with grape, canister and shell, and after an hour's fighting gave way, and fell back, to renew the attack half an hour later, but with no greater success. The slaughter had been terrible—and as both sides were weary of the sickening, murderous contest, there was a cessation of firing during the night—in the long hours of which the dead and wounded were recovered and carried within the works—at least as far as either party were able to do so—Company E, Captain Hopper, being deployed in front of the Union line.

June 4.—Heavy fighting along the whole line—the contest

ending at dark, with the Union works advanced about fifty yards to the front. The Ninth was sent out, under cover of darkness, to perform piquet duty.

June 5.—The Ninth was relieved from piquet, and to diversify the entertainment went again into the advanced line of breastworks, where the fire was very severe, but without other result than the killing of a number of men.

June 6.—The sharpshooters on each side did excellent shooting this morning, having voluntarily resumed their murderous work. As a fearful stench arose from the countless and corrupt bodies of the slain lying between the outer works of the contending armies, and as many men, unable to move, were suffering every torment from wounds, hunger and thirst, General Burnside sent a flag-of-truce into the enemy's line, requesting a cessation of firing for three hours, in order to recover the wounded, and bury the dead. The Confederates could scarcely spare time enough to listen to the request, which they no sooner learned, than they indignantly refused to accede to. It was sickening to look over the works and see the black and awfully swollen bodies, and heartrending to be compelled to listen to the piteous cries of the wounded, who were utterly unable to do anything in relieving their own necessities. No one who ever looked upon the sad spectacle presented at Cold Harbor can efface the terrible recollection from memory.

Those of our wounded who had been unable to crawl back into our lines were for the most part past caring for—death having mercifully relieved them of all suffering. No pen or brush can ever adequately portray the awful scenes the men of both armies were compelled to witness at Cold Harbor. The ground swarmed with great black beetles, which held high carnival on the blackened and decomposed bodies of the brave fellows — divesting the corpses of the hideous-looking flesh. No pen of mine can describe—neither can those who were absent from that gory place comprehend—its horrors. A number of the wounded, however, struck down between the works, unable to return, managed to survive, although they remained where they fell until the truce was recognized by both armies.

Can a non-participant in that heated contest, in those fiery, impetuous, murderous charges, imagine the torments endured by the unfortunate and helpless men, who suffered through those long scorching days and dreary, never-ending nights? See them, as they lie stretched on that sickening field, writhing in agony from ghastly wounds, without water to quench their agonizing thirst, or food to satisfy their hunger. Hear their piteous cries, their groans, their prayers for mercy—for death—as the field about them is torn up by hissing shot, while grape, canister and the ever deadly bullet constantly fly over and about them, adding to their fears and bodily distresses.

June 7.—This morning the hearts of the Unionists, and I doubt not, those of the Confederates also, rejoiced at a cessation of the conflict which had been unceasing, when orders were given to bury the dead and bring in the wounded. What a task! Trenches were quickly dug, and into their depths the decomposed and unrecognizable bodies of men, who a short time before had been so full of life and daring, were hurriedly lowered—the brief time allotted for the humane purpose not permitting ceremony of any nature. It was nauseating to those who handled the disfigured corpses, while those to whom the duty of removing the wounded had been delegated performed their task with tender hands and bleeding hearts. In many instances maggots swarmed upon the wounds of those who had been maimed, presenting a revolting sight—one that no man, made however callous-hearted by war, would ever again wish to look upon.

We take the liberty of copying the following pen-picture from the history of the Twenty-third Massachusetts regiment, written by its historian—Dr. James A. Emmerton, assistant surgeon:

"Would that the ready pencil of some adventurous artist, or better still, the facile dry plates of modern photography had been at hand to help me describe the trenches of the Star brigade at Cold Harbor. Word-painting is hopeless. The ravine, which the ready eye of our commander caught as the only means of reaching the fortified plateau beyond, is the chief natural feature. It forms a sort of covered way con-

necting the left flanks of the works, which, crooked about to avoid the trees, occupied, with some approach to the regularity of a formation in column with regimental front, the nearer part of its right slope. In the open, to the right of the command, in a bigger pit, where one may stand upright under the canvas cover made necessary by the absence of trees, is General Stannard's headquarters. Bear in mind that these works were commanded by men crouching to escape the direct fire of the enemy at close range ; that the bayonet for pick, and the tin plate for shovel, were the chief, and in many cases, the only tools ; that, even after three nights, with their comparative ease and safety for work, had intervened, wounds and death could only be escaped by constant vigilance and care.

"Uninterrupted musketry at first filled the air with missiles, burying themselves in the banks, or strewing the trenches with bits cut from the overhanging trees. Afterwards, vigilant rebel sharpshooters made a sure target of carelessly exposed head or hand. The rations were all cooked at some distance to the rear. One of the squad, bringing up food for the Ninth New Jersey, had safely reached their second line. Hearing a row on the front line, and forgetting the prudence which had become natural to those living under fire, he peered over the wall to see the row, and fell back with a ball through his head.

"For five long June days, the rebels had refused us any opportunities to bury our dead. To-day, the shifting wind had had brought to their noses the scent of corruption which they had compelled us to endure. * * * The little space between our works and the old, well-finished works of the enemy, was strewn with the dead. But—whose dead? There were no colored troops charging us. Their faces are as black as ebony. Five long summer suns have changed our comrades to bloated Ethiops. The all-devouring worms are pouring forth in disgusting eruption, from mouth and nostril and ear. There was little chance for recognition."

The bugles sounded the "recall," and within fifteen minutes afterwards, men who had been handling the shovel and pick and stretcher, had laid aside their peaceful implements, and again stood ready to murder in the name of the constituted

authorities. Again was the air filled with missiles of death and destruction. Again did the men, who, a few minutes before had peaceably joined in a Christian undertaking, taunt one another, and loading their rifles, speed the deadly bullet to its destined human mark. As the Confederate missiles dropped in and around the hospital of the Eighteenth army corps, it was found necessary to remove the same, and as the field-hospital of the Ninth was in more danger from the enemy's fire some distance in the rear, it was brought up and established immediately in rear of the regiment. In the evening, a band at Eighteenth corps headquarters, doubtless with a view of causing the men to forget the awful scenes witnessed by them during the day, performed a national air which lulled the warriors to a relaxation of their fearful purposes. When "My Maryland" was rendered the "Johnnies" cheered, but when "Dixie" was given, they groaned and hooted, even venting their disapproval by firing their rifles in the direction of the musicians, who, despite the surroundings, had a bit of levity in their composition.

June 8 and 9.—The Ninth occupied the same position, continuing its fire as opportunity offered, or as the nature of the occasion made it necessary. There was no such thing as sleep or rest—the constant sping of the bullet and explosion of the dreaded shell absolutely preventing any one on the front line from indulging in or enjoying sleep—tired nature's sweet restorer.

June 10.—Still in the trenches. Some excitement was occasioned in the rear to-day by the arrival of a sutler, whose stock in trade consisted almost exclusively of chewing tobacco. This fellow showed commendable enterprise in venturing so near the front, and had he been content with receiving a liberal sum in exchange for his goods, all would have gone well with him, and instead of coming to grief, he might have returned to Whitehouse with a handsome competence. But no, this sordid creature wanted the earth, and instead of asking twenty-five cents for a piece of tobacco (the usual price), he had the brazen impudence to demand five dollars. This vampire was seized and escorted towards the front, in order that he might learn

something of war's commotion, and on being left to himself, attempted to get back to the rear, but a Confederate sharpshooter sent his compliments in the shape of a Minie bullet, and he sank to rise no more. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that his goods were distributed among those whom he had attempted to rob under the plea of a sale.

June 11.—Tremendous firing by the artillery all day—mortars joining in the pandemonium. As the rifle-pits, under the increased fire, scarcely answered the purpose for which they were intended, the men exerted themselves in digging deeper into the ground, and in making the embankment in front more formidable and secure.

June 12.—The joyful intelligence reached the Ninth in the afternoon that it must hold itself in readiness to march. As no particular preparation was necessary in order to comply with this order, the Ninth gave itself no uneasiness, except to anxiously await the supreme moment when it should be ordered to make the change it had long desired. The men did not believe it possible for them to get into a worse place, as nothing except hard work in digging and fighting had greeted them, while danger and death lurked at every step, and faced them every moment.

True enough, the Ninth moved quietly out of the deadly rifle-pits shortly after eight o'clock in the evening, and gladly marched along rough and dark roads some three miles, when it halted to await the passage of a column of troops converging at a junction of roads. The march was resumed at midnight, and Whitehouse Landing reached at eight o'clock the next morning.

General Stannard, in his report of the operations of the brigade, states that in the thirteen days' campaign he sustained a loss of thirty-one commissioned officers and four hundred and sixty-two enlisted men—which shows the nature of the work which the Ninth and the other regiments had been called upon to perform in assisting the Army of the Potomac in its great and successful effort to reach the south bank of the James river.

June 13.—What a relief to again be out of danger—out of sight of the enemy and away from the shock of battle, in which

the Ninth had lived for twelve days, even though one be compelled to lie upon the ground by the dusty roadside suffering from the pangs of hunger. The "rest," as it was called, was enjoyed by both officers and men, all of whom were too fatigued to indulge in a much-needed bath, which the river near by, apparently smilingly invited. At three o'clock in the afternoon all the companies in the Ninth, excepting "I," which took passage on the "Claymont," embarked on the steamer "Albany," and before the sun, which had turned the veterans of the Ninth into a black and tan sort of color, sank behind the hill at the stern of the vessels, the latter were pressing down the Pamunkey. The "Albany," after the Stygian darkness had set in, anchored off West Point, Virginia, for the night.

June 14.—After a most delightful sail, greatly refreshing the wearied men, they reached Bermuda Hundred at nine o'clock in the evening, and marched to General Butler's headquarters, four miles distant, where they went into bivouac for the remainder of the night. It was with feelings of genuine joy that the Ninth rejoiced over its return to a familiar locality, and tired as the men were, they tossed themselves upon the baked earth, and slept serenely until morning.

June 15.—Daylight found every man engaged in boiling his coffee, which had hardly been swallowed, when an order arrived directing the Ninth to march to Point of Rocks, and report for duty to Brigadier-General Turner, commanding a division. The command had proceeded but a short distance, however, ere a courier came up with a countermanding order, and the Ninth made its way to the ground occupied by it on the twenty-eighth of May, where the men commenced making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Believing that no occasion would arise for their services, at least during the night, the men gathered boughs from young trees and long grass for bedding, and were in the act of cultivating sleep, when the clattering of a horse's hoofs were heard, and in another moment a staff officer dashed up and delivered an order to Captain Hufty, commanding regiment. It was about half-past nine o'clock, when, everything being in readiness, the Ninth and a portion of the Twenty-third Massachusetts (all

that were present of the Star brigade,) moved out in the direction of Warebottom church, and were temporarily formed into a provisional brigade, commanded by Colonel Barton of the Forty-eighth New York.

June 16.—At nine o'clock this morning the Ninth, with other troops, marched out of the Union breastworks into those just deserted by the enemy, continuing on until the turnpike road between Richmond and Petersburg was reached, where the Confederates were found in strong force. The Ninth destroyed two telegraph wires running from a large house, which had been occupied by General Beauregard and staff, and later in the day burned the building, together with those which surrounded it. The Ninth engaged the enemy, continuing the fight until nearly sun-down, a large part of the accompanying force meanwhile uniting in again tearing up the railroad. This being accomplished, the division set out upon its return, the Confederates just reinforced, following close upon the rear and firing whenever within range. It had been a hard day's work, and although the men were thoroughly exhausted, they were detailed to do piquet duty for the night, which, owing to the proximity of a large force of the enemy, required the greatest vigilance. The Confederates kept up a fire at intervals, but the Jerseymen, familiar with their tactics, seldom replied. But along toward midnight, the enemy, emboldened by our silence, advanced a strong line and drove in Company H, which occupied an unprotected position. The Ninth, on its feet in a moment, stood like a rock, as it had a hundred times before, and by its well-directed fire, aided by a battery, sent the Confederates reeling back to their lines, and all again became still. The general commanding being anxious to gain information as to the composition and strength of the enemy, Private Marshall Howell of Company H, whose skillful services had been frequently sought for dangerous and difficult duty, was requested to enter the Confederate lines for the purpose. He promptly complied, and reaching the vicinity of a well, from which the "Johnnies" continually drew water, he overheard conversations between unsuspecting Confederates that he knew would suffice the object of the Union commander. Howell did not

receive a pecuniary reward for this act, neither did he expect one, but the general promised to be "best man" at his wedding.

June 17.—In the trenches, blazing away.

June 18.—Intelligence reaches the Ninth that Company I, which embarked on "Claymont" at Whitehouse Landing on the thirteenth, and for whose safety much apprehension had been felt, was acting as provost-guard for General Stannard's brigade. Very heavy artillery firing near Petersburg heard this afternoon. Officers and men suffering greatly for want of food. Lieutenant Coyte saw one of the men dig a piece of fat meat out of the ground and eat it, which, he thinks, decidedly "rough" for men who are doing all they can to preserve the government.

June 19.—According to our calendar—Sunday. It may be a holy day in some portions of the land, but in this latitude there is no semblance of holiness, sanctity or rest. Along toward noon, a "Johnny" in front of the Ninth, sung out: "Say, Yanks, let's take a rest till night—it's Sunday."

"All right, 'Johnny,'" responded a pious Jerseyman, "we shall all feel the better for it."

The word was quietly passed along, and in a few minutes absolute quiet prevailed on that part of the line. Both parties strictly observed the unwritten agreement, and a feeling of personal security was enjoyed that had long been a stranger to the men of the Star brigade. If the men on both sides, who did the fighting, had been permitted, the war would have ended much sooner, and a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty agreed upon.

June 20.—Rumored this morning that the Ninth, which has much celebrity as a sharp-shooting regiment, is to be sent off to a more dangerous part of the line—just as if it had not already enough of this sort of work to do. True enough. With the arrival of the midnight hour, came an order to march, and away the Jerseymen started, their cartridge-boxes and haversacks carrying a plentiful supply of ammunition. Crossing the Appomattox river on pontoons, the Ninth was headed up the Broadway pike, which was followed for a distance of five miles, when a divergement was made.

June 21.—Just before noon-time, after having crossed the Petersburg and City Point railroad, the Ninth halted within plain sight of the city, in front of which there was heavy cannonading. The bombardment continued without interruption during the afternoon. When darkness had set in, veiling the movement of troops, the Ninth marched into the advanced rifle-pits, and did its full share of the work in hand.

June 22.—The works of the opposing armies were so contiguous that it was worth a man's life to expose for an instant, any portion of the person above the works, and not unfrequently hand-grenades were thrown from one work into the other, rendering life very insecure—necessitating the utmost care and vigilance on the part of all the contestants. It was along toward eleven o'clock at night, when the enemy, under cover of a tremendous artillery fire, charged the works occupied by the Ninth, but the scorching, effective volleys of the Jerseymen caused the column to stagger, and ultimately to withdraw, leaving many killed and wounded in the narrow space between the lines.

June 23.—The Star brigade was reunited to-day. It consisted of the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, Eighty-ninth New York, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania and Fifth Maryland regiments, and occupied a long line of pits. The firing to-day was incessant, many gallant fellows being summoned, crossed the river to settle their final account. After dark the Star brigade was relieved by another command, but it was found to be too small in numbers to cover the entire line, whereupon the men of the Ninth, who were getting used to the position, and its manifold dangers, *volunteered to remain.* The commanding general, admiring the proposition, thanked the Ninth for its devotion to duty, and ordered up an abundant supply of ammunition for its use. Ball cartridges had never been served to the Ninth in a begrudging manner.

June 24.—A sudden resumption of heavy artillery firing on the part of the enemy warned the Ninth, which seldom misunderstood such signs, that an attack was intended, and it prepared for the encounter. The Confederates, believing it within their

power to dislodge the Union line holding the rifle-pits, gave vent to their peculiar yell, and boldly advanced, but were assailed by a terribly destructive fire from the riflemen and the batteries in the rear. At one moment it seemed as if nothing could withstand the onslaught which the enemy made with heroic persistency, but the resistance of the Unionists at length disheartened the Confederates, after a two hours' struggle, and they slowly retired, losing a number of prisoners and many dead. Firing was continued without intermission throughout the day, and far into the night. Our lines at this point were in such close proximity to Petersburg that the men of the Ninth could see the church-spires, and hear the public clocks strike the hours. The habitations of the men were caves—excavations in the earth—for protection against the fire of the enemy, which was more or less constant. From these deep trenches extended, and only along the subterranean passages, could the men travel with any sort of safety from whistling bullets and fragmentary shell. The Ninth inhabited these caves—off and on—for several weeks, the recollections of which can never fade from the memory of those who participated in the campaign.

June 25.—A desperate charge upon our breastworks early this morning by the Confederates resulted in their discomfiture. As the Ninth New Jersey had suffered many discomforts for five days, and the rifles needed cleaning, the command was relieved this forenoon, and while proceeding to the rear a fierce attack was made on the right-center, where the works were manned by the negro division in the Ninth corps, who had been brought up to hold the position while their white brethren constructed a new line of earthworks. The unlooked-for sortie demoralized the darkies, who, in firing, killed as many friends as enemies. The Ninth, on hearing the old-time yell, halted in the third line of works, and facing about, stood ready to answer any call that might be made upon it. In this position the regiment was really in more danger than if closer to the front, as the enemy's shells, misdirected in the excitement which prevailed, exploded in their midst. After waiting an hour or so, and receiving no order to march to the scene of turmoil, the Ninth continued its way to the rear, where it rejoined the brigade, receiving a

hearty greeting as it passed along to the spot designated as its resting-place.

It was on this day that Private Hiram Gray of Company E, met his fate. Extemporizing a dish of *scouse*, having had much difficulty in obtaining the necessary condiments, he sat down to enjoy it. Finishing his repast he rose to his feet, and walking towards Captain Hopper, patronizingly patting his stomach, said to that officer: "If I die now I will die with a full belly." The words were scarcely uttered when he fell dead at the captain's feet—a bullet from an argus-eyed and unerring sharpshooter having passed through his heart. Gray was a brave man and generally cautious, but on this occasion his self-satisfaction led him into an indiscretion which cost him his life.

June 26.—The Ninth, from its camping-ground on Frane's plantation, had a fine view of Petersburg—two miles distant. The men hugely enjoyed the rest, which a relief from duty afforded them, some, doubtless, being selfish enough to wish that their inaction might continue for an indefinite period.

June 27.—Quite a number of men belonging to other regiments in the brigade (bounty-jumpers chiefly) distinguished themselves by shooting off the trigger-finger to-day, hoping thereby to procure a discharge from the service. Late in the afternoon the Ninth, feeling much refreshed by the relaxation which it had enjoyed, marched to the battle-line and occupied the first line of earth-works—the position, of course, being one of great peril. The brigade commander ordered a detail of fourteen sharpshooters from the Ninth for "hazardous duty."

June 28.—During to-day a number of shells, thrown by mortars, exploded within the ranks of the Ninth, and so accurate was the range obtained by the Confederates, that it was found necessary to remove the hospital some distance to the rear. During the night our lines were advanced over fifty yards.

June 29.—When the "Johnnies" at daybreak this morning saw what we had been at during the night they opened a furious fire of all arms, making our new position exceedingly undesirable and dangerous. Their fire was heavier and more

spiteful than any we had thus far experienced. At an early hour a fragment of shell struck Lieutenant Pullen, commanding Company H, while a short distance away, an exploding shell severely wounded five men belonging to the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment. The Ninth, in the afternoon, took position within the second line of works, and being relieved after dark went out and occupied the rifle-pits, where it was kept exceedingly busy till daylight.

Upon an elevation in our rear had been mounted a monster gun, to which the army had given by common accord, the cognomen of "Petersburg Express." The terrible flight of its ponderous missiles, with their peculiar hissing, burning sound, as they rushed through the air on errands of destruction and dismay, caused the blood of all, both friend and foe, to course more quickly; but the "Johnnies," of course, hunted their holes more closely.

June 30.—The regiment, being relieved, proceeded to the rear and enjoyed another rest in the ravine. Intelligence reached the Ninth to-day that commissions had been issued to Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, as colonel, and Mjaor Curlis and Captain Hufty, as lieutenant-colonel and major respectively. In the afternoon the Star brigade marched towards the Union left to support an attack made on the enemy's works at that point by the Eighty-ninth and Ninty-eighth New York, Fifth Maryland and One Hundred and Twelfth Pennsylvania regiments. The fight was a hot one, lasting two hours. Just before sunset the Ninth was inspected and mustered.

July 1.—At daylight the Ninth occupied the first line of breastworks. The bombardment of Petersburg, which had been going on throughout the night, doing immense destruction to buildings, continued to-day, and ended in a hotly-contested engagement between the Star brigade and the Confederates in line opposite to it. Private Robert J. Sloan of Company G, who was instantly killed, had been severely wounded on two previous occasions. In the evening the Ninth, thoroughly fatigued, moved to the rear, and laid down to obtain necessary rest within the works of the third line.

July 2.—No unusual event occurred to-day, except that a

number of the Ninth embraced the opportunity afforded, and indulged in a wash in a brook near by. So great was the metamorphosis that they were recognized with difficulty on returning to camp.

July 3.—Sunday. Religious service in a house near "Baldy" Smith's headquarters on Frane's plantation. During the afternoon some of our heavy guns sent monster shells howling over into the beleagured city. Considerable sport was created by the "drumming" out of camp of three men of the Eleventh Connecticut, who had straggled on a recent march. They had joined the army for the liberal bounty offered by wealthy patriots at home, who, to escape a draft, were allowed to purchase *substitutes.* After dusk the Confederates opened their batteries, and for a couple of hours things were very interesting, although a trifle dangerous for promenading purposes.

July 4.—Independence Day, so-called, but no independence for those in the tented field. Rumors had prevailed for several days that a charge along the whole line would be made on this day, but as the hours passed by, and no unusual preparations could anywhere be seen, the men in the Union army, at least, became satisfied that the day would be a quiet one, and it was, to the joy, no doubt, of both armies.

July 5.—After dark, the Ninth moved into the second line of works, relieving the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment. The position assigned to us was a bad place for shells.

July 6.—The Confederates were remarkably active to-day, but contented themselves with shelling our lines without intermission.

July 7.—Owing to the large number of men in the Ninth who had been killed and maimed, or were down with the fever, the command was relieved, and ordered back to the old camp, or resting-place in the ravine; out of an aggregate of ninety odd men in each company none of the commands at this time reported over half that number "present for duty."

An incident occurred this afternoon that illustrates some of the dangers attending the life of a soldier, participating in a great siege. W. J. Doran, George Townley and Jeremiah C.

Decker, of Company K, were partaking of their evening repast on a spot they deemed secure for the purpose, when the Confederates resumed fire from some of their heavy guns. The three young men, as brave as any in the command, did not at first allow themselves to be disturbed, and continued eating, but as the shells came creeping nearer and nearer, they concluded to move into the trench and finish their repast. This they had just accomplished, when a large shell exploded in front of the works, a fragment thereof striking the ground and tearing a large hole upon the very spot they had but a moment before occupied.

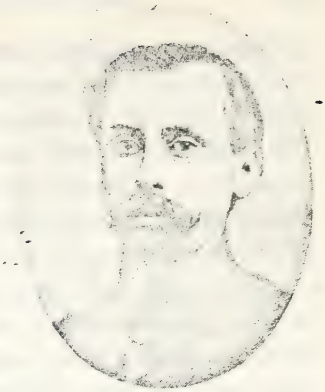
July 8.—The Confederates attempted to capture the works in the night, but were repulsed with great loss. During the afternoon, a Christian-spirited "Johnny" raised a portion of his shirt over the works in front of the Second corps, and finding it respected, sprang upon the embankment, and said: "We uns won't fire, if you uns won't!" and then he bobbed down into his "gopher" hole. The word was quickly passed along the line to the three corps—Second, Fifth and Eighteenth—and peace reigned for the time being. Whether the high officers were parties to this arrangement or not, the men did not know nor care. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. There was no doubt about the honesty of purpose on the part of the Confederates, as the moment the firing stopped, they stacked their rifles, removed their equipments and laid down to obtain sleep—of which all stood so much in need. There was now absolute, even painful quiet, and some imagined that the millenium had arrived, that the time had come when the lion and lamb could lie down together. A single shot, and how changed the scene. All was animation and intense excitement. In a moment twenty thousand rifles were leveled—the two armies, a moment ago so peaceful and happy—now glaring upon each other. But hold! What is that? A white flag, borne along upon the enemy's earthworks. "Was any one hurt by that shot?" inquired the gallant Confederate. "No!" shouted a dozen voices from the Union side; "the bullet struck this rail." "Throw that rail this way," shouted the officer, "and I'll make the —— fool who fired the shot

carry it till dark. You Yankees kept the bargain that was made, and we shall do the same thing." Saying which he approached the Union works, picked up the rail, and returning with it to his own line, compelled the unfortunate fellow to shoulder it and march along on the breastwork till dark, he being the cynosure of all eyes.

It was during the night that Private Thomas McCormick of Company K, distinguished himself by capturing a Confederate major. "Tom," as he was called by all the boys, never shirked any kind of duty; in fact, anxious to see all that was going on at the front, he oftentimes volunteered for the most dangerous work. And when we had guard-mounts, before squatting in front of Petersburg, Tom invariably received a mark of merit from the adjutant for presenting the tidiest appearance of any man in the detail. This entitled him to a pass for twenty-four hours after performing his tour of duty. Now, McCormick wasn't by any means the handsomest man in the regiment, (General Butler was a beauty in comparison), but he always managed to have his clothing, accoutrements and rifle as clean and as bright as they could be made. The night was a lovely one, and Tom, with two companions, was ordered to go out of the works to a point about midway between the two lines. Reaching the coveted spot, which they did by crawling upon the ground, the three men halted, examined the surroundings as well as they were able by the pale moon's light, and secreted themselves behind a huge stump, whose conformation was admirably adapted for the purpose. This stump afforded them comparative security, for here McCormick and his comrades could readily listen to the "Johnnies," and make a timely discovery of any movement on their part. Tom often smiled at the ludicrous remarks made by the unsuspecting Confederates, and at times had all he could do to keep from laughing outright at their witty sallies. Shortly after midnight all sounds ceased, and the stillness soon became painful. This caused McCormick to increase his vigilance, which was at length rewarded by the discovery of certain signs which pointed to some movement on the part of the enemy. Lying close to the ground, Tom intently watched the enemy's massive works in his immediate front, and

CAPT. J. P. RITTER,

Company G.



SERGT. SYMMES H. STILLWELL,

Company A.

LIEUT. RICHARD E. COGAN,

Company B.

PRIVATE GEORGE SMITH,

Company B.

PRIVATE FRANCIS CAHILL,

Company B

but a few yards away. With his usual foresight, sharpened by years of war and active service, he enjoined his companions not to move, nor fire a rifle without his command. The sky, thickly studded with bright and beaming stars, (the moon having set), rendered objects more or less distinct, according to distance. Hark! Discovering three figures emerging from an embrasure, McCormick's heart pulsates quickly as he sees them stealthily approach his covert. Keeping his two blue criss-cross eyes keenly fastened upon the party who continued slowly, yet not the less surely, advancing, Tom and his tried companions clasped their trusty rifles more firmly, determined to thwart the enemy or die in so doing. As Tom, actuated by motives of self-preservation, was about to halt the three Confederates, and demand their surrender, they stopped of their own accord, and talked in low monotones so long that the three Union piquets began to imagine that the stump behind which they were secreted was the objective point. Tom was at a loss for a plan of procedure. It would have been a very easy matter for him and his comrades to have dropped the unsuspecting Confederates in their tracks, but a disposition which ever characterized Tom to show fair play saved their lives. Directly, one of the Confederates is seen to move off to the right—his two comrades remaining standing where they had halted. The moment for action had at last arrived, and it remained to be seen which leader would outwit the other. Bidding his companions to remain and watch the two Confederates, McCormick followed the one who was making his way to the Union works, keeping as close as was consistent with the plan which he had in view. He knew every inch of the ground, which was of infinite advantage to him. The "Johnny," with the utmost wariness, halted frequently to satisfy himself that his path was clear, and to scan the Union earthworks, which he was the better enabled to do by means of a large glass. This action convinced McCormick that the game he was hunting was of no mean quality. Perhaps it was Longstreet; maybe it was Lee himself. Whoever it should prove to me, it was worth risking a good deal to capture or—kill, and one or the other of these alternatives Tom was now fully determined upon. He crawled

along upon his hands and knees, never removing his eyes from the figure which preceded him. But things could not continue thus much longer; in fact, the crisis was reached much sooner than Tom had anticipated. When he saw that the Confederate had suddenly stopped but a few yards in advance, and was gazing at him with basilisk eyes, he felt that the tug-of-war was at hand. But McCormick, who had often found himself in tight places, did not allow this incident to disturb the serenity of his mind. While the danger of his situation encouraged him to exhibit the utmost *sang froid*, he kept his forefinger on the trigger of his deadly rifle, and, Micawber-like, awaited for something to turn up. He, for a moment, failed to comprehend the singular movement of the Confederate, and it was only when the latter, in a low yet firm tone of voice, said: "Didn't I tell you not to follow me? Go back and wait!" that he became convinced that he had been mistaken for one of the Confederate's companions. The Yankee piquet looked upon this revelation as a timely interposition of Providence, and governed himself accordingly. But he did not budge in obedience to the command given him; on the contrary, he replied that he was doing well enough, and that he, too, was anxious to "take a peep at the Yankee breastworks." This downright insolence enraged the Confederate, who came near betraying himself, as he fairly hissed between his teeth: "You —— hound! Go back, or I'll shoot you!" McCormick, with imperturbability, and with supreme indifference to this formidable injunction, merely raised himself upon his feet, and stood like a statue, which greatly added to the exasperation of the "Johnny," whose indignation knew no bounds, and who now vowed that he would tie him up on the breastworks by the thumbs as soon as he returned. Tom, thinking it time to bring the farce or tragedy, whichever it might prove to be, to a termination, told the Confederate to go on and mind his own business, which unasked-for advice had the effect of bringing matters to an immediate head. Totally forgetting, or not caring for the surroundings, the enraged Confederate sprang towards McCormick, with leveled revolver, hissing: "—— your infernal impudence—I'll see if I can't

shut up your ugly mouth!' Tom, anticipating something of this kind, leveled his rifle, and said: "Stir another inch, and I'll blow your rebel head off. Now, you just put your face where the back part of your head is, and follow your nose into those works, which you can see to greater advantage inside, after which I will take great pleasure in introducing you to General Butler! Go!" The Confederate's revolver dropped from his hand, a ghastly hue overspreading his hitherto handsome countenance. He had lost all heart and ambition, and words for a reply failed him. He saw his utter helplessness, and the next moment accepted the situation with all the grace possible under the circumstances, and moved as directed towards and into the works, which a few minutes before he had been so anxious to examine. He proved to be a major of engineers on the staff of General Lee, and his capture was regarded as a very clever bit of work, as a reward for which McCormick received from General Butler a ten-dollar greenback, and a furlough for a week. Tom McCormick was a lion for a time, but he bore his honors modestly. He served in the Ninth New Jersey nearly four years, and I am glad to say that he still lives, with no shadow of the old peril on his face.

July 9.—The Ninth again took position in the second line of works, and quietness prevailing during the day and night, it had but little to do, save keep awake and be prepared for any unforseen emergency.

July 10.—Religious services were held in many of the camps this afternoon, and in the evening there was prayer-meeting in a house near corps headquarters. At about midnight "Jerry" Decker of Company K, distinguished himself by capturing a Virginian, who, tired of the war, had taken this occasion to desert to the Union lines. "Jerry" was keeping a lonely vigil in his "gopher" when he heard the approach of some one from the direction of the Confederate works, but a few yards away. Directly he saw a white object—a newspaper—waving gently before him, while a short snort, in imitation of a horse, was given. "Jerry," thinking that the time for action had arrived, called out, loud enough to be heard, "Who comes there?" "A friend!" was the quick response in a modulated voice,

followed the next instant by a man raising his body up and holding high his hands, to show that he was unarmed. "Come in, quick!" said "Jerry," who escorted the F. F. V. to headquarters, where he volunteered information that the Confederates were arranging for a charge at daybreak. But as no charge took place, we concluded that the poor fellow made the statement as a sort of thank offering for the kindnesses he experienced at the hands of his captors.

July 11.—The Ninth held the third line of works during to-day, and in the evening returned to camp. A shower refreshed the earth, making it more habitable.

July 12.—The Ninth, and the remainder of the brigade, was inspected to-day—very few of the companies averaging forty men each.

July 13.—Things remarkably quiet along the whole line all the forenoon, but shortly after midday the enemy opened its heavy guns and dropped fifteen solid shot in such close proximity to the Ninth's field hospital that some of the "sick" felt able temporarily to seek other quarters. In the evening the Ninth moved into the third line of works.

July 14.—Both armies were inactive to-day, but at night the usual drill of the artillerists took place.

July 15.—Heavy cannonading for two hours this morning, causing the boys to lie low.

July 16.—Very heavy musketry fire to our left, and towards night "practice" by the artillery.

July 17.—Sunday and everything unusually still. Ninth went out in the evening to the outer line of works.

July 18.—Portentious quiet. As a dense fog enveloped the earth it was feared the Confederates would make an attempt to advance under its protecting cover, but as they did nothing of the kind, we relapsed into inertia, keeping, however, a bright though silent lookout.

July 19.—Heavy rain-storm all day, adding to the discomforts of the men. As the bomb-proofs were far from water-tight, some of the men presented a ridiculous appearance, especially those upon whose faces and apparel the streaks of clay had become dry. During the night, after the usual bombardment,

the piquets indulged in their old pastime, rendering it unsafe to leave cover. The front line of works were occupied by the Ninth to-day, and after dark it marched to the ravine to clean rifles and perform other necessary chores.

July 20.—General cleaning day.

July 21.—Anniversary of "Bull Run." Three pieces of Confederate artillery, fired with great precision, cause much trouble. The Ninth was ordered into the first line of works.

July 22.—Regiment moved back to third line.

July 23.—There was unbounded joy to-day upon the return of Colonel James Stewart, Jr., who has been absent two months, suffering from terrible wounds received at Drewry's Bluff. He received a hearty welcome from all, but looked sad as he gazed upon the thinned ranks before him.

July 25.—General orders, dated headquarters department of Virginia and North Carolina, announcing that the redoubt on Cobb's Hill, near Point of Rocks, had been named "Fort Zabriskie," in honor of the late colonel of the Ninth, were read to the regiment. Colonel Stewart was to-day placed in command of the First brigade, Second division, Eighteenth army corps, which position he held until the fifteenth of September, when he was ordered to take the Red Star brigade to North Carolina. The Ninth this evening occupied the advanced works.

July 26.—In the trenches. Colonel Stewart issued an order assuming command of the First brigade, Second division, Eighteenth army corps, appointing Lieutenant Edward W. Welsted as his adjutant-general.

July 27.—Still in the trenches.

July 28.—The usual artillery firing in the afternoon. Large fire in Petersburg, the flames being plainly observable. Cooked three days' rations to-day.

July 29.—Under arms at midnight. Movement of troops commenced at eight o'clock, requiring five hours for the column to pass a given point. Colonel Stewart's brigade moved in the following order: Tenth New York heavy artillery, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-third Massachusetts, and Ninth New Jersey, and reaching the desig-

nated point, formed line of battle in rear of and as a support to the Ninth corps, which had been charged with exploding the mine.

July 30.—At four o'clock this morning the "mine explosion" took place, startling, yet not surprising, the Union troops. The sound was dull and heavy, not what we had been led to expect, considering the quantity of powder used. This was followed by a terrible cannonading, heavier than anything we had heard in Virginia, and very much resembling that at the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April, 1863. As the Confederates made but a feeble reply, it was thought they had retreated, and this encouraged a charge by the colored troops, who went along well enough until they reached the third line of Confederate works, where they were desperately assailed by the enemy and driven back in confusion. When the affair ended, most of the Union troops were satisfied that the Confederates had reaped the greatest advantage. The failure was caused by a lack of harmonious action on the part of the Union generals, some of whom had opposed the selection of colored troops for the duty to which they were assigned.

July 31.—The Ninth returned to its old camp this evening—the men being footsore, weary and hungry.

August 1.—Ninth exempted from duty to-day.

August 2.—Quartermaster Samuel Keys, who was detailed to accompany General Burnside when he left with his corps to join the army of the Potomac in 1862, visited the Ninth to-day for the first time. There had been so many changes in the regiment (nearly two thousand), that few, except the officers, recognized his ever genial face. General Burnside found Quartermaster Keys so efficient and useful that he would never allow him to leave.

August 3.—The Ninth entered the breastworks this evening, taking position, with its right resting on Appomattox river.

August 4.—In the trenches, with but little to do, however, save exercise vigilance.

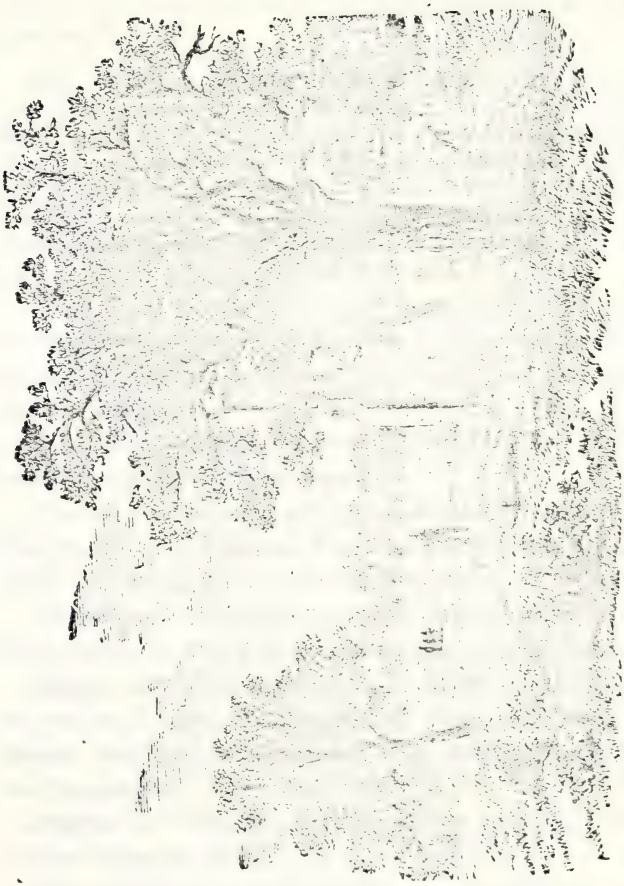
August 5.—Fears of an eruption of our works having been entertained for some days, the men were cautioned to listen for noises under ground, it being strongly surmised that the Con-

federates were hard at work mining along our front. Colonel Stewart, however, and his brigade were prepared, although it must be confessed, somewhat surprised, when a vast volume of earth, directly between our line and that of the enemy, was sent skyward at five o'clock this afternoon. The Confederates, in readiness to charge across the intervening space, opened a combined infantry and artillery fire, and yelled like demons, but the Ninth New Jersey and the men of Stewart's well-tried brigade drowned the old yell, which they had heard so often, with wild cheers of derision, and delivered volley after volley that nothing could withstand. The Confederates in their haste, had made a miscalculation, and were rewarded with failure for their pains. The dirt, thrown several hundred feet into the air, made a terrible dust for a few minutes, and was quite as disagreeable to the Confederates, as to ourselves. The firing was kept up until after dark, when both armies, fatigued with excitement and the manifold labors of the day, rested for the night upon their arms.

August 6.—Notwithstanding its arduous labors and continued losses, the Ninth is kept within the works—its members having plenty of work to do. During the afternoon Sergeant Samuel B. Moore of Company K, made his way nearly to the Confederate entrenchments, and succeeded in exchanging a Philadelphia paper—never *newsy* by any means—for a copy of the *Petersburg Express* of the previous day. Among the most interesting items in it, I find the following :

FROM THE FRONT.

On Wednesday night after our article of yesterday had been prepared and put in type, the enemy's mortar batteries opened on those Chesterfield pieces (which the Yankees confess have given them more annoyance than all others combined), and blazed away at a furious rate. We are pleased to learn that they did no damage. Our boys over there are now so well protected that they regard the enemy's fire with as much indifference as they would the explosion of a pack of Canton firecrackers. The enemy boast very much of a seven-ton mortar battery, which they have recently erected for the especial benefit of the Archer battery, as they term it, in Chesterfield. This monster piece of Yankee ordnance has been tried, but so far, it has done no injury on our side. Its shells sometimes fail to explode, and then our ordnance department comes in for a good big lump of metal, which is very



POSITION OF EIGHTEENTH CORPS AT COLD HARBOR.

acceptable. When they do explode, it is generally in the ground, creating a cavity which greatly facilitates excavation for our bomb proofs; but occasionally they strike a tree and our soldiers procure a small amount of fuel with the expenditure of but little labor.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements must be handed in before 3 P. M. to insure insertion in next succeeding issue of the *Express*. This rule will be rigidly adhered to. Our reasons are obvious, but need not be specified.

CASH.—Many of our advertising patrons seem to have overlooked the fact that the credit system, like Grant's campaign, has nearly "played out." Such, however, is the fact, and we wish it distinctly understood that we do not keep any books; and further, that the *cash* must invariably accompany all advertisements. We are required to pay cash for every article we purchase, and we must insist upon it that all others do unto us as they would have us do unto them.

August 7.—Sunday. Regiment maintained in its position during the day, but is relieved in the evening, to the great joy of officers and men, having been in a perilous position four days. Company I, which had been absent from the regiment since June thirteenth, performing provost duty for the division, rejoined the regiment to-night.

August 8.—Branches of trees were placed upon cross-poles in the company streets and over company kitchens, for the protection of men against the broiling sun.

August 9.—The Ninth occupied the advanced works by way of variety (?), which is said to be the spice of life.

August 10.—It is worth a man's life to expose any part of the person to the view of sharpshooters—on either side. Regiment learns that General Heckman has been exchanged and is on his way north.

August 11.—The Ninth this evening returned to its camp—if it could thus be called.

Colonel Stewart visited headquarters during the evening, and was heartily greeted by General Butler, who held him and his command in high esteem, neither having ever failed him. The general, in excellent humor, was quite talkative, which greatly pleased the colonel, as he had a big axe to grind—so to speak. His opportunity came when the general, stretching himself at full length in his easy chair, said:

"Do you know, Colonel Stewart, what the Ninth New Jersey did at Drewry's Bluff?"

"I ought to, general, I was there," replied Colonel Stewart.

"Well, I will tell you. *It killed more* men than it numbered," continued General Butler.

"I am glad, general, that you are familiar with the Ninth's long term of service, and as you know what it has undergone, how faithfully it has been kept at the front, and what its losses are, I hope you will give my command an opportunity to recruit itself. After a little rest, very much needed by all, we shall be able to render much better service," said Colonel Stewart.

"Just so, so you would. Where could a spot be found for you to rest?" inquired General Butler.

Colonel Stewart, who had not forgotten the pleasures and comforts enjoyed by the men in North Carolina, suggested that locality.

"Yes," said General Butler, "there are troops down there who have done nothing except draw rations and pay. They must have a little glory, too. As soon as your command finishes the works you are now constructing you may take their place."

Colonel Stewart having "accomplished the object of his expedition," returned to camp with a face beaming with joy, and a day or two afterwards issued an order announcing the glad tidings.

August 12.—A terrible duel between the artillerists commenced at seven o'clock this morning and continued until noon—the Confederates being anxious to prevent the construction of new and more advanced works by the Union forces.

August 13.—Early this morning the Ninth again entered the trenches—to dig and fight.

Colonel Stewart had the following circular promulgated to-day:

"The colonel commanding directs me to say that General Butler has promised the Eighteenth corps will be relieved from duty at the front in a few days. In the meantime it will be necessary to finish the two forts now in construction near the Hare house; and owing to the limited

number of men in the command he calls upon regimental commanders to bring out every available man, in order to keep up the strength of the line, and also to complete the works now in course of construction. This work we are called upon to finish before we will be relieved, as a less force than what we muster is expected to occupy the works we now hold. The men will have some hard work to perform, but we trust it will be done cheerfully, in view of our soon being relieved and sent to camp for rest.

"Yours very truly,

"E. W. WELSTED, Lieutenant and A. A. A. G."

August 14.—Very little firing to-day, for which the wearied veterans of the Ninth are devoutly thankful.

August 15.—The Tenth New York heavy artillery departed for Washington, to do duty in the fortifications, with which it was familiar until General Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac, when he caused all the "heavies," who had had a soft thing of it around the national capital for years, to march to the front, where they could be more useful. This morning Color-Corporal Charles P. Smith of Company D, while making his way a short distance to the rear of the works for a necessary purpose, was instantly killed. The slightest exposure of person was certain to invite wounds or death at the hands of the ever-vigilant Confederate sharpshooters, who never lost an opportunity to make us feel war in all its terrors. Notwithstanding the imminent dangers surrounding the troops of both armies in the front lines, men became careless and indifferent, to which many owe their injuries and death. Others, on both sides, often offered themselves as "shining marks," defying the unerring marksmen.

This afternoon Jupiter Pluvius *reigned.* It seemed as if all the gates above had been opened at the same moment, so great was the resistless flood which swamped everybody and everything. Safety could only be found in the open, and on high ground. The excavations which the men occupied for safety from the enemy's missiles were inundated, almost before the occupants could effect their escape, and a number lost both haversack and blanket. But it was at the rear, in the ravine, or so-called camp, that the most damage was done to the Union forces. The regiments, whose shelter tents were pitched away

up on the hillsides, had all they could do to keep from being washed into the bottom, where a torrent of foaming water rushed towards the Appomattox. The sutlers and wagoners, together with a negro regiment, who occupied the low land, escaped to the hill-top in bare time, although a score and more of the tardy ones found death before leaving their tents—so sudden was the rise of the water. Portable houses, tents, barrels, wagons, trees, furniture, even barrels of whisky, floated down with the torrent, which for a width of nearly two hundred feet, was fully nine feet deep, and in some places much deeper. The negro soldiers had a lively time fishing their arms, accoutrements, etc., out of the mud, after the water had receded. So violent a rain-storm had not been seen in Virginia since the war opened. There were many ludicrous incidents in connection with it — more especially among those who engaged in the pastime of catching commissary and sutler stores as they were borne along on the water. Many sutlers lost heavily, but the men were unsympathetic.

August 16.—The Confederate sharpshooters were unusually active to-day. Colonel Stewart received a bullet in the skirt of his coat, and Major Hufty one in his left arm. The staff of the Ninth's state color, borne by Corporal John Donnelly of Company H, was cut in two by a piece of shell, although previously during the morning the color had been riddled by sharpshooters. After dark the Ninth was relieved and ordered back to the camp, which the men found in so sorry a plight that they could scarcely recognize it.

Colonel Stewart, commanding the brigade, issued the following circular to-day: "The attention of the colonel commanding has been called to the fact that a great many officers are found to remain in camp when their commands are at the front, and he instructs me to ask whether they are sick, or are they absent from the front without proper authority. The right is not acknowledged for an officer to report himself sick. He must be regularly excused by the surgeon. Regimental commanders are charged with the duty of seeing that this is strictly adhered to. At present we have but four (4) captains in the brigade for duty, aside from regimental commanders, and these four (4)

officers are no doubt required to perform the duty of several others, who seize the slightest pretext for getting off duty. Regimental commanders will see that this evil, if any such exists in their commands, is at once checked."

August 17.—The camp of the brigade was removed and established at a point half a mile further south—a more satisfactory place, although not void of danger. In the evening the Ninth went to the front line, relieving the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments.

August 18.—A tremendous artillery duel, lasting over four hours, occurred to-day.

August 19.—In the trenches. Heavy firing.

August 20.—Heavy fall of rain to-day, which, however, does not interfere with the artillery firing.

August 21.—Struck tents this morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the brigade marched five miles, to support the Ninth corps, which, however, remained inactive. The Ninth relieved the Fifth, Seventh and Eleventh New Jersey regiments. This was the first time the men of the Ninth had ever met troops from our own state, but the exigencies of the occasion precluded any "socialities"—all being bent on business. The lines of the opposing armies were so close at this point—not exceeding twenty yards—that the piquets "stuck" their rifles up-end in the ground, and sitting down together, engaged in card-playing. There was no piquet-firing on our part of the line during the night, thanks to the card-players, who, if they had been permitted, would have ended the war right then and "thar."

August 22.—Remained on duty with the Ninth corps.

August 23.—The Ninth was moved two miles towards the right, to relieve a negro regiment, which put the men in no pleasant frame of mind.

Colonel Stewart to-day issued the following circular: "In pursuance of instructions from corps headquarters, regimental commanders will cause to be posted in trees at prominent points along the line, a few intelligent and reliable men, to observe any movement of troops on the part of the enemy. They will instruct these piquets to be on the look-out, and listen at night,

and have the enemy's line of *abattis* carefully watched; to notice if it is taken away, or if their parapets are removed to make openings for assaulting. The look-outs above referred to will be made permanent, so that any one may ascend for the purpose of observation."

This was a tiresome and dangerous duty, and yet more men in the Ninth volunteered than could be accepted—love of adventure, perhaps, being the chief incitement.

August 24.—The following circular was issued to-day by Colonel Stewart: "It is expected that the Eighteenth corps will be relieved by the Tenth army corps this evening. Commandants of regiments will send small squads of men into camp for blankets, tents, etc., when they will return to the pits, and a like party will go in. This will be continued until the regiment is in marching order, that we may take up the march the moment we are relieved. The regimental teams will be ordered up, and everything in readiness to move by dark. The squads of men sent into camp will not be in such numbers as to materially weaken the line."

The Ninth was relieved in the afternoon, and just before midnight drew up in front of General Ames' headquarters, where it halted for several hours.

August 25.—Resumed march at daybreak, shortly afterwards crossing the pontoon bridge over the Appomattox river, and climbing Cobb's Hill, formed line near General Butler's headquarters, where a most joyous surprise awaited the dirt-begrimed and bronze-faced veterans, being no less than the sudden and unlooked for appearance of General Heckman, who had just arrived from prison-pens in Dixie. General Butler, who accompanied the idolized commander of the old Star brigade—but a remnant of which now remained—was deeply affected at the manifestations of the war-worn veterans, whose love for their old commander was passing strange. Many an eye was dedimmed on this occasion that had known no such feeling since the regiment left New Jersey in 1861. Cheer after cheer rent the air as he reined up in front of the Ninth to address it, and it was no wonder that his eye filled and his voice failed as he looked along the thinned ranks before him. The com-

manding form of the noble Zabriskie was no longer seen at the head of the Ninth; the faces of Lawrence, Harris and Carrell no longer shone along the line; Brown, Townley, Hawk, Burnett, and many others, equally brave and true, of the rank and file, were disabled by wounds, while Kissam, Peters, Drake, Hulsart, Bennett, Fadde, Hill, Gale, and other comrades whose voices would have swelled that day's welcome, were still lingering in vile prison-pens. General Heckman would have been other than he was had he not wept at the pathos of the scene and the memories it evoked. But finding his voice at last, he pledged himself, as the best evidence he could furnish of his appreciation of their kindly reception, to use his best endeavors to secure the return of the brigade to its old tramping-ground in North Carolina; and with that, as a fresh gust of cheers swept along the line, he waved his hat, and, sinking spurs into his horse, dashed away—never again being permitted, by the exigencies of the campaign, to look upon the Ninth in line.

The Ninth then proceeded on and halted near Redoubt Zabriskie, and arms had scarcely been stacked when an order arrived to hold itself in readiness to move. During the night there was a heavy rain-storm.

August 26.—Captain Appleget of Company A, received an order to report at brigade headquarters as A. A. A. G. The Ninth passed the night in the advanced works, where it was kept busy.

August 27.—The regiment marched back to camp this forenoon.

August 28.—Colonel Stewart held a brigade dress parade this afternoon—many soldiers witnessing the ceremony.

August 29.—In order to diversify the entertainment, the Ninth was sent out on piquet in the evening.

August 30.—In the trenches—time passing heavily.

August 31.—The Ninth returned to camp this morning. In the afternoon there was an inspection and muster, after which the regiment went on piquet.

It was during this month that heavy rains fell almost continually, rendering the condition of the men very uncomfortable. At times some of our piquets stood in water knee deep, and

although it greatly added to their discomforts, not a murmur was heard. On the contrary, every one appeared in the best of humor, making the most out of the unpleasant and dangerous situation.

September 1.—Regiment made its way back to camp this morning. Colonel Stewart saddened the hearts of many officers in his brigade to-day by issuing the following order: "Hereafter officers' certificates for whisky will be approved at these headquarters—not to exceed one gallon per month to each officer reported 'present for duty,' or 'on duty.' Regimental commanders will act in accordance with this order in giving their approval. The quantity required on each certificate must be stated in 'gallons,' 'quarts,' etc."

September 2.—The Ninth remained in camp to-day—the men spending most of the time in "skirmishing" about their underwear and cleaning their rifles. Inspection in the afternoon by Colonel Stewart.

September 3.—The Ninth marched out this evening, and occupied the outer works.

September 4.—The Ninth this evening returned to camp. During the night the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments left and marched off towards Bermuda Hundred, *en route*, it was said, for happier hunting-grounds in North Carolina.

September 5.—Captain Thompson of Company F, with a detail of one man from each company in the Ninth, departed for Norfolk, to obtain the knapsacks belonging to the men, most of whom had been five months without a proper change of apparel. Terrible lightning during the evening; many declared they had never seen it approximated to. At times the lightning was blinding, turning night into day.

September 6.—The Ninth was kept in the trenches until the ninth.

September 9.—Captain Thompson and detail returned from Norfolk, bringing all the regimental property that was obtainable. Many trunks belonging to the officers, as well as hundreds of the men's knapsacks had been plundered of everything valuable. The men were in no enviable mood on learning

of the outrage, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that they were ordered out next day to listen to a dull sermon by a member of the Christian commission.

September 11.—The Ninth was inspected to-day by Lieutenant Edgett of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, and in the evening religious service was held in camp by a member of the Christian commission.

September 12.—In the trenches.

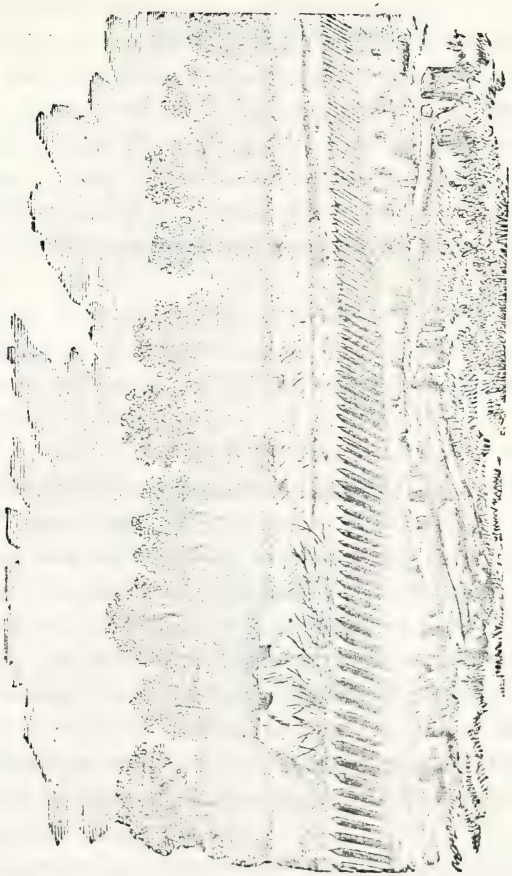
September 13.—Colonel Stewart held a brigade dress-parade, after which he gave instructions for "the bands to play all they wish!" The evening being lovely, the men walked about camp, enjoying the season of rest, as they had not done before in many long months. The waters of the Appomattox sparkled like silver in the mellow rays of the bright full moon, affording the more sedative ample food for reflection.

September 14.—In the trenches.

September 15.—Religious services by members of the Christian commission. The following circular-order was issued by Colonel Stewart to-day: "In pursuance of instructions from corps headquarters, in case the enemy open fire with artillery along this line to-day, the troops of this command will immediately form line: The Ninth New Jersey Volunteers, will, without further orders take position in the trenches, with its right resting on Battery number five. The Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania will form with its right resting on the Ninth New Jersey, and the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts will form in line of battle to the left and rear of the Ninth New Jersey, and be ready to support either the infantry line or Redoubt Dutton as necessity may demand.

September 16.—The Ninth received orders to prepare two days' cooked rations, and hold itself in readiness to proceed to the old North State, which announcement at dress-parade, was received with hearty cheers. It is consoling to know that the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiment, is to go along, and that ere the lapse of many days the old Star brigade will again be united, even though its old commander is not permitted to be present.

September 17.—The men of the Ninth were aroused at day-



WORKS CONSTRUCTED BY THE NINTH AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

break, and after a hasty meal of coffee, hard-tack and salt junk, it formed line and marched to Bermuda Hundred, where at nine o'clock it embarked in the following order: Companies B, D, F and I on steamer "Utica," and Companies A, C, E, G, H and K on transport "Convoy." Steamed away at ten o'clock, and reached Norfolk early in the evening.

May I not say here that the fighting of the Ninth New Jersey and the Star brigade in Virginia is ended? For *one hundred and twenty-four days* the regiment had been almost constantly under fire. Half that time it had occupied rifle-pits, which it was death to leave or enter during the light of day. The men had suffered from thirst, hunger, disease and wounds, but had uncomplainingly performed every duty required of them.

After loading certain supplies belonging to the Ninth at Portsmouth and Norfolk, the two steamers proceeded to Fort Monroe, where all the companies were transferred to the steamer "United States."

September 19.—Sailed for North Carolina this evening, the men being in joyous spirits. Colonel Stewart had been ordered by General Butler to proceed to Newbern, *via* Hatteras, but as the vessels could not cross the bar and enter the sound, and as we had learned that yellow fever was epidemic at Newbern, he took upon himself the responsibility of proceeding to Morehead City. Before leaving Hatteras, however, Colonel Stewart gave permission to Lieutenant Chapin Hunt of his staff, and an orderly, to go to Newbern. Upon reaching Morehead City he learned that both had been stricken with the fever, and that the orderly had already died—Lieutenant Chapin's strong constitution alone saving his life.

September 20.—Arrived off Fort Macon during the night.

September 21.—It would be difficult to describe the joy of the officers and men on arising from their crowded berths and going on deck this morning. How familiar the scene—how pleasant the surroundings. No booming of guns, save the sunrise gun at Fort Macon, over whose walls floated in the gentle morning breeze the beautiful flag which the Ninth aided in putting there more than two years since. Beaufort lay quiet and apparently

smiling on our right, while across the beautiful bay rested Morehead City, the termini of the railroad, and its great steamboat wharf. How quickly ran through the minds of the men countless scenes they had witnessed since leaving this hospitable locality, and how pleasurable was the anticipation of a landing and commingling with a people who had held them in esteem, and who had regretfully witnessed their departure nearly a year ago. Only one year ago—and yet this brief time seemed an eternity to the living, as it had in reality proved to many who had gone to that bourne from which no soldier ever returns.

At ten o'clock the good ship "United States" steamed safely over the bar and into the harbor—the boys in the fort on the left, and citizens of Beaufort on the right, saluting us merrily as our vessel continued on to Morehead, where a disembarkation was promptly made. Several companies at once marched to the old camp-ground above Carolina City, while the three remaining companies remained to unload the stores. The One Hundred and Fifty-eighth regiment New York volunteers, who had been enjoying themselves at this post, were ordered to leave the camp and proceed to the trenches around Petersburg, which they had no relish for, but as a heavy rain-storm came up suddenly, their debarkation was postponed for a day or two. Although the men of the Ninth got a thorough drenching, being compelled for want of shelter to stand in the open air, they had not one word of fault to find, as they deemed any little discomfort of this nature far more desirable than the occupancy of the bomb-proofs and rifle-pits in front of Petersburg.

September 22.—The news of the Ninth's arrival spread like wildfire, and this morning the camp was overrun by citizens, who came in from the surrounding country, bringing produce and all sorts of good things, for which they could not be induced, poor as they were, to accept pay. The men hailed the Ninth with extravagant expressions of delight, while many of the fair ones, who had ever been treated with great respect and politeness by the Ninth, did not consider it rudeness on the part of the more venturesome Jerseymen if they indulged in a salute with the lips. It was a happy reunion, but difficult to decide who were the happiest—the men of the Ninth or the

good people who had long ago put their trust in the Jerseymen. In fact, it was too good to last very long.

September 23.—Colonel Stewart rejoined the regiment to-day and assumed command, to the entire satisfaction of officers and men, who, now that Heckman and Zabriskie had been lost to them, were dissatisfied when he was absent. He was as popular as either of his predecessors, and fully as devoted to the interests of the command, which never suffered under his magnificent management.

September 24.—The One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York regiment "vamosed the ranch" to-day, when the Ninth took possession of its admirable quarters.

September 25.—It looked like old times to see the companies of the Ninth engaged in drill, which, after the lapse of many months, were resumed to-day. Company G was ordered to do piquet duty on Bogue sound—a very agreeable occupation, because, when not sleeping, the men could engage in piscatorial pleasures—the waters of the sound abounding in all kinds of delicious fish. The regiment was inspected to-day.

September 26.—Our camp, located on a level plantation, occupied the highest ground in the vicinity of Carolina City. Bogue sound is completely overlooked, while the ocean, but three miles away, is separated only by Bogue island, a desolate place, inhabited by one or two poor families and thousands of alligators and venomous snakes. Rattlers and mocassins were not uncommon even in the vicinity of the camp, and almost daily one or more were killed. The writer remembers visiting a piquet post along the sound early one morning and finding the corporal in command asleep, awakened him. He arose, but not in the best of humor, and was muttering something about not having been able to obtain sleep, when he drew his overcoat from within the bough house, under which he had passed the night, and giving it a shake turned out a rattler over three feet long. Corporal Craig, that was his name, planted his "governments" upon his snakeship and flattening out its head said: "So you are the ——— thing that kept me awake all night, are you?" The writer has, on more than one occasion, seen villainous looking moccassins under the floor-boarded

tent in camp, but never regarded them as pleasant companions.

September 28.—Lieutenant-Colonel Curlis, whose leg had sustained severe injury by his horse falling upon him, while on piquet on the night of May twelfth, from the effects of which he had not yet recovered, returned to the regiment to-day, not being able to walk without the aid of crutches.

September 29.—Yellow-fever having broken out at Newbern, great alarm was manifested. Although the authorities took every precaution and used every preventative that sanitary science could suggest, the scourge continued to rage with violence. Many of the troops were attacked by it, but the great majority of deaths occurred among the natives, nearly two thousand of whom fell. The surgeons were unremitting in their exertions, and faithful in the extreme, as is evidenced by the sorrowful fact that no less than thirteen of their number fell victims to the dread disease. All business in the city was suspended—those who were able having left the place for a healthier region. It was a season of gloom for all. Several members of the Ninth, whose term of service had expired, and who had stopped in the city to await the arrival of a steamer to convey them to "God's country," as the north was then called by soldiers, died of the disease—Corporal John S. Parkhurst of Company K, and Sergeant Pulaski Hines of Company G, being among the number. Young Parkhurst received a ghastly wound in the head at the battle of Newbern, and as he never recovered full articulation of speech, he was detailed as bookkeeper in the general hospital at Newbern, which position he held until the end of his three years' enlistment, his services being considered very valuable to the department. He often expressed his sympathy for his comrades in his regiment, who had to march and fight and suffer, while he had a position that was free from danger. The thought that he would die while thus pleasantly situated, and that many companions of his boyhood days, who were constantly exposed to manifold dangers, would survive him, never entered his mind. Sergeant Hines, one of the handsomest and brainiest fellows in the regiment, had served two years in the signal corps

with Lieutenant Moffat, and was likewise esteemed for many sterling qualities. Both were from Elizabeth.

"Yellow Jack," owing to the prompt action of Colonel Stewart, gained no foothold in camp—there being but one case reported, but as misfortunes never come singly, anxiety was further increased by the breaking out of small-pox in a negro regiment, encamped a short distance from the Ninth. This loathsome disease was fortunately confined to that command, a cordon of guards being posted between the camps, and it would have been worth a darky's life had he dared venture to break that barrier.

October 11.—The Ninth received its pay to-day—the first it had had from the government in ten months. A paymaster had attempted to pay the regiment in the trenches before Petersburg, but he took a sudden departure, on hearing bullets whiz about his ears, saying there was so much noise it disturbed his "calculations."

October 12.—Companies I and K, under Captain Townley, went up to the old barracks at Newport, to guard against a threatened attack of the enemy.

October 14.—Captain Burnett, with Companies B and C, relieved the two commands at Newport.

October 21.—One hundred and eight men, whose original term of enlistment had expired, left for New Jersey to-day under command of four officers, to be mustered out. Colonel Stewart, deeming it a fitting occasion to return the tattered colors to the state, sent Color-Sergeant George Myers along to present the relics of the Ninth's prowess to the governor, together with the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS NINTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
"CAROLINA CITY, N. C., Oct. 15, 1864.

"To His Excellency, JOEL PARKER, Governor of New Jersey.

"SIR:—I herewith have the honor to forward to you for safe keeping in the archives of New Jersey, the national and state colors of the Ninth regiment, New Jersey volunteer infantry. Three years ago they were entrusted to our hands. How well we have performed that trust, our past record will show. In every engagement they have been with us, and battle-worn and bullet-riddled as they are, we can proudly look upon them with the consciousness that not upon a single thread is there the least speck of dishonor or shame.

"At the expiration of original term of enlistment we now return them to the authorities of the state, well assured that they will sacredly cherish them as priceless relics of the brave men who have fallen, as well as the most precious deposit of those who remain.

"Corporals Delaney, Company K; Hand, Company C; Hubner, Company A; Garthwaite, Company G; Smith, Company D, the bearers of the state colors, were severely wounded while bearing it at the battles of Newbern and Goldsboro, North Carolina, and Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, Virginia.

"Color-Sergeant George Myers has carried the national colors for three years, and by singular good fortune his life has been spared, and doubtless he has known no prouder day than that in which he safely placed it in the capital of our state. Understanding it to be your intention to furnish the regiment with new national and state emblems, we can only say we shall be gratified to receive them, and it shall ever be our utmost endeavor to preserve them as unsullied as are those we now place in your hands.

"I have the honor to remain, your excellency's obedient servant,

"JAMES STEWART, JR.,
"Colonel commanding."

The departure of the solid three years' men, whom no bounty could induce to re-enlist, was the occasion of quite a demonstration. When drawn up in line, Colonel Stewart delivered an eloquent address, paying them a high tribute for the faithful services rendered by them on many fields of battle. As they moved away towards the waiting train hearty cheers were given by both parties—by those who were going home, as well as by those who remained to see the war ended. The regiment parted with these brave fellows with great regret, and well it might, for no braver or better men ever belonged to the organization. They had faithfully kept the agreement made with the government in 1861, when "bounty" was an unheard-of thing. They loved the country well enough to devote three of the best years of their lives in its defence, and they had every right to return home and receive the meed of praise from all true men of—"Well done, good and faithful soldier, your patriotic services entitle you to rest and the gratitude of all good citizens."

October 25.—Lieutenant-Colonel Curlis went to Newport barracks to take command of the post.

October 31.—The Ninth was inspected and mustered to-day by Colonel Stewart.

November 14.—Captain Atwill inspected the regiment, and

after witnessing a drill expressed great pleasure at its appearance and condition.

November 27.—Color-Sergeant Myers returned to-day, bringing a handsome stand of new silken colors and a very complimentary letter from Governor Parker, which was read to the regiment at dress parade in the evening, when the flags were unfurled for the first time.

Private John Newkirk of Company I, was united in marriage to Miss Susan Moyer of Beaufort, Squire Ward of Carolina City, performing the ceremony.

December 3.—The Ninth received orders to prepare rations for three days, and be ready for a move, consequent upon which there was an old-time bustle, officers and men seeming glad of the proposed movement, as of late they had done nothing except drill and perform camp-guard.

December 5.—Embarked on cars at seven o'clock, and two hours later the Ninth was bivouacking upon its old camping-ground on the south side of the Trent river, awaiting the arrival of a steamer to convey it to the scene of action, wherever that might be. Of late many recruits had reached the regiment, and with them the old members had much sport. At eight o'clock in the evening Companies A, C, D, E and I marched on board the gun-boat "Reno," Companies B, F, H and K embarking at the same time on the steamer "Massoit," and shortly afterwards both vessels were heading down the Neuse river.

December 6.—Along towards noon the steamers passed Roanoke Island, on the southern shore of which a garrison flag could plainly be seen waving in the sun's bright rays. The recruits evinced much interest in the scene before them, and listened to the veteran members as they recited stories of the fray which had taken place there nearly three years previous. Rumors prevailing on ship-board that the Ninth was to land at Plymouth and make a raid into the interior, caused intense joy among the men who had not had a chance to forage in a long time.

December 7.—Anchored off Plymouth before daylight, and landed at seven o'clock, the companies occupying vacant

houses and barracks, the latter being especially unpleasant owing to the prevalence of vermin—gray-backs—which roamed about the premises at their own sweet will. The hull of the ram "Albemarle," blown up by the intrepid Cushing of the navy, was an object of great curiosity to the men of the Ninth.

December 8.—Rations for four days were issued the men this afternoon.

December 9.—The "assembly" was sounded before daybreak, and at half-past five o'clock the Ninth was in line, as ready as ever for a march or a fight. After proceeding outside the town, it halted to await the arrival of the other commands detailed to form the expedition, which consisted of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, four companies of the Second Massachusetts heavy artillery, and detachments from the Eighty-fifth New York, Sixteenth Connecticut, One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, two companies of cavalry from the Third and Twelfth New York, and Graham's North Carolina (Union) cavalry. Lieutenant Kille of Company I, Ninth, was placed in command of Company D, Second Massachusetts heavy artillery. The command of these troops had been given to Colonel Frankle of the "Second Heavy," whose limited experience in warfare illy fitted him for the responsible position.

The column finally moved forward—the Ninth, as usual, with the gallant Stewart at its head, in advance of the infantry. Captain Graham, in command of the cavalry, encountered the enemy's horse, at Gardner's bridge, and engaged them. Finding himself outnumbered and likely to be outflanked, Graham sent word to Colonel Stewart to "come up and brush the —— butternuts out of the path!" This request was "nuts" for Stewart and his warriors, and with a wild cheer the Ninth rushed forward, dispersing the enemy like chaff before the wind, and capturing a number of prisoners and the bridge ere the disconcerted Confederates could apply the match to the turpentine-covered structure. The experience of the Ninth in taking positions of this character was invaluable on this occasion, and the means of preserving valuable lives, always lost by vexatious delays in attempting to dislodge the

enemy by "shooting them out." A skillful, impetuous charge is far preferable to a dilatory movement, and in this the Ninth could not be excelled.

The ardor of the men was somewhat dampened by a heavy fall of snow during the afternoon, which greatly added to their discomforts, while the atmosphere was colder than any they had experienced since leaving New-Jersey, three years before. Despite this unpleasantness the Ninth resumed the march and before nightfall went into bivouac on a plantation near Foster's Mills. A heavy rain-storm had set in, and the men were thoroughly drenched. The heavy guns of the naval portion of the expedition, shelling the shores on Roanoke river, could be plainly heard in the early part of the night, during which the gunboat "Otsego" was blown up by a sunken torpedo.

December 10.—The weather continued stormy, and despite a thick fog, the column advanced at seven o'clock, and two hours later the Ninth was engaged in a bitter contest with Confederates advantageously posted on the northern side of Foster's bridge. Colonel Stewart, seeing the futility of charging this position, deployed his regiment, whose sharpshooters speedily rendered it untenable, and when with his ever-watchful eye he saw the Confederates preparing to retreat, sounded his well-known battle-cry and dashed up the wet and soggy roadway, followed by his men, and in a moment was in possession of the coveted structure. Two Jerseymen only were wounded in the charge, so quickly had the act been performed. A number of Confederates were captured in the chase—one of whom was Lieutenant Treloir of the Sixty-eighth North Carolina reserves. Colonel Stewart, learning that the mill contained a supply of flour, and that there were a number of sheep, pigs and poultry on the premises, hinted the fact to the boys, and within ten minutes every man in the Ninth who had an appetite for that sort of provender, was busily engaged in roasting a piece of meat over fires hastily kindled. By the time the Jerseymen had got through with their feast, the commander of the expedition arrived with the remainder of the column. "I shust guess," said he to Colonel Stewart, "ef you fellows keeps on dis vay, and does all the fightin' and all the eatin', I may shust

as vell let de rest of de troops go back home," and he laughed a broad laugh. In obedience to command, the men of the Ninth, with well-filled stomachs, moved forward in the direction of Williamston, and after marching three miles espied the enemy on Biggs's plantation. The Ninth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, under Colonel Stewart, made a dash for the Confederates, who, deeming discretion the better part of valor, took to their heels and ran away, so as to live and fight some other day. Colonel Stewart ordered two field pieces he had with him to shell the surrounding woods, which was promptly done, and as no reply was elicited, the troops went into camp—the Ninth well at the front, keeping the usual watch and ward.

December 11.—The Jerseymen and their Massachusetts friends fared sumptuously while on the Biggs plantation, which recompensed them somewhat for the discomforts they were experiencing. Every man had a surfeit of fresh-roasted pork and poultry, and when in the middle of the afternoon the column moved forward, all felt equal to any emergency that might arise, for if there was anything else in the world the men of the Ninth enjoyed in preference to marching and fighting, it was a sufficiency of wholesome food and full stomachs. The Ninth and Twenty-seventh had no difficulty in forcing back the daring Confederate horsemen who vainly labored to retard the march of the little column. A number of them were very venturesome, paying for their temerity with their lives—all that they could offer for the cause in which they were engaged. The fighting continued till darkness set in.

During the afternoon the Ninth's skirmishers found a colored man, who gave his name as "Mose," hidden in the woods. "Mose," overjoyed at the sight of "Lincum's jubilee sojers," as he called our men, was very communicative, and as he appeared to be unusually intelligent for one of his race, he was turned over to Colonel Stewart, to whom he gave much information, which, if true, would be of great value to that officer in his present movement.

The red December sun was still shining across the beautiful plantations when Colonel Stewart ordered a halt, and as it sank

in gorgeous splendor behind the distant purple hills in his front, and the sombre shades of night fell upon the earth, the various commanders gathered around a genial fire to decide upon future operations. "Mose" gladly offered himself as a guide, insisting that he was thoroughly conversant with the country, and the position occupied by the enemy. Colonel Stewart assured "Mose" of a handsome reward in case of success, and of certain death should he practice deception. At this conference (or council of war) it was decided that Colonel Stewart, with the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and Battery A, Third New Jersey artillery, (acting as infantry), should endeavor to make his way to the enemy's rear, while Colonel Frankle, with the remainder of his force, was to advance upon and hold the Cross Roads, to prevent the retreat of the Confederates in case Colonel Stewart was successful in taking the bridge.

It was ten o'clock when a bright silvery moon rose to cheer the "bloody invaders," as they started on their hazardous enterprise. From "Mose," who was acting as pilot, and who was admonished to keep conveniently near to Colonel Stewart, had been ascertained that the only crossing was at a point three miles away, and near where Butler's creek empties itself into the majestic Roanoke river. This crossing, "Mose" said, was a mill-dam, constantly guarded by sentries from Fort Branch, located but five hundred yards distant. Colonel Stewart, who had had considerable experience in flanking the enemy by crossing mill-dams, feeling the utmost wariness to be necessary, cautioned his men to muffle their canteens, cups and accoutrements and move as silently as possible. On reaching a point quite near the dam, Colonel Stewart halted his column, and taking with him Sergeant Jacob L. Yeomans and Private George A. Stout of Company H, he made his way to the dam, which he carefully reconnoitered. Finding no sentries where "Mose" had said they were always posted, Colonel Stewart and his plucky companions emerged from the deep shadow in which they had been standing, and crossed the dam, which consisted mainly of logs floating about in the water.

Satisfied that the guards had been withdrawn, and that the

dam could be crossed by his column without discovery, Colonel Stewart retraced his steps over the treacherous and dangerous floating bridge (for it was but little better), and again urging the utmost prudence, commanded the column to follow him. However perilous the proceeding, the men of the Ninth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, with the batterymen, hesitated not—they had never shrunk from the performance of any duty—they would not, did not, falter now. With the stealthiness of Indians, the little band of heroes grasped their rifles more firmly, and moving out of the woods, were the next moment cautiously yet fearlessly, crossing the dam. Gaining the opposite side of the creek the men were quickly and noiselessly formed in line, when Colonel Stewart, his face radiant with pleasurable excitement, revealed the enemy's situation, and issued his instructions. He now knew that in order to gain the road upon which the enemy were posted, it would be necessary to move along inside the outer line of works which had been constructed for the defence of Fort Branch, whose frowning guns could be plainly seen a short distance away, and within easy rifle range.

Colonel Stewart had meantime discovered a very strong *abattis*, which it would be necessary to pass before the works could be entered. He had no orders to assault the fort, and nothing but the most pronounced success would justify his departing from the orders he had received. If, however, the enemy should discover their presence and open upon them, the Unionists were to face to the right and make a rush for the works. It was a picturesque sight—one calculated to inspire every actor in the drama—as this little column in the awful stillness of this bright, yet intensely cold night, hurried its way towards the grim yet still silent iron-tongued monsters which had long maintained watch over the river—its human defenders little dreaming of the close proximity of men determined to effect their capture, or die in the attempt.

On, on, the brave little band went, and as the spectral procession glided noiselessly by the fortress, unnoticed by the heavily muffled sentries who were distinctly seen slowly pacing upon the ramparts, the cold, biting wind rendering them insen-

sible to other scenes, each man felt that Providence was kindly watching over him. That the heart-beats of the men quickened as they passed along under those monsters, ready to belch forth death and destruction, goes without saying.

Colonel Stewart, who thus skillfully led his men beyond the fort, and through a labyrinth of brushwood, only breathed freely on reaching the main road. In an instant he sent Company A, Captain Appleget, and Company I, Captain Charles Hufty, over the road towards Butler's Bridge, following them closely with the remainder of his command. The boys of Companies A and I had lots of sport in surprising and capturing squads of the enemy, who were passing between the bridge and the fort.

The Sixty-eighth North Carolina regiment was found to be encamped on the road, and as its heroes were slumbering soundly, unmindful of affairs on this terrestrial, the boys made a rush for their quarters. So quietly and quickly was this done that not a shot was fired, and before the drowsy North Carolinians could realize the nature of the disturbance each was told to consider himself a prisoner. Colonel Hinton, the commandant, accompanied by his adjutant, returning to camp, was captured by Colonel Bartholomew of the Twenty-seventh, while the adjutant graciously surrendered himself and his blooded horse to Colonel Stewart, who was glad to find in the animal a match for his horse "Dandy Jim," which he regarded as a valuable acquisition to his stable. Alas! his term of service in the Union army was exceedingly brief—being riddled with bullets by his Confederate friends half an hour later.

Colonel Stewart, after capturing the camp of the Sixty-eighth regiment, lost no time in reforming his column, at the head of which he proceeded down the road in the direction of the coveted bridge. Up to this moment no alarm had been given, and everything augured well for the accomplishment of the end in view. The works constructed for the defence of the bridge were but a quarter of a mile distant, and towards them Colonel Stewart's command was proceeding when a party of horsemen were heard approaching. Dispositions were promptly made to give them a warm reception, but one of their number, riding

some distance in advance, discovering our column, shouted "Blue Bellies, by ——— !" and quickly turning about, put spurs to his horse, dashed back to his companions, who retreated in haste.

Companies A and I of the Ninth, again in advance, pushed forward in pursuit as rapidly as possible, keeping a close watch ahead lest they fall into ambush—the main column keeping well up with it to afford such support as might suddenly be found to be necessary.

Owing to a lack of information, and in ignorance of the country, the movement of Colonel Stewart's force was now necessarily slow. This gave the frightened Confederates time to make good their escape, which they lost no time in doing, by way of the Tarboro road. Colonel Stewart, feeling that Frankle was on hand at the Cross Roads to intercept the flight of the fugitives, kept his column well closed up, expecting momentarily to hear firing, and thus satisfy himself that the Confederates had readily fallen into the trap so skillfully prepared for them. But no sound, other than the clattering of retreating horses' hoofs upon the frozen ground, reached him. A horrible suspicion came upon him—Frankle's force was not where it ought to have been, and the bird had flown.

The works, covering the bridge, found to be deserted, were quickly occupied by the Ninth, under Major Hufty, who was ordered to hold the position, while Companies A and I were directed to cross over and move forward and endeavor to open communication with Colonel Frankle, or ascertain where he was.

Colonel Stewart, disgusted at the escape of the Confederates, whose capture he had regarded as certain, (and which would have been certain had Frankle kept his appointment), then marched away with the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, Third New Jersey battery and Captain Graham's cavalry, in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. Finding it impossible to overtake the Confederates, and fearing that the Ninth might be attacked by forces from Fort Branch, he directed Colonel Bartholomew to take a position and hold the road at all hazards, and galloped back to the bridge. He was impatient to learn what had become of Frankle, but still no tidings reached him. No

CAPTAIN J. PETER RITTER,

Company G.

LIEUT. FREDERICK G COYTE,

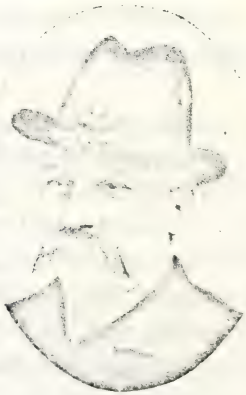
Company E.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH SCHUETZER.

Company G

LIEUT. HENRY B. LANNING,

Company F.



PRIVATE ROBERT G GERTH,

Company K

wonder that he chafed at the delay, for he saw his brilliant work thereby brought to naught. Notwithstanding the dangers he had incurred, the fatigue and exposure his gallant followers had been subjected to for many hours, his tiresome efforts were rendered almost fruitless through the lack of a hearty co-operation on the part of the commandant of the expedition.

But the stealthy approach through the woods of a strong regiment of Confederates from the fort being promptly reported to him, Colonel Stewart sent Company K, Captain Jonathan Townley, as skirmishers to engage it, the colonel following with the Ninth as a support. Company K had advanced nearly across the open space, separating the Ninth from the woods in which the enemy was believed to be posted, when it was assailed by a terrific shower of bullets.

"Aha! That's the music!" joyously exclaimed Colonel Stewart, and away he bounded on the horse he had so recently taken from the Confederate adjutant, followed on the run by the Ninth. Seeing the valor of the approaching command, the Confederates fired another volley, which killed Colonel Stewart's horse, and then facing about, retreated towards the fort, behind which they had nothing to fear so long as the little Union band was not reinforced, as it should have been long since. Despite the strength of the enemy, and absence of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, the Ninth dashed into the woods and pursued the Confederates almost to the inner line of earthworks fronting Fort Branch, killing a number and bringing back several prisoners.

Had Colonel Frankle been in position at the Cross Roads, as he had promised to be, the entire Confederate force, with its guns, would have fallen into our hands. I dislike to criticise his conduct, as his regiment—the Second Massachusetts heavy artillery, from Lieutenant-Colonel Sprague to the humblest private—was composed of excellent material, and as Colonel Stewart said, "no better could be wanted by any competent commander." Under a soldier like Lieutenant-Colonel Sprague the "Second heavy" would have found many opportunities of distinguishing itself.

Had Colonel Stewart been entrusted with the command of

the expedition, as all thought he should have been, Rainbow Bluff, with its garrison and guns, would have fallen an easy prey. But Frankle had an *older commission*, and rank in the army invariably takes precedence, unless the ranking officer acknowledges his incompetence, and resigns the command to his junior, who was often his superior in all that goes to make a soldier.

December 12.—The march being resumed at an early hour, it was not long before the Ninth's skirmishers again confronted the enemy, quite a body of whom, some little distance ahead, were acting in a strange manner. Under the belief that they wished to give themselves up as prisoners, Major Hufty and Captain Graham, a perfect dare-devil at all times and under all circumstances, raised a kerchief, that had originally been white in color, and went forward to meet them. The Confederates not only declined the proffered invitation, but informed the Union officers that they themselves would never again reach the Union lines, as a large force under Longstreet would speedily intercept them. This intelligence, in which there was not one word of truth, so frightened the doughty Massachusetts colonel that he immediately ordered the column to halt, and after a brief rest, led it back over the same road on which it had advanced. The men rejoiced at this, as they had no hope of accomplishing anything under the commander of the expedition. The Ninth, in the retrograde movement, covered the rear, and was more or less harrassed by the enemy, who had suddenly become quite emboldened.

December 13.—Started at daylight, and after a very disagreeable and fatiguing day's march over wet and rough roads, reached Jameston at sunset, where the Ninth bivouacked on a plantation.

December 14.—Colonel Frankle, realizing that his expedition was an inglorious failure, suddenly took it into his head to attempt something in another direction, and with this in view, called the various commandants together. One and all plainly told him that nothing could now be accomplished, owing to the severe weather and terrible condition of the roads. Besides, more than six hundred men, who had started out with the

expedition, were now incapacitated from service, owing to wounds, frost-bite and blistered feet. This caused the commander to again change his plans.

December 15.—The Ninth, at noon, embarked on the steamer "John Faron," which during the afternoon, landed them at Plymouth, where the command occupied the quarters it had vacated a week previous.

December 16.—Many of the horses and mules, captured at much risk, were returned to parties who entered the town and claimed them—the heart of the Massachusetts colonel being more solicitous for the interests of strangers than for the comfort and well-being of the brave men who had been compelled to follow his incompetent lead.

December 17.—Some little excitement in the town consequent upon rumors that a large force of the enemy is advancing from the direction of Foster's bridge, which had been rebuilt. A multitude of orders from the colonel commanding created much fun, notwithstanding which the various commands held themselves in readiness to repel attack.

December 18.—Although this is set down on the calendar as the Lord's Day, there is no rest or religious service for the men, who continue to manifest discontent at the impotency of affairs. During the evening, several houses were consumed by fire, and as the veterans of the Ninth New Jersey and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts were suspected of being dissatisfied with matters, and somewhat hostile to the commandant, the latter did not hesitate to declare that members in these commands were guilty of destroying the property.

December 19.—The men, supplied with half the usual quantity of rations this morning, manifest their dissatisfaction in a manner quite uncomplimentary to the chief of the expedition, who, in his fear directs the guards to be doubled to prevent men from leaving the town to forage. As but little or nothing palatable was issued for the mid-day meal, and as many of the men were suffering for the want of proper food, which should have been at hand, Colonel Stewart and other commanders threatened to give them permission to obtain needed supplies outside the lines. This had the effect of bringing Frankle to a

realizing sense of his condition, and, fearing for his personal safety, he sent his quartermaster to the gun-boat "Shamrock," where coffee and hard-tack were readily obtained.

December 20.—The hearts of the men rejoiced to-day when the steamer "Helen Getty" arrived with an abundance of supplies of all kinds, and it's well she reached Plymouth as she did, for the men were in no mood to be longer imposed upon or deprived of what they knew themselves to be entitled to.

December 21.—More orders—this time to be "prepared for a move." The weather continues intensely cold—the natives declaring they had never before experienced such severity of atmosphere. The men of the Ninth clean and rebrighten their rifles, which they are always very particular in doing when there is a probability of engaging the enemy.

December 22.—After standing in line several hours, the Ninth, with the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and a detachment of the "Second heavy" marched on board the steamer "John Faron," while the Eighty-fifth New York and Company A, Thirteenth New York Marine artillery, embarked on the gun-boat "Ceres," both steamers heading up the beautiful Roanoke river. As darkness began to envelop the earth, and as the shores were said to be lined with bushwhackers, the "Ceres" took the lead, but it was unmolested—the enemy failing to put in an appearance. The commander of a gun-boat on piquet two miles above Williamston, informing Colonel Stewart that a further advance in the darkness would be "sheer folly," the boats turned about and headed for Jamestown, where the men promptly landed and went into bivouac, burning all the fence rails convenient at hand, in order to keep from perishing with the increasing cold. It should be stated that all tents had been left behind.

December 23.—Rumors prevailing of the advance of a large force of the enemy, bridges crossing streams outside the place were destroyed by fire to prevent anything like a surprise.

December 24.—An order to re-embark was promptly obeyed, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the "Helen Getty" conveyed the Ninth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts back to Plymouth, where the former quarters were re-occupied.

December 25.—Christmas—the *fourth* Christian festival day the men of the Ninth New Jersey had spent on the tented field in the service of their country. As the regiment had *re-enlisted for the war*, which no other New Jersey regiment had done, many of us wondered when the end would be—whether the *next* would find them at home with the loved ones whom they had hurriedly left in 1861. There was nothing in our surroundings to remind us that the day had any special significance—nothing to cheer the loneliness of our hearts—but some wag embraced the opportunity while on piquet of composing a poetical history of the expedition, which he dedicated to its valiant commander.

December 26.—A cold and heavy rain-storm, which set in at an early hour, added greatly to our discomforts, and made us long for a return to the pleasant encampment we had left on the left bank of Bogue sound at Carolina city.

December 27.—The re-appearance of the genial sun this morning enlivened our hearts, and caused us to feel that life was still worth struggling for, even under an incompetent commander.

December 28.—The arrival of a mail-bag, containing affectionate letters from home, with newspapers of uncertain date, had much to do in relieving us of the *ennui* with which our souls had long been afflicted.

December 29.—A company of the "Second heavy," with a piece of artillery and a squadron of the Twelfth New York cavalry, with the plucky pioneers of the Ninth New Jersey, who always had a fair share of dangerous work, were sent out to Gardner's bridge, where they found a detachment of North Carolina junior reserves, who made off in double-time as they saw the Union force advancing.

December 30.—Although the duties of the men are light, all wish themselves back at Newbern.

December 31.—Rumored that the Ninth is to proceed to Virginia. Even this will be preferable to the life it is now leading.

1865.

January 1.—The first day of another year dawns unpleasantly upon the command, the members of which, having no confidence in the ability of the commander of the post, feel that the expedition has been a "wild goose chase," and barren of results. There is no semblance of a holiday here, but the quiet which prevails affords ample opportunity for the men to speculate on the probabilities which the year may bring forth. Of all the New Jersey regiments which left the State in 1861, the Ninth alone remains in the service, its shattered ranks having recently been augmented by recruits, tempted by large bounties to serve until the end of the war, which, however, all believe cannot continue very much longer.

January 5.—The Ninth was inspected to-day, and as this ceremony was generally regarded as being preliminary to a move in some direction, the men breathed more freely.

January 6.—True enough. Move it is, and the usual bustle ensues, consequent upon orders to be prepared for emergency.

January 7.—The Ninth embarked on the steamer "Helen Getty," and after a pleasant sail anchored off Roanoke Island just before darkness set in.

January 8.—Several hours being required to fill the bunkers with coal from a schooner which came alongside our vessel, we did not get away until noon, when we entered Albemarle sound, across which we sped all the afternoon and evening, entering the placid waters of the Neuse river, reaching and disembarking at Newbern at an early hour on the following morning.

January 9.—The anxiety of the men of the Ninth to escape from the command of a man totally unfit for the position assigned him was so great that boisterous cheers were given when the

train rolled away towards our old stamping-ground at Carolina City, which we safely reached at noon.

January 10.—Lieutenant-Colonel Curlis of the Ninth, who had commanded the post at Newport, returned to Carolina City and assumed command of the Second North Carolina Union volunteers.

January 11.—The Ninth resumed its drills and dress parades, greatly to the satisfaction of the men, who had recovered from the fatigues incurred on the recent profitless expedition to Rainbow Bluff.

January 14.—First Lieutenant J. Madison Drake of Company K, captured at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, on the sixteenth of May, rejoined the regiment, having effected his escape from the Confederates by jumping from a train while *in transitu* to Columbia, South Carolina, whither he was being transferred, with six hundred other officers from Charleston, October sixth. Lieutenant Drake had for his companions on his remarkable journey to Knoxville, Tennessee, Captain Harry H. Todd, Eighth New Jersey ; Captain J. E. Lewis, Eleventh Connecticut, and Captain Alfred Grant, Nineteenth Wisconsin volunteers. Forty-nine days were required to make the tramp, pronounced by all to be the greatest made by any prisoners during the war. Lieutenant Drake, who was heartily greeted by Colonel Stewart, and all the officers and men, was promoted to the captaincy of Company K, but he declined muster, owing to physical ailments—frozen feet, hemorrhoids and general debility. Colonel Stewart, who insisted upon Drake remaining with the command until the glorious end, offered him the position of quartermaster, which would relieve him from foot service, but feeling that he could be of no further service in the army, Drake asked for his discharge, which, however, was not granted him until the thirteenth of April following, making his term of service within a fraction of *four* years.

January 21.—Lieutenant J. E. McDougall of Company A, acting-quartermaster at Beaufort, was united in marriage to Miss R. K. Johnston of that place.

January 22.—Religious services were held in the large hospital tent this afternoon.

January 24.—Colonel Stewart assumed command of the troops in the district of Beaufort.

January 29.—The Ninth was reviewed by General Palmer, who expressed his delight at the superb condition of the camp, and the magnificent discipline and marching of the command.

February 1.—Companies B, E, H and I, with three days' rations in haversack, and sixty rounds of ammunition per man, proceeded to Newport barracks.

February 2.—Colonel Stewart arrived at the barracks at an early hour with Captain Graham's cavalry company and a howitzer battery, when a start was made for the interior, under the guidance of two members of the Second North Carolina volunteers. By dark the column had reached Adams's creek, distant thirty-one miles, where it went into bivouac.

February 3.—Colonel Stewart informed his command that this section had been reported to him as being infested with guerrillas and deserters, whom it was desirable to "capture, kill or disperse." Accordingly, at daybreak Companies B, E and H crossed over to Hard's Island, where a tiresome and fruitless search was made—Company I, Lieutenant J. C. Bowker, remaining behind as a reserve force. The recall was sounded late in the afternoon, and before darkness enveloped the earth, the Ninth was reunited on the left bank of the creek, where it passed a wearisome night—nothing occurring to relieve the monotony.

February 4.—Started at an early hour upon the return, reaching Newport barracks without any exciting adventure shortly before midnight.

February 5.—The companies of the Ninth returned to camp at Carolina City, and attended interesting religious services in the afternoon.

February 6.—In anticipation of hard service in the early springtime, the Ninth was kept quite busy drilling, not as punishment, but to harden the muscles of the men, and to give them needed exercise—a duty, too, they always appreciated, as something new was learned by them each day, so thoroughly were the tactics imparted.

February 11.—Company G, which had been on pleasant

piquet duty further up Bogue sound, greatly to the regret of its members, who had grown fat on clams, fish and other good things afforded by water and land, rejoined the regiment to-day, having been relieved by a company of the Seventeenth Massachusetts.

February 19.—The Ninth was inspected to-day—the officer detailed for that duty complimenting the command upon its proficiency in drill and tidiness.

February 22.—Birthday anniversary of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in honor of which salutes were fired at Fort Macon, and drills declared off for the day, affording the men ample opportunities for bathing, etc.

February 28.—The Ninth was mustered for pay to-day—a ceremony that officers and men always felt equal pride and interest in.

March 1.—The frequency with which couriers of late had visited camp admonished the men to be ready for another move. Inspections and reviews, under officers anxious to bring the war to a close, were regarded as precursors of a march, if not a battle.

March 2.—True enough! Orders were issued this forenoon to have three days' rations cooked, and be in readiness to march. Consequently there was much bustle, and a thousand conjectures as to the probable destination of the command.

March 3.—Busy day. Tents were taken down, and knapsacks, surplus stores and luggage packed and removed to Beaufort for storage, under the direction of Lieutenant Drake. The camp, which, a few hours previous, had been so pretty in its cleanliness and symmetry, now presented an untidy and desolate appearance—the stockades alone standing, reminding one of ruin and devastation. Would the Ninth ever again occupy this tenting-ground, whose memories were so dear, was a question that none could solve. Here the men of the Ninth, while recuperating their energies, had spent their pleasantest days in the service, and while they regretted to leave the delightful spot, around which so many happy experiences and associations clustered, all felt it a bounden duty to aid to the

utmost in the restoration of the government's supremacy in every part of the land. Although the Ninth had done its full share of fighting and marching for more than three years, its members drenching ensanguined fields in three states with their blood—yet they eagerly looked forward to honors to be won in the campaign now about to be opened by them.

March 4.—A heavy rain-storm set in at an early hour, and as the men were without covering, their condition was far from being agreeable, most of them being thoroughly soaked before the train arrived to convey the command to Newbern, whither it had been ordered to rendezvous, which place they did not reach until after nightfall. The Ninth was heartily cheered as it moved, with its old-time swinging step, through the town *en route* to Batchelor's creek, where it arrived at midnight to the great joy of the troops already assembled there.

March 5.—Aroused at an early hour, and taking a hurried breakfast, the Ninth was marching before daylight along the railroad, halting after the meridian hour at Cove Creek, where it was brigaded with the Eighty-fifth New York, Twenty-third Massachusetts, four companies of the Second Massachusetts heavy artillery and Battery C, Third New York artillery, commanded by General Harland.

March 6.—Everything being in readiness, the army moved forward at six o'clock this morning—the Ninth New Jersey, as had always been the case, having the post of honor and danger—the advance, a position which had been accorded it in every department in which it had served. Colonel Stewart, who was more familiar with the country than any man in the column, kept up with his skirmishers, (*a la* Heckman,) to see what was going on, and be in readiness to take advantage of anything in the situation that might present itself. The army which followed in the wake of the Ninth had every confidence in itself, all being cognizant of the ability of the Jerseymen to save them from an ambuscade or disaster. With their deadly rifles at a "trail," the skirmishers of the Ninth moved forward cautiously, yet briskly, keenly watching every wind-moving branch, and fully prepared for any emergency that might arise. But the long and uneventful day passed without meeting the enemy,

and when the tired warriors of nearly one hundred engagements threw themselves upon the wet and chilly heath that evening, many of them wondered what the morrow would bring forth.

March 7.—There was some delay in getting started this morning, owing to the failure of the wagon-train to get up well at the front, because of the obstructions in the roadway. At nine o'clock, however, four companies of the Ninth deployed as skirmishers, closely followed by the remainder of the regiment, resumed the forward movement, the men in unusually cheerful spirits owing to the prospect of speedily engaging the enemy, of whom there were everywhere abundant signs. It was not, however, until the Ninth had reached a point within five miles of Southwest Creek, that it received the first salutation from the Confederates. The skirmishers promptly replied, and after a sharp duel, rushed forward with a yell, driving the enemy within their works. The remainder of the regiment came up on a run, and opened at short range, but the "Johnnies," who were in strong force, admirably entrenched, not only refused to vacate, but promptly sent back their compliments in the shape of shot and shell, which had the effect of making the Ninth act with circumspection. Covering themselves as best they could, the men of the Ninth, with no thought of a retrogade movement, continued the engagement until darkness put an end to further operations, and held the position until next morning. It was just as the beautiful sun was sinking behind the hills in front, that the Ninth sustained the loss of a gallant officer—Captain Charles Hufty—who, in looking after the safety of his men, offered himself as a prominent target for the Confederate sharpshooters. Desperately wounded, he bade his men "stand fast," and made his way to the rear, where, although he received every attention from Surgeon Gillette, he lingered in agony until the fourteenth instant, when he departed for that bourne from which no soldier was ever known to return. Death in "Charlie" Hufty got a shining mark, to the intense grief of the regiment.

March 8.—Colonel Stewart, who slept not during the night, satisfied that the enemy was in strong force, and preparing to make a sortie when daylight came, so reported to General John

D. Cox, in command of the corps—the Twenty-third—whereupon the Ninth was quietly withdrawn nearly three-quarters of a mile, where a line of battle had been formed. Colonel Stewart, whose advice was of great value and always acceptable, suggested that entrenchments be thrown up at once, and this was accordingly so done. As no work of this character had been anticipated, no picks or shovels had been brought along, and the absence of these tools necessitated the substitution of other means. The New Jerseymen had been in the same kind of a scrape before—at Cold Harbor and before Petersburg—and the experiences gained there proved of incalculable benefit to them on this occasion, and the order to "throw up some dirt," had scarcely been passed along the line, ere they were digging with knife, fork, bayonet and tin plate for all that these articles were worth. The Ninth occupied a position on Tilghman's plantation, in the center of the line of battle, supposed to be most accessible to attack. For some reason the Confederates failed to emerge from their works during the day, thus losing their only opportunity to attack with advantage. The odds would have been against the Union force had the enemy made a sortie at any time during the day. For their gracious forbearance, the Unionists, who were laboring with might and main to complete their works, were devoutly thankful. When the sun went down, late in the afternoon, the "ruthless invader," happy in contemplating what had been accomplished in so short a time, and under such adverse circumstances, stood there bold and defiant, and anxious for a visit.

March 9.—Not a sound broke the suspicious stillness of the forenoon, leading many to wonder whether the Confederates had retreated, but this suspicion, however, was ruthlessly dispelled shortly after noontime by the discharge of artillery and the wild and peculiar yell of the Southerners, who had assailed the extreme left of our line, resting on Wise's fork. In an instant every man was upon his feet, with rifle in hand, ready to perform any duty required of him. "Double-quick the Ninth to the extreme left," said General Cox to Colonel Stewart, whose handsome face instantly lighted up as of old, as

he led the boys on a lively run across the field to the sound of the firing. There was no need for such haste, as the regiments on the left were giving and taking, but despite their desperate duties they cheered the "Old Ninth" in an enthusiastic manner as it took a position where the red volleys came thickest and nighest. "This is real fun," said Colonel Stewart to Captain Hopper, after the Ninth had dropped down behind the works and got nicely to work. "Yes," responded Hopper, who was never known to smile in battle on account of the business in hand, "the Ninth never had a softer thing than this, for it's generally had the *outside*, which is not near so pleasant." "You're right, Ben," answered the jovial colonel, who filled and lighted his prodigously large meerschaum in order to contemplate with more satisfaction the brilliant work his men were doing. The Confederates kept up a steady fire until dusk, when, finding their efforts to penetrate that portion of the Union line to be futile, they fell back under cover of a heavy woods, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The Southerners had fought with great spirit, several commands showing a wanton recklessness in attempting to gain possession of the Union works, from the top of which constantly blazed the unerring rifles of six hundred Jerseymen who had never but once turned their backs to the foe. The Ninth suffered some, of course, but the covering afforded by the works, something they had not been used to, gave them great satisfaction. Late in the afternoon the Ninth returned to its original position.

Just as darkness was setting in, Captain Ben. W. Hopper was directed by General Palmer to proceed with his Company (E) to a schoolhouse, three-fourths of a mile distant, and there establish a line of piquets. Although Captain Hopper knew a battalion would be none too strong for the duty which had been imposed upon his small and worn-out command, he promptly obeyed the order, and on reaching the point designated by the general, become fully satisfied that it was one of extreme danger. Fight, as he knew his men would, he could not hope to successfully resist the entire Confederate army, which lay massed but a short half mile beyond. But this gallant officer, who had

risen from the ranks by merit alone, complained not. On the contrary, after carefully examining the schoolhouse and adjacent woods, with a view of getting a proper lay of the country, he posted Lieutenant Amos H. Evans and four men in the most dangerous spot, and established posts through the woods to a fence that had been designated to him by the general. By the time he had concluded this work darkness had enveloped the earth, which made traveling not only difficult but dangerous. Captain Hopper, who always attended to important matters himself, desiring to ascertain whether his men thoroughly understood his instructions, left the remainder of his company in charge of his brother, Lieutenant Henry Hopper, and started to visit the posts he had but a few minutes before established. He had walked a considerable distance without hearing a sound, not even the twitter of a bird, when an unpleasant suspicion struck him. But no, his men could not, would not, have been captured without making a noise of some kind. Perish the thought! He had failed to take the right direction—that was all. Retracing his weary steps to the reserve, which he found without difficulty, he cautioned his men to be unusually vigilant, and again started along his line, his heart weighed down with suspicion. It was only when he had regained the immediate vicinity of the school-house, where he had left Lieutenant Evans and a squad of his best men, who were now missing, that he became satisfied he had been outwitted—that his men were *en route* to a prison-pen. Most men, under such circumstances, would have lost no time in rejoining their commands, but Captain Hopper wasn't made that way, and he determined to ascertain something about the position and strength of the Confederates. This was a difficult task, but the captain did not relax his efforts until he had learned all that was possible, when he returned to his command, from which he sent information to the commanding general, and set to work in the awful gloom and dangers of those woods to rectify the alignment, on which he kept watch and ward until daylight next morning.

March 10.—The Confederates, in no pleasant mood after their repulse, gave vent to their ire by almost constant firing

during the night, their artillerymen lending a helping hand by sending an occasional shell over into the Union embattlements. While this did no great damage it had the effect of preventing our men (and their own, too, for that matter,) from obtaining needed sleep and rest. Early this morning the enemy in strong force renewed its attempt to capture the Union works, and although the Southerners fought with desperation and valor, they failed to dislodge the boys in blue, who stood like a wall of granite behind the dirt and logs they had providentially thrown up in anticipation of just such an onslaught as had been made upon them. A dozen times did the Confederates advance in solid phalanx to within short range of the Union line, and as many times did they waver and stagger back to their covert in the heavy woods. Our men, confident of their ability to repel the host, were calm and collected, and being admirably posted, embraced their advantages, and fired with deadly effect, the slaughter of their impetuous enemies being terrible. The Ninth, owing to its exposed position, lost quite heavily during this engagement. There was no firing during the night—the Confederates evidently having no desire to continue a conflict in which they had been worsted. The men of the Ninth, who had had but little rest since starting, regretted not the awful stillness which prevailed along their front, as it afforded them the coveted opportunity of obtaining sleep, of which they stood much in need.

March 11.—Early this morning some of the Ninth's "bummers," enterprising fellows who were abroad seeking chickens, potatoes, etc., discovering that the Confederate works covering Southwest Creek had been abandoned, promptly returned and so reported to Colonel Stewart, who asked permission to push forward his regiment in pursuit. As the commanding general was waiting to hear from the gun-boats, which he knew must be near at hand on the Neuse river, he withheld the Ninth from crossing the creek. The day was spent in burying the bodies of the slain—eight hundred and more being Confederates, and seventy-one being defenders of the "old flag." During the afternoon heavy firing was heard far off to our right, and in the evening rockets sent high into the air revealed

to the Union general the presence of the anxiously-awaited gun-boats.

March 12.—Sunday, so the calendar informs us, but the surroundings are far removed from sanctity. The commanding general takes everything philosophically, and seems to be in no hurry to continue the advance which began so auspiciously. But as the corps has every confidence in his ability, and every man believes that success is certain to crown their efforts, they patiently bide their time, and good-naturedly overlook the seeming unnecessary delay—sometimes (as at Drewry's Bluff,) fatal—sometimes otherwise.

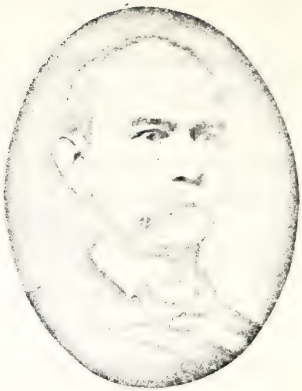
March 13.—No sign of a movement, which is very discouraging to "Jake" Ralfe of Company E, and "Ed." Vantilburg of Company D, the best known and most skillful foragers in the regiment, both of whom are pining away because of the innocuous desuetude in which they find the Ninth placed.

March 14.—At sunrise the troops were ordered to be ready to march, but it was nine o'clock ere the word was given Colonel Stewart to advance with the Ninth, which promptly set out with a light yet steady step. The truly formidable works which the Confederates had vacated were a source of wonder to our boys, who expressed surprise that they should so readily have been given up. These works had been defended by seventeen pieces of artillery, which, however, were removed by the Confederates when they made their retrogade movement. Noontime found the Ninth New Jersey within sight of Kinston, but as the bridge across the Neuse river had been destroyed, (as had been done in the same spot in December, 1862), the Jerseymen halted to await the arrival of the column. After an hour's rest, the Ninth, followed by the corps, continued the march, by way of a road leading to Whitehall on the right bank of the river Neuse, and before darkness set in the column went into bivouac for the night some three miles southeast of Kinston.

March 15.—A heavy rain drenching the troops to the skin, no forward movement was attempted until the middle of the afternoon, when, pontoons having been thrown across the

PRIVATE EDMUND J. CLEVELAND,

Company K.



PRIVATE HENRY HOUGHTALING,

Company K.

CAPT J MADISON DRAKE,

Company K.

CORP'L WILLIAM J. DORAN,

Company K.

PRIVATE THEODORE DENMAN,

Company K.

Neuse river, the Ninth New Jersey again commenced the advance. The left bank of the river was lined with formidable works, but, fortunately for the invaders, were undefended. As the rain continued flooding the roads, and as the artillery and wagon train moved with difficulty, the column halted for the night a little beyond the town of Kinston, near the spot occupied by the Ninth in December, 1862. Kinston had suffered some from the fire of our artillery the previous day, Masonic hall, particularly, being badly shattered. But few of the inhabitants remained in the town, having deserted the place some days previous.

March 16.—The storm continuing to rage with violence, the troops remained where they had stopped—the situation being decidedly unpleasant and disagreeable. During the night, however, the rain ceased falling, when, the wind veering to the northwest, it became clear and bitter cold.

March 17.—At daybreak the troops were set to work throwing up dirt, and before sunset strong entrenchments afforded security against any attack that the enemy might suddenly make. While digging about the town, torpedoes, imbedded in the earth, were discovered. The missiles had been "planted" so that when any weight, exceeding seven pounds, pressed upon them, an explosion would surely follow. The horse of a cavalryman stepping upon one of these shells, exploded it; the animal was killed, the rider fortunately escaping with a wound on his leg. It is understood that the Ninth, having performed most of the work in the march from Newbern to Kinston, is to remain here for garrison duty.

March 18.—The Ninth was inspected to-day—the command making a good showing.

March 19.—The Ninth, routed out before daybreak, was formed in line at five o'clock, shortly after which it took up the line of march—Colonel Stewart having command of the newly-organized brigade, consisting of the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third Massachusetts, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and Eighty-fifth New York volunteers. After reaching the earthworks, east of the town, the regiment received rations for three days, and sixty rounds

of ball cartridges per man, after which the advance into the interior was continued.

March 20.—The weather, heretofore disagreeable, is now delightful, rendering marching exercise pleasant. About noontime the Ninth crossed the railroad at Jones's crossing, and shortly after went into bivouac, having marched sixteen miles since daybreak—distance enough, certainly, for a command that must stand the brunt of a battle certain to occur within the next twenty-four hours, if there is any fight left in the Confederates.

March 21.—A heavy rain fall during the night, and although the roads were wet and heavy, the column started at an early hour—the Ninth leading, its strong line of skirmishers being on the alert for the enemy, who were momentarily expected to put in an appearance. Shortly after noon the sun came out in splendor, seeming to smile on our undertaking. As the regiment marched slowly, to accommodate the troops following, the Jerseymen did not suffer for the good things of this life, many of them being burdened with hams, flour, chickens, etc., upon which they contemplated feasting when a halt was ordered. Although Goldsboro was but a few miles distant, nothing of the enemy had been seen during the forenoon—their absence being a matter of much speculation. It was only when the Ninth came within view of Weptown that the Confederates showed themselves. As the force in front appeared to consist of cavalry, a regiment of Union horsemen galloped to the front and speedily put the enemy to flight. At Weptown a force of infantry checked our cavalry, when the Ninth rushed forward with a yell, and the place was ours. The Confederates fled in every direction, leaving their wounded behind.

The men of the Ninth no sooner saw the spires in Goldsboro than they gave expression to their patriotic feelings by hearty cheers, then double-quicked it until almost out of breath. They were already marching into the city when a flag of truce, borne by Mayor Privett and Constable George Murray, was met. The mayor, in surrendering the place to Colonel Stewart, said it gratified him to perform that duty to New Jerseymen, whom, he knew, would protect the citizens, and save their property

from pillage. "We come to restore the old flag—not to steal," replied Colonel Stewart, who at once led the Ninth to the court-house, upon the roof of which Sergeant George Myers speedily stood, waving his tattered colors in the gentle breeze which prevailed. The Ninth was promptly deployed, and within half an hour after its entry into the town was patrolling the streets as quietly and naturally as if it had been doing provost duty there for a month. As the long column of troops marched through the place they made the welkin ring with cheers—the Ninth New Jersey coming in for a large share of their hitherto pent-up enthusiasm.

In fact, the men in many of the regiments could hardly believe that the town had been taken, so quietly and effectually had the task been accomplished. Surgeon Gillette had no sooner entered the city with Colonel Stewart than he galloped off with Hospital Steward Wade to find a proper building in which to care for the sick and wounded being brought along in wagons. Dr. Gillette, always with an eye to the useful, as well as the beautiful, selected the large brick building, heretofore used as a seminary for young ladies, which was quickly fitted up for the accommodation of the unfortunate ones.

Just before dark the advance of Sherman's army reached Goldsboro, and as the "bummers" marched off to the locations assigned them, enthusiastic cheering took place.

March 22.—Sherman's army continues to arrive—most of the men presenting a sorry sight, so far as uniforms go—no two of the men, apparently, being dressed alike. A large freight and storehouse near the depot were destroyed by fire to-day—vindictive citizens, who had been too cowardly to fire a gun in defence of the place, having fired the structures.

March 23.—By noon to-day the last of Sherman's army of sixty thousand men had passed through the town to cantonments beyond. In the afternoon the general rode about the place, visiting most of the camps, the men of both armies giving him a cordial greeting. He wore a shabby uniform, and as he put on no airs, he took with the "boys," as he familiarly called them.

March 24.—Sherman's westerners, when they came into the

town, wanted to paint things red, but the orders and discipline of the men of the Ninth New Jersey did not permit conduct of this character, whereupon the Jerseymen were twitted as "white-gloved soldiers." A number of the "bummers," having a contempt for men whose hands were covered with white gloves, got into trouble and the lock-up by attempting to do as they pleased—the Jerseymen having seen too much service and knowing their duty too well to permit themselves to be imposed upon, even by those heroes who had been on a picnicking march from "Atlanta to the sea."

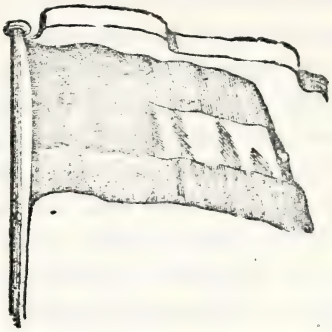
March 25.—The railroad having been rebuilt from Newbern, a train arrived from that place to-day, to the great joy of the men, who needed clothing and shoes. As a rumor prevailed that the Ninth was to be relieved from provost duty, a petition, signed by all the citizens, praying for its retention, was presented to the commanding-general to-day. The petition recited that "the Ninth New Jersey regiment by its long sojourn in North Carolina, and the acquaintance of its perfectly disciplined members with the habits and peculiarities of our citizens, qualifies it for the duties to which it was assigned upon its victorious *entree* into the place."

March 26.—Several trains, laden with needed supplies, arrived from Newbern to-day. Three or four of Sherman's "bummers," while stealing from neighboring plantations, were shot and killed to-day. After this the foragers acted with wariness.

March 27.—A number of sutlers from Newbern, confident of realizing fortunes within a week, came up and exposed their goods for sale to-day. Some of them made money—others lost their all.

March 28.—All the troops in the city moved out to encampments in the open country this forenoon—the buildings being needed for business and storage purposes. The "*Loyal State Journal*," published by Corporal Charles Hinton of Company K, Ninth New Jersey, made its appearance to-day. As the supply of paper, which "Charlie" found on hand when he took possession of the office was exceedingly limited, he printed the edition on wall-paper, stripped from houses in the neighbor-

hood. Among the cuts which the corporal found in the office was the following, which he presented to the author:



Mr. Charles Hinton of Company K, publisher of the *Athens* (Pa.) *Gazette*, (1888), furnished us with the following:

As the Ninth regiment neared Goldsboro, which had once before (1862) been our objective point, I was sent down a by-road to act as a vidette, remaining in solitude, with no companion except my rifle, until I was recalled, when, seeing the Ninth's skirmishers far in advance, I hastened across the fields and fell in with them, anxious to be among the first to enter the town, which I knew could not be very far ahead. We kept the "Johnnies" on a lively run, and, owing to the excitement of the chase, were in the streets of Goldsboro before we knew of it. As I dashed up a street my attention was riveted upon an ancient sign—"Printing office," which caused me to enter. As neither the proprietor, foreman or even the *devil*, appeared to welcome me, I concluded to take possession and resume labor at my trade—that of a printer. I applied to Lieutenant-Colonel Hufty of the Ninth, who had been appointed provost-marshal, for permission to occupy the office and conduct the printing business, which request he promptly granted. My unexpected capture having been duly legalized, I looked about for some printer to assist me, as I knew from the state in which I found the presses and materials to be in, that I would make but little progress under the conditions which existed in the establishment. I thought of Henry Houghtaling and Henry Cook of my

company, the only type-setters I knew of in the regiment, but they had served three long years and were at home; but before night I learned that among those who had joined Company I in the early part of 1864 was a rapid compositor named Edward L. Alvord. He came to the office in response to my request, and gladly accepted my offer of a half-interest in the business.

We changed the name of the paper from *State Journal* to *Loyal State Journal*, and on the following day issued the first number under the new management—Captain Appleget of Company A, furnishing us with an editorial, which dwelt mainly on what the Ninth regiment had accomplished, the glory of whose achievements was all that any of us had time to think about just then. We were compelled to reduce the sheet from 24x36 to one-quarter of that size, the edition being limited on account of the meagre supply of paper which our Confederate predecessors had left on hand. With visions of untold wealth before us, we greatly regretted this, as the papers went off like hot cakes, at any price we chose to ask. As much job printing was offered, we concluded to utilize most of the paper on that description of work and getting out *extras*, this being more profitable than issuing the *Journal* regularly.

Upon the arrival of Sherman's army our office was entered by two of his *bumming* lieutenants, who, seeing no officers about the establishment, coolly proceeded to remove their equipments and coats, saying they would conduct the business hereafter. "You will, eh?" said Alvord. "Well, I am only a private in the Ninth New Jersey, but that is a higher title than a colonel in your picknicking army, and if you don't vamose this ranch in less than two minutes, I'll call the provost guard and have you locked up as thieving vagabonds." By this time Alvord had reached the place where our ever-loaded rifles stood; and picking up one of the weapons, he asked them if they were ready to vacate. Seeing a look of determination in my partner's eyes, and convinced that he was a man not to be trifled with, they picked up their traps and took a hurried departure, saying, as they left: "We will see that you answer for this impudence." This was the only time we were ever molested.

We did a thriving jobbing business and coined money printing songs, etc., until the Ninth was ordered to Raleigh, when, being directed to rejoin our companies, Alvord and I sent for the owner of the plant, who had meanwhile gotten over his fright, and giving him a large part of the money we had earned and saved, took our departure. Alvord held cases on the New York *Tribune* before his enlistment, and at the close of the war was given his old stand, which he kept until the time of his death, which occurred in 1868. He was an upright man and a good soldier. Five years after the war, I purchased the *Athens* (Pa.) *Gazette*, which I still publish.

March 29.—To-day was signalized by the execution of a brute named Bryant, a private in the Twelfth New York cavalry, who, by the sentence of a drum-head court-martial, had been adjudged guilty of an atrocious assault upon a lady, sixty-five years of age, residing in Goldsboro. She was said to be a lineal descendant of the Washington family. The wretch had committed a similar crime upon a girl at Kinston, a few days previous, but managed to elude capture. As the Twelfth New York cavalry belonged to Carter's division, that officer was charged with carrying the sentence into execution. But General Carter being opposed to capital punishment, Colonel Stewart, next ranking officer and commanding a brigade, was assigned to the duty. Nearly one hundred thousand men, including General Sherman and staff, witnessed the death of the vile wretch, for whom every man present considered shooting too noble a death. Everything, however, passed off smoothly, Colonel Stewart being personally complimented by General Sherman upon the "success" of the affair.

March 30.—A storm raged with some violence all day, sadly interfering with the comfort of the men.

March 31.—The weather this morning, clear as a bell, is all that can be desired, and the men take advantage of it to dry their overcoats, blankets, etc., in the genial sunshine.

April 1.—Lieutenant Amos H. Evans of Company E, "gobbled" with his piquet at Wire Fork on the eighth of last month, returned to the regiment to-day. He was cordially welcomed by all.

April 2.—Sunday. The religious services in the various meeting-houses attracted great numbers of darkeys, who manifested the greatest interest in the proceedings—many of them, under the excitement, "kicking" up and rolling upon the floor.

April 3.—An order was issued to-day attaching the Ninth New Jersey to the Second brigade, Third division, Twenty-third army corps, which consisted of the Sixty-fifth Illinois, Sixty-fifth Indiana and One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Ohio volunteers.

April 4.—Companies E and F, under Captain Hopper, proceeded to Weptown, and arrested some fifty dissolute men and women, who were occupying a single house. The procession attracted much attention and created great merriment as it marched through Goldsboro to the lock-up.

April 5.—A train, filled with sick and wounded, left to-day for Newbern, where there is ample hospital accommodation.

April 6.—A dispatch announcing the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg by the Confederates was received here this morning, and half an hour afterward "Charlie" Hinton, publisher of the *Loyal State Journal*, with commendable enterprise, had issued an extra, which went off like hot cakes, and created great excitement. The cheers passed from regiment to regiment—from one end of the line to the other—old men vieing with the youngest in extravagant demonstrations of joy. The scene, outrivaling anything ever witnessed by this army, can never be effaced from memory.

April 7.—The good news of yesterday continues to be the theme of conversation—nothing else can be thought of or discussed. The end for which all good men have labored so long and made so many sacrifices is near at hand—the rebellion is at last in its death throe.

April 8.—All sorts of rumors prevail this morning, most of them originating as usual at the sinks.

April 9.—The speed with which numerous mounted couriers dart about, render it certain that a forward movement is contemplated. But the men of the Ninth New Jersey, believing that they have performed their full share of duty, take this order philosophically, as certainly, with the very large force

that is here, they will not be needed to take any part in further active operations, especially as all believe that there will be no more fighting, none, at least, of any consequence. Besides, the Ninth is performing important duties in the city, in a manner very satisfactory to the citizens, and can hardly be spared from the post.

April 10.—Colonel Stewart, relieved from the command of the brigade, returned to the regiment to-day, as did Lieutenant-Colonel Hufty, who had efficiently performed the onerous duties of provost-marshal. Putting this and that together, as boys do at school, the men of the Ninth came to the conclusion that the "soft thing" which they had in guarding the town was to be given to another command—one, perhaps, that had no liking for fighting or marching. True enough, a few hours after the colonel had rejoined the regiment, the Thirty-eight Massachusetts, of the Nineteenth army corps, marched into the city and relieved the Ninth, which immediately proceeded into the interior, not halting until nine o'clock in the evening, when twelve long North Carolina miles separated it from the town. A heavy rain, which had set in at daylight, rendered the tramp laborious and fatiguing, and spoilt every paper collar in the regiment. Lieutenant George Peters of Company G, captured at Drewry's Bluff on the sixteenth of May, 1864, rejoined the Ninth late in the afternoon, having been exchanged.

This officer shared the same fate as Lieutenant Drake, till the latter made his escape, October sixth, 1864. Lieutenant Peters and others remained at Columbia two months; here many escaped, by passing the outer guards, on paying twenty-five dollars; others did not return when sent after wood. Lieutenant Peters escaped in company with three other officers, from Columbia, South Carolina, having been detailed upon the wood-relief parties. He says: "We took advantage of these opportunities, and struck out for the swamp. After dark, we traveled to the right of Lexington, in a northwesterly direction; at daylight we made six miles towards Saluta river, and remained on its banks; two white citizens passed by, but did not notice us; at sundown we looked for means to cross the river; not finding anything, we built a raft of rails, tied

together with grape-vines; when launching it, it was found not strong enough to carry all four, so three started first, intending that one should return, to bring the fourth; but the current of the river was very strong at this point, the rapids being only two or three hundred yards above; when the raft nearly reached the opposite shore, it parted, and all three were precipitated into the water, but succeeded in getting on dry land; though it was their intention to return after the fourth, this was now impossible, and he was left behind with sorrow. Starting again, in a northwesterly direction, we mistook the right course; we marched in a circle, and found ourselves at the same place that we had started from in the morning; in the evening, retracing our steps, we followed the road till morning; hearing dogs barking, we hid ourselves for some time; being very hungry and cold, we tried to find the negroes, whom we had heard calling for their animals, but in vain; remaining in the woods during the day, we came up to a negro hut towards evening; the old man gave us plenty of corn-meal and milk, and filled our haversacks also with biscuit. On the evening of the twenty-ninth of November, we came to a mill-dam, which we crossed with difficulty; at the opposite side we found several houses, which were flanked; we found a patch of radishes, which were first thought to be turnips; this was a God-send, as we were very hungry; the houses all passed, another difficulty arose, from the joining of several roads; we traveled several miles without interruption, halted and rested about midnight; while resting we heard men approaching; by the conversation, we knew that they were white men; fortunately they did not notice us. Marching again in the morning, we came close to a house, which we were afraid to pass; flanking it, we came, to our astonishment, but great joy and pleasure, up with Lieutenant Alexander, who had been forced to remain on the other side of the river, a few days before. At this time, we believed ourselves to be near Frog Level, which we did not like to enter by day; so we rested, approaching the road at night; we kept close to the fences, to watch the arrival of negroes, to receive something to eat; meeting with one who promised us plenty if we followed him to his house, though

very tired, we marched three miles back, in the expectation of a good supper; arriving, we received a substantial supper, filling also our haversacks; resuming march, and reaching the village, we flanked the building; marched all night, hiding ourselves by day. On the night of the second of December, we again started; coming to Newburry, we found ourselves in a tight place, and kept close to the woods. Here we met a negro with his team, on his way home, who was startled to death by our appearance. Convincing him that no harm should befall him, he promised to furnish us with provisions; waiting his return, the dogs made such an infernal noise, that we considered it best to move on until the morning of the third when again we halted to rest. Negroes and white citizens were at work in the fields close by, so that we had to keep very still. Traveling again at night, we tried to find something to eat, but instead of nourishment, found that we were at Hinton, when we expected to reach Lawrenceville, Lawrence county. Marched this night twenty miles; resting during the day, and marching again at night, we had the great disadvantage of there being a full moon. Approaching a plantation, we were observed by a man on horseback; the man watched us coming up, so that he bid us "Good evening." It proved to be a physician, going out to visit a patient; directly after we met a negro, riding a mule, who promised not to betray us; afterwards we learned that the doctor and negro met, when the latter was threatened to confess what he knew about us. Fearing that we would be retaken again, as a prevention, we put pine boughs under our feet; not being able to find the road, on account of the darkness, we came upon a turnip patch, from which we ate heartily, and laid down to sleep; we were aroused by four dogs, it proved, followed by two negroes, who were out hunting, and they showed us the Greenville road. When marching about five miles the following night, dogs were again on our track, and not liking to be torn to pieces, we climbed the trees; the men coming up, did not make any attack, for which we know no other reason than that they were outnumbered. Traveling again about three miles, we came to a village; the dogs which were on our track, again made a great noise; here we were also

pursued by three men, and we ran for three miles, resorting to pine boughs again; being tired and foot-sore, we laid down to rest till morning, when we concluded to travel by day, to be able to find out our way, that part of the country where we were not being safe. Working on this plan, we met with great disadvantages in the beginning; to come to another road, we had to pass over open fields, on hands and knees, to be unobserved from the houses, and from the people at work in the fields. At night we came to a negro, who was ploughing, a white boy being with him; the negro stated that the boy was the son of a Union man, but dared not bring us to him, the nearest neighbor being secesh; he promised us something to eat, to show us to the right road, and to bring us to another Union man, who lived some distance off. Instead of all this he betrayed us; as we soon were halted by a party of citizens, with shot-guns and rifles, who demanded our surrender; we surrendered, and moved on. After marching about four miles, we came to a house, where the lady invited us to supper; supper had been already prepared, which convinced us that our arrival had been expected. The lady was very inquisitive; she had never seen any Yankees before in her life, and had undoubtedly prepared this supper to have a chance to gratify her curiosity; she was very much astonished to find us men, like all others, and without horns; she asked a number of questions; supper over, we marched two miles farther, to Johnson's store, where we were turned over to the commanding officer. This was on the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-four; on the seventh, we started, and arrived at four P. M., at Lawrenceville, a distance of seventeen miles; after the enrolling-officer had taken our names, etc., we were turned over to the sheriff, and locked up in the jail. Here we were insulted by very insolent language from the young aristocracy. The sheriff's wife paid us a visit, admitting, as a general thing, that the rebels were wrong, but complaining bitterly that they were robbed of their 'niggers.' After breakfast, we went by cars, and arrived at Newburry; here we waited for the Greenville and Columbia train, during which time the negroes furnished us with cakes

and pies. At Columbia we arrived at five P. M., and were lodged in the jail, and marched next morning to Camp Sorghum again; during our absence, one man had been brutally murdered; on the twelfth of December we encamped near the lunatic asylum; here tunnels were dug, through which to escape, but they were discovered; General Winder directed that, if repeated, our shanties should be burned down, and we exposed to storm and weather; but this was his last order, as he died a few days later of apoplexy, at Florence, South Carolina. When Sherman approached, we were taken to Charlotte, then to Greensboro', then to Raleigh and Goldsboro', where we were paroled on the last day of February. On the first of March we arrived in our lines, nine miles from Wilmington."

April 11.—Company H, Captain Edward S. Pullen, was detailed for duty at the headquarters of General John D. Cox, commanding Twenty-third corps. The rain continued to fall in torrents—not an unusual thing when active operations were to be resumed, causing great discomfort to the troops. The column took an early start, and only halted at noon for dinner, near Codfish creek, where Kilpatrick had routed the Confederates the previous day after a sharp engagement. At nine o'clock in the evening the column halted, and went into bivouac on a large plantation. Of course a thousand and one rumors were rife among the men, and from the appearance of things it began to look as if more bloody work had yet to be done ere our "erring brethren" would lay down their arms and retire to their homes—a consummation long and devoutly wished by us.

April 12.—The soldiers, with stiffened joints, had scarcely risen from the ground this beautiful morning, ere a spectacle was witnessed that is without a parallel. A small body of horsemen, passing through the open ranks, were vociferously cheered. It was General Sherman and staff, whose faces, beamed with joy, as they rode along, crying out: "*Lee has surrendered to Grant.*" The woods and fields re-echoed with the joyful acclaim—half a hundred bands, and a thousand fifers and drummers adding to the din. Men who had kept step together for nearly four years, and who had stood side by

side on many fields of strife, wept for joy, embracing each other again and again. "*Lee has surrendered!*" was in one hundred thousand mouths, and one hundred thousand lusty throats yelled themselves hoarse. But no pen of mine can do justice to this ever memorable scene.

Although the troops were in the act of moving forward to "fresh fields and pastures new" when the gladsome tidings reached them, no order to advance was uttered. General Sherman rode on until he met General Cox, with whom a lengthy conversation took place. It was nearly noon ere the column again started, the pathway being marked by the smoking ruins of houses set on fire by the retreating Confederates, or by the negroes, as a revenge upon their late masters. Haw river was reached late in the afternoon, but as the bridge had been destroyed by the fleeing and panic-stricken enemy, who hardly knew where to seek safety, pontoons were quickly laid, thus enabling the troops to cross without delay. In the evening, a halt was ordered near Smithfield, and upon the cold ground the warriors stretched themselves to rest, and dream of loved ones at home, now that the "cruel war" was supposed to be over.

April 13.—Resumed the march at a very early hour, and halted for the night on the plantation of S. W. Allen, who was killed the day previous by one of Kilpatrick's cavalrymen. Mr. Allen attempted to frighten and drive back the cavalry division, and surprised at his failure, started off on a run, carrying his rifle with him. Refusing to "halt" when commanded by his pursuers, he was sent to that bourne from which no Confederate was ever known to return. His body, found in the roadway where he fell, was interred by the Ninth's ambulance corps, the silvery moon affording light for the wierd-like duty.

Along toward noon, to-day, during a halt, Colonel Stewart espying a large farmhouse half a mile away, directed "Big Jake," his orderly, to repair thither, and request the occupants thereof to prepare a repast suitable for the field and staff. Jake stood not upon the order of his going—he went, but he returned not. He speedily reached the house, and found the

lady very much disposed to do all in her power to fulfil the colonel's command. While willing servants set to work to provide the edibles, Jake, one of the homeliest men in the army, not excepting General Butler, stalked into the dining apartment and made himself thoroughly at home. Nearly an hour had elapsed since Jake had departed on the colonel's errand, and although the good things of this life had been placed upon the table, those for whom the repast had been provided, failed to appear. The lady of the house, slightly disappointed at the unseeming delay, suggested that Jake notify the colonel that dinner awaited him, but Jake, with one eye on the table, and a gnawing sensation in the lower part of his long body, replied that "nobody could hurry the colonel." Colonel Stewart, tired of awaiting a call, and hearing nothing of his orderly, concluded to visit the house and ascertain the condition of affairs. The officers were welcomed by the good lady, who explained that she had no way of notifying them of the fact that dinner was ready. The colonel, as polite as he was brave, bade her give herself no uneasiness—then followed her into the dining-room. But what a sight greeted him, There, as big as life, was the missing orderly, and seated at the table. The officers looked at the imperturbable Jake, and then at one another. Colonel Stewart's black eyes flashed as they always did in battle, but Jake never winced—he kept cramming the food into the capacious cavern under his nose. The colonel was mad; in a tone something like the rumbling of a small earthquake, he asked: "Do you recognize me?" Jake mumbled out that he could not say he did. The colonel bit his lip, and the officers smiled. Jake continued eating. After various interrogatories, the colonel, who had meanwhile lost all patience with Jake's presumption, inquired whether he knew who was addressing him. Jake, full to the chin, leaned back in his chair, and coolly looking up in the face of his commander, and with the utmost nonchalance, answered: "Well, no; and since I jined the army I haven't cared a —— who addressed me," saying which he let his chair drop from under him, and with a bound cleared the room, mounted his horse, and was on his way back to camp before the officers could recover from

their burst of laughter. Despite the delay, they enjoyed eating what Jake had been considerate enough to leave them.

April 14.—Off bright and early, the progress of the column being remarkably slow—Johnston's army being but a short distance away. At noon the Ninth halted in an open field within sight of Raleigh, the capital city of North Carolina, when the word was passed round that the place had surrendered to the cavalry. General Sherman proceeded on to the city, and before sunset was occupying the stately mansion belonging to Governor Vance, who had found it convenient to be absent. The state house was occupied by the provost-marshal. Heavy rain-storm all night, causing great discomfort to the men, who were without cover.

April 15.—Although the storm continued with unabated violence, the head of the column resumed the forward movement before seven o'clock. This, however, was checked before the entire army got underway, when the troops were bidden to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

April 16.—The tempest was brought to a standstill at noon to-day—greatly to the joy of all.

April 17.—The only excitement to-day was caused by the discharge of a rifle, handled by a colored boy, the bullet striking the sword-scabbard of Lieutenant Appleget and slightly wounding that officer in the left leg. For a minute or two that darkey's life was of no particular value to him or the world, but he escaped injury although some loud talking was done by the men. The first number of the *Raleigh Standard*, under Union auspices, made its appearance to-day.

April 18.—All sorts of rumors prevail, but with the large and thoroughly equipped force at hand, no danger is apprehended. The weather is again clear and delightful, so that when the Ninth moved its camp into a pretty grove, immediately in rear of the state house, but few discomforts were felt.

April 19.—The camps are pleasantly situated, and as the men lack for nothing, and entertain the opinion that there will be no more marching or fighting, they continue in exuberant spirits.

April 20.—Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant arrived here

to-day, when a review was ordered in his honor. The troops presented a fine appearance, doing unusually well, perhaps because the greatest general of modern times was on the ground. Grant, however, looked more like a farmer than the victor in a great war; his uniform, if it had ever been decent, was decidedly the worse for wear. He was entirely without ostentation, and his face as expressionless as the sphinx in the Egyptian desert.

April 21.—First-Sergeant Jesse Hulsart of Company D, Sergeant Reuben V. P. Wood of Company A, Sergeant John H. Fatty and Corporal Matthew Hill of Company G, and others, who had endured the horrors of fetid prison-pens at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Charleston, Florence and elsewhere, for nearly eleven months, rejoined the regiment. Sergeant Hulsart reported that nine out of the sixteen captured with him at Drewry's Bluff had died of starvation and the terrible exposures to which they were subjected. Sergeant Fatty regretfully reported that twelve of his company, out of the sixteen captured, had been released from their tortures by death.

April 22.—The doleful news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached this department to-day, causing profound grief. Nothing else is thought of or talked about.

April 23.—Rumors prevail that General "Joe" Johnston is preparing to attack this army.

April 24.—General Sherman to-day, under flag of truce, demanded the surrender of Johnston and his army.

April 25.—The troops receive orders to-day to hold themselves in readiness for a move.

April 26.—To-day everything is bustle, consequent upon an anticipated march upon the enemy, who rejected the terms offered by the Union commander.

April 27.—Broke camp and marched in a southwesterly direction—General Johnston doing the sensible thing by surrendering before sunset. There was but little enthusiasm over the event, owing, doubtless, to the sorrow of the men for the nation's president, who had been more deeply loved by the troops than any other American. Johnston's men, while glad that the war was over, did not act as nicely as had been expected

—perhaps because many of them, recently conscripted, knew but little about the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Those who had been in the service since 1861 were very meek, and hesitated not to express their gladness that the business was over. Many of the disbanded army, to gratify their spiteful feelings, committed atrocities of which they were afterwards heartily ashamed. Some of the depredators were arrested and punished by the Union troops.

April 28.—Orders, formally announcing the surrender of Johnston's army, were read to the troops, formed in line to hear them.

April 29.—In memory of President Lincoln thirteen guns were fired at sun-rise, one gun every half hour during the day, and thirty-six at noon. At ten o'clock this forenoon the Ninth, with all the troops hereabouts, formed to hear the order relating to the assassination read. During the remainder of the day the troops were exempt from drill. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth army corps started on the long tramp for Washington, D. C., where the armies are to be reviewed, previous to being mustered out.

April 30.—The Ninth was inspected and mustered to-day, after which a squad took a train for Beaufort to procure the knapsacks of the men and officers' luggage, together with the camp and garrison equipage. This forenoon the Fourteenth and Twentieth army corps started for Washington to be mustered out of the service.

May 1.—It is stated that the army is to be disbanded, which brings visions of "sweet home" to the minds of all.

May 2.—The men of the Ninth are in a perturbed state to-day, consequent upon rumors that the regiment is to be sent to the Rio Grande, to be ready for service in the country of the Montezumas, in case the French army does not immediately vacate the soil of Mexico. At three o'clock this afternoon the Ninth was assembled on the parade-ground, and directly afterwards five companies—A, B, C, F and G—marched to the railroad, where they embarked upon a train, which conveyed the battalion to Greensboro, reaching that place a little after midnight.

May 3.—Late this afternoon Companies D, E, I and K (Company H being still at General Cox's headquarters), embarked for Greensboro. At Graham and Company's shops, where the train stopped for some time, the citizens besought Colonel Stewart to protect them from the depredations of ex-Confederates, some of whom, half-crazed with liquor, had threatened to destroy their property. Five desperadoes, arrested by citizens during the day for excesses, were given in charge of the Ninth, which securely guarded them. Colonel Stewart, who was at all times ready to defend the weak and willing to punish the guilty, directed Lieutenant William E. Townley of Company K, to remain at this station and protect its inhabitants, together with the railroad property, until relieved. The Ninth, on arriving at Greensboro, went into bivouac near the station, where it remained until next morning, when it was ordered to encamp outside the town.

May 4.—This forenoon Colonel Stewart reported to General Carter commanding division, and was by him directed to encamp on McCullough's plantation, a mile or so west of the place. As no lumber could be procured, the men made themselves as comfortable as possible by constructing habitations of green boughs, in which they long ago had become adepts. The primitive abodes afforded protection from the burning sun, but failed to give shelter in time of rain. As it had become necessary to feed our late enemies in Johnston's army, the Ninth, with other regiments, was placed on short allowance of rations. This was well enough for a day or two, but the romance of generosity having worn away, and our inner man feeling all the worse for the deprivation, discontent soon took the place of our usual cheerfulness, murmurings being heard in every camp. Besides, the Ninth had not seen a paymaster in many months, the poverty of the men preventing them from purchasing any of the limited number of articles exposed for sale by the planters who visited camp. Company G, Captain Runyon, being ordered to Charlotte, and Company I, Lieutenant Kille, to Salisbury, both commands departed this afternoon. General Cox commanding Twenty-third corps, and his body-guard, Company H of the Ninth, arrived at Greens-

boro this evening. General "Joe" Johnston's artillery, surrendered a few days ago, was found to be posted here.

May 5.—Lieutenant-Colonel Hufty and squad returned here to-day with the knapsacks and regimental stores—the men gleefully receiving the former.

May 6.—The farmers to-day increased their prices for eggs, milk, etc., taking the *cue* from the sutlers, who were fast becoming millionaires. Many buildings here, used as hospitals, are filled with sick and wounded Confederates.

May 7.—Company I returned here this evening from Salisbury. Lieutenant Kille reported that he reached Salisbury at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth, and halted near the pen but recently occupied by Union prisoners of war. He afterwards marched into the town and quartered his men in vacant buildings. Next morning Lieutenant Kille, who was anxious to get back to the regiment, waited upon the Confederate commandant, and directed that gentleman to turn over to him all ordnance and army stores in his keeping—the request being promptly complied with, and by the middle of the day an immense quantity of property had been loaded on a train of cars—negroes having been impressed to do the work, which they gladly performed. During the afternoon a brigade of the Second division, Twenty-third corps, arrived at Salisbury and relieved Company I, which had so fearlessly preceded it into the interior—the general commanding expressing surprise when he found that fifty Jerseymen had already accomplished what he had, with two thousand men, been sent out to do.

May 8.—The Ninth's camp, with its old Sibley tents, is pronounced to be handsomer than any other in the corps.

May 9.—Drills morning and afternoon, just for exercise.

May 10.—The dress parade each evening is witnessed by the townspeople, who seem interested in all that the "Yankees" do.

May 11.—Colonel Stewart, of the Ninth, to-day assumed command of a division in the Twenty-third corps, Army of the Ohio. General Cox, the day after the Ninth took possession of Goldsboro, recommended Colonel Stewart for a brigadier-generalship.

May 12.—As the sun is scorching hot by day, the men find

it necessary to seek shelter from its rays. Leafy shades were erected around camp for the protection of the guards.

May 13.—Company G arrived here to-day from its mission to Charlotte—Captain Runyon making the following report:

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY G, NINTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
GREENSBORO, N. C., May 13th, 1865.

SIR—I have the honor to submit the following report: In accordance with orders from Major-General Cox, I left Greensboro, North Carolina, with my company on May fifth, 1865, and proceeded by railroad to Salisbury, North Carolina; arrived there at eleven A. M.; I left Salisbury at five P. M., and was transported by rail to within five miles of Concord, a station twenty-one miles from Charlotte, North Carolina. The next morning, May 6th, I marched to Concord, and telegraphed to Charlotte for a train. I received an answer, stating that an accident had happened to the downward train, and that no train would run for a day or so. I immediately took up line of march, and that evening encamped thirteen miles from Charlotte. The next morning I resumed the march, and arrived in Charlotte at half-past five P. M. I found the town filled with rebel soldiers; raids were made by mobs on stores that had been left by the rebels. Drunkenness and disorder generally had been the order of the day. I immediately issued an order assuming command of the post, also another, prohibiting the sale of all kinds of spirituous liquors. After my arrival, good order prevailed.

The following is the list of stores taken possession of, and guarded by my command: Medical purveyor's establishment, containing a large quantity of medical stores; there being no surgeon in my command, I had no means of determining the value of them. The rebel navy yard, containing a large amount of machinery, etc., most of which had been taken from the Portsmouth, Virginia, Navy Yard. A number of boxes, said to contain the records of the rebel war department and all the archives of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Also boxes, said to contain all the colors and battle flags captured from the national forces since the beginning of the war; a quantity of naval stores, and a quantity of commissary stores; a branch of the United States mint was found, containing the machinery connected with it, all in good order. On Friday, the twelfth, Brigadier-General Thomas, of the First brigade, First division, Twenty-third army corps, arrived, relieving me of command of the post. On Friday, at five P. M., I received an order, by telegraph, to report to my regiment, without delay. The next day, the thirteenth, I had my command placed on cars, and reported at regimental headquarters at Greensboro, North Carolina, at four P. M. the same day. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. C. RUNYON,
Captain Com'dg Co. G, Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers.

To E. W. WELSTEDT, Lieut. and Adjutant Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Account of Lieutenant George Peters of Company G: "As we approached the Yadkin river, on May fifth, we came up with the rear column of Johnston's army, on their way home, numbering eight thousand to ten thousand; a situation novel to us and all who witnessed it. For the first time we did come in contact with the rebels, without having to fight. To see them swarming around us, and to hear their expressions of friendship and good feeling, was, indeed, very strange to us, more so while they outnumbered us one hundred to one; one-fifth of these being armed. One remarked that he had never before seen the Yankees, without being compelled to lay down, or without being ordered to do so. There were others who did not like the way pursued by their generals; these would rather have fought on than to succumb, but the majority were tired of the war. Many stated that they would never have been in the rebel army if they could have avoided it. The delay at Salisbury was very unpleasant, as, in case of any trouble, we would have been at their mercy, but everything passed off quietly, the troops being remarkably orderly. On the seventh, on our march to Charlotte, we met numbers of stragglers along the road; also citizen-stragglers, who were out to steal cotton, clothing, provisions—in short, anything they could lay hands on and make use of. It is doubtful if there are many or any other company which has been situated as we were, surrounded and marching with our late enemies, they outnumbering us, and that, too, when we were cut off from all our forces by nearly one hundred miles of railroad, with a break in it, so that trains could not run. The citizens of Charlotte we found very hospitable; the rich and well-to-do class seemed to be very well satisfied with the change; the middle-class and the poor spoke very bitterly and with condemnation of Jefferson Davis and his clique. The military institution, lately used for the medical-purveyor's office, was stored with great quantities of medicines, some of which, such as morphine and nitre, were very valuable; all with English labels, and of English manufacture, which had been procured by blockade-running. Among others, we found two twelve-pound brass field-pieces; two cannons; about nine hundred

small arms; four hundred thousand percussion-caps; fourteen hundred pounds of powder; an immense quantity of sabres, cutlasses, etc., cartridge-boxes, and other equipments. Out of a large number of flags and trophies, taken from our forces during the whole of the war, Captain Runyon picked the state-colors of the Thirty-third New Jersey regiment, intending to forward the same to the adjutant-general of the state of New Jersey. The United States branch mint was found in good order, but no specie or other valuables could be seen. Specie was plenty in the hands of the citizens, and quantities of goods and arms were stored away, which, by this time, have been found and taken care of by the colonel who came to relieve us. As soon as Captain Runyon, commanding post, put guards where the archives of the so-called Confederacy (about eighty-four boxes) were stored, General Johnston, who still remained at Charlotte, communicated the facts to General Schofield, commanding the department of North Carolina, at Raleigh, and a staff-officer was immediately despatched, and arrived at Charlotte, to take charge of the valuable documents, and to forward the same to Raleigh. There was no opportunity left for Captain Runyon to earn laurels, and it is very doubtful if General Johnston would have reported as he did, if no guards had been posted, and chance had been left to him to burn or destroy the written and printed proofs of their shameful treachery and rebellion. Thus, we see, that to the gallant old Ninth is due the enviable credit of having captured and preserved from harm all the archives of the rebel government, their trophies, and many of their valuable stores. Too much credit cannot be accorded Captain Runyon for the manner in which he performed his peculiar duties, and it is doubtful if any one could more judiciously have comported himself, when, with only a small company of men, he was compelled to crowd his way through the thousands of rebel soldiers with whom he had, as it were, just been engaged in the fiercest fight. The records here obtained by Captain Runyon have been, are, and ever will be of so great value to the government of the United States, that it is almost impossible to magnify the importance of the capture thus made. In less careful and scrupulous hands they might

have been mutilated or lost. But in spite of the wishes and schemes of rebel officers, who were present, Captain Runyon insisted that they should be 'severely let alone,' and in all their completeness succeeded in turning them over to the government he served."

May 16.—Farmers bring in daily large quantities of berries, cherries, etc., which they readily dispose of at a profit—a long time having elapsed since they had such "golden opportunities."

May 17.—As the trains run regularly, the troops are in regular receipt of abundant rations.

May 18.—Orders were received by Colonel Stewart to detail companies from the Ninth to proceed to certain towns to elect civil magistrates and act as police patrols.

May 20.—In accordance with this order Lieutenant Bonham in command of Company A, proceeded to Yanceyville, Caswell county, which place he reached by rail and marching two days afterwards. Lieutenant Henry Hopper, with thirty men, marched to the same place—about fifty miles distant—and arrived there on the following day.

May 21.—Colonel Stewart left for the North on leave of absence.

May 25.—It was announced to the regiment, at the evening parade, that General Heckman had resigned from the army and returned to his home in New Jersey.

May 30.—Lieutenants Bonham and Hopper, with their commands, returned to camp to-day, having accomplished the duty they were sent to perform. Orders for the discharge of men whose terms had expired, were received to-day, which gives them great joy.

June 1.—To-day was observed in fasting and prayer, in accordance with the recommendation of the president of the United States.

June 2.—The weather continues warm and pleasant. General Cox, with a number of ladies, witnessed the dress-parade of the Ninth this evening.

June 5.—A tall and very handsome flag-staff was erected in front of Colonel Stewart's *marquee* to-day, for which courteous act on the part of the men who had so often followed him to

victory the genial division commander subsequently expressed his hearty thanks. The act showed him, that although absent from his regiment, the men had not forgotten him.

June 6.—The boys of the Ninth gather large quantities of berries daily, blackberry puddings being all the rage in camp.

June 8.—Lieutenant J. W. Green of Company D, with a detail of forty-five men, left for Graham's station to perform police duty.

June 14.—To-day, in compliance with general orders, two hundred and sixteen members of the Ninth, whose three-years' term of service would expire by the first of October, were mustered out—the six-years' men looking somewhat sadly at the ceremony.

June 16.—Lieutenant Richard E. Cogan received orders to-day to take command of those mustered out on the fourteenth, and proceed with the men to Trenton, New Jersey. The detachment went by cars via Raleigh, Goldsboro and Kinston to Newbern, where it embarked on the transport "Pilot Boy," which sailed for Fortress Monroe, where the men were transferred to the steamer "Louisiana." At Baltimore they took cars, and on the twenty-second of June, at midnight, these heroes of many battles marched through the dark and silent streets of Trenton to the "Soldiers' Rest," where, a few hours later, they were welcomed by patriotic ladies, who entertained them at breakfast. At noon the men partook of a grand dinner —provided by the city authorities—at Bechtel's hall, where a speech of welcome was delivered by Mayor Mills—Lieutenant Cogan responding in a happy manner. Mr. Herman Evarts, a very efficient help in the hospital department, was in this party. He had been entrusted by Captain Runyon with the colors of the Thirty-third New Jersey volunteers (found in the collection at Charlotte) and instructed to deliver the same to the adjutant-general at Trenton. This duty he gracefully performed.

June 17.—Colonel Stewart's division was reviewed to-day by Major-General Cox in front of the court-house—the spectacle attracting a large concourse of people, with a large sprinkling of paroled Confederates, who were quite complimentary in their comments.

June 18.—Every day, for a week past, regiments have been leaving this department for home—to be mustered out.

June 21.—Surgeon Gillette of the Ninth, was to-day appointed acting surgeon of the Third division, Twenty-third army corps, and medical director of the post.

June 22.—Lieutenant William E. Townley of Company K, returned to the command to-day, he having been relieved from the duties of A. C. S., Second brigade, Third division, Twenty-third corps, which he had performed for several days.

July 4.—The boys of the Ninth, and some of the older ones, too, celebrated the day with patriotic fervor, most of the powder used having been found in the Confederate arsenal. The Ninth had had no such celebration since its muster-in, and as the "cruel war was over," with a good prospect of being speedily ordered to New Jersey for muster-out, no noise was spared—the din being hideous from early morn till taps were sounded, when things resumed their normal condition.

July 5.—Unbounded satisfaction is caused to-day by the receipt of a telegram announcing that the Ninth New Jersey is to be mustered out of the service.

July 7.—Weather intensely hot. Company officers busy preparing pay rolls for months of May and June.

July 8.—Blank muster-out rolls were received to-day, and the officers set promptly to work to comply with instructions therein contained.

July 9.—The anxiety of the men to return home is very great, and it is with difficulty that they manage to preserve their accustomed equilibrium. In fact, some of them, more especially those who recently joined the regiment as recruits, receiving large bounties therefor, and who have not been in the service long enough to know the duty of a soldier, fail to appreciate the goodness extended them by the officers, not one of whom ever took any delight in inflicting punishment for remissness of duty. Surgeon Gillette and wife and child left for the north to-day, taking with them the body of their youngest daughter—Laura—who, to the grief of every man in the Ninth, had died a day or two previous. Dr. Gillette and his estimable wife had the sympathy of all who knew of their affliction.

July 12.—The Ninth was formally mustered out of the service to-day, and all surplus ordnance, together with the camp and garrison equipage, turned over to the proper government officers.

July 13.—While the Ninth was waiting at the depot for cars to transport it north, General Carter, commanding the district, paid his respects to Colonel Stewart, to whom he handed the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS,
DISTRICT OF GREENSBORO,
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, July 13, 1865.

Col. James Stewart, Jr., Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteer Infantry:

MY DEAR COLONEL—While it may be that I can add but little to the well-earned reputation of the gallant officers and men of your veteran regiment—a reputation made on many hard-fought fields, which have become matters of history—still I cannot have you leave for your homes without joining my testimony to that of others, as to the discipline, drill, gallant conduct, soldierly bearing and efficiency of your noble regiment. On the march, in camp, under fire, and in the performance of all the duties of a soldier, the example of the Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteer Infantry has been worthy of imitation, and entitles it to all praise and commendation.

With your regiment my relations have never been other than the most pleasant, and I shall always cherish with the liveliest feelings of pleasure the fact that I have had the honor to command such men.

You return to your homes only after the rebellion has been crushed and peace restored, with the proud consciousness that you, as a regiment, did your part nobly and fully towards re-establishing the National authority, and securing the blessings which I trust you may, under God's good providence, long live to enjoy. While I regret much the severence of the ties which have existed between us, I heartily congratulate you on a speedy return to the loved ones at home, who are, even now, so anxiously waiting to greet and crown you with the victor's wreath, and shower upon you the plaudits which are justly your due. With the best and kindest wishes for yourself, your officers, and men, and a "God-speed" you on your "homeward-bound" journey, I am, my dear colonel, with feelings of attachment and respect, very truly, your friend,

S. J. CARTER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the Ninth left Greensboro—hundreds of citizens uniting in wishing the men a safe journey and long life.

July 14.—At noon the regiment reached Burkeville, Virginia, where considerable delay occurred.

July 15.—Transferred to other cars and started for City Point at two o'clock this afternoon, and before dark were sailing down the majestic James river, with thoughts and feelings far different from those which had agitated the minds of the men on previous occasions. There were now on either bank none to molest or make us afraid—no sound save the wheels of the vessel, and songs and cheery laughter of light-hearted men.

July 17.—The vessel reached Baltimore at an early hour this morning, but railroad transportation was not furnished until nearly noon, when the train started for Philadelphia, which patriotic city was reached at a late hour in the evening. As the men were covered with the dust of travel and more or less hungry, the regiment was invited to visit the Cooper refreshment saloon, where an elegant collation was partaken of—the veterans doing the *fullest* justice to the good things so liberally spread before them.

July 18.—As Colonel Stewart was as anxious as the youngest man in the regiment to once again tread the sacred soil of New Jersey, he marched the Ninth to the ferry, and at half-past two o'clock in the morning embarked on a train of cars in waiting, and a little after sunrise landed in Trenton. The *State Gazette*, noticing the arrival of the Ninth, said next day:

"The Ninth regiment, New Jersey Veteran Volunteers, Colonel James Stewart, Jr., arrived here yesterday morning, and were handsomely entertained at the 'Soldiers' Rest'—the ladies having made abundant provision for their reception.

"The Ninth regiment was recruited in the fall of 1861, as a rifle regiment, consisting of twelve companies. The uniform differed from that ordinarily worn by infantry, the cords, stripes, shoulder straps, etc., being of green instead of light blue. * * * We ought to state that the Ninth, armed with Springfield rifles, had been frequently exercised in target-firing and were expert marksmen. While encamped at Meridian Hill some of the crack shots of the Berdan sharpshooters challenged the Ninth. This was accepted, and the match to a trial of skill took place, resulting in a victory for the Ninth. * * * It is remarkable that of the officers returning with the regiment, all except the colonel and lieutenant-colonel originally

joined the regiment as enlisted men. This not only shows that the Ninth has seen hard service, and lost many officers, but that it was composed of a good class of men."

The Ninth, after breakfast, proceeded to the arsenal, where the arms and accoutrements were stored away, when the men were granted furloughs until the twenty-eighth instant, on which date they were instructed to return to Trenton for their discharge papers and final pay.

July 28.—The men of Companies A, B and C were paid by Major S. C. Harbert this afternoon, when they departed for their homes.

July 29.—Companies D, E, F, G, H, I and K received their pay and discharges to-day. At noon the commissioned officers of the Ninth assembled at the Trenton House to present their beloved colonel—Stewart—with a testimonial, in the shape of a magnificent gold badge, richly enameled—uniting the following emblems: The four-leafed clover cross of the Eighteenth army corps, in white enamel; the bastioned fort of the Tenth corps, in red enamel; the shield of gold with silver cannon and anchor of the Ninth corps, and the blue enameled shield of the Twenty-third corps, with the red star of Heckman's brigade, hung pendant from a broad silver eagle. The following inscription told the whole story of its gift: "Presented to Colonel James Stewart, Jr., by the officers of the New Jersey Ninth, as a token of respect and affection."

In its report of the presentation the Trenton *Monitor* said:

"This testimonial, coming as it does from the men who are best qualified to judge of the merits of the recipient, must be exceedingly gratifying to General Stewart—a better officer and more thorough soldier than whom does not exist. His record is an exemplary one. Entering the service in the lower grades of office, he has, by a faithful discharge of duty in every position assigned him, worked his way upward step by step, winning (not stealing) his promotion as he advanced. During his last few months of service prior to the final struggle, General Stewart was placed in command of a brigade, and displayed an eminent degree of generalship that should have gained for him the silver stars he so nobly earned. New Jersey has reason to be, and is proud of the old Ninth regiment and its gallant commander, and the noblest tribute that a grateful people can pay to both (that of a lasting remembrance of their deeds and valor) is and will ever be theirs."

July 31.—To-day Company K, with all the officers of the regiment, were mustered out of the service of the United States. There is nothing now left of the Ninth New Jersey, except its brilliant history and its glorious record of four years service.

New Jersey has abundant reason to be proud of her Ninth regiment, which was under fire *more than one hundred days*, from 1861 to 1865. A long history of patient endurance and blood heroically shed to preserve intact against the assaults of traitors the best government the world ever beheld, is the Ninth's proud record in the crusade against treason and disunion. New Jerseymen will never forget its countless deeds of valor. May new and fadeless laurels be added to New Jersey's glorious wreath, and may the valor of her sons live in the tide of song and on the historic page. Right valiantly did they fight the battle of right, imitating the daring acts of their illustrious sires of the revolution, who gave liberty to mankind.

But there will be no more pomp and circumstance of war for the survivors of New Jersey's Ninth regiment. Never again will loud-mouthed cannon confront or speak to us. Never again will the rattle of musketry or clang of sabre urge us to deadly conflict—no blast of bugle nor drum-beat summon us to ensanguined fields. No more shall the heroes of the Ninth hear the screaming shell—no more feel the surgeon's knife, for sweet peace smiles on the land we assisted in saving, and over all the fields torn by battle kind nature long ago threw a robe of emerald, flecked here and there, from Roanoke to Goldsboro, with buttercup and daisy. From towns and cities shattered by shot and shell, gentle time long since removed every scar, and into desolated homes content quickly came again—the Angel of Peace hovering over the once broken but now happy firesides.

Industry flourishes as never before, while the resentments engendered by the contest are forever hushed. Let us, then, continue to give thanks to God for His goodness and mercy, and for having smoothed our pathway; and while remembering

our comrades, who died for the faith, let us, casting our eyes across the dreary waste of the war, stretch out our hands in kindly brotherhood to all who acknowledge that flag as their own, resolved that henceforth and forever there shall be no section, but one indivisible country, around which are entwined the best and brightest hopes of humanity.

Let us continue the happiest model of a government which enlightened man in the fullest fruition of his most cultivated powers ever erected to the genius of civilization. Let us maintain the blessed asylum to which liberty-loving victims of oppression, as they look up from beneath the grinding despotism of the old world, may turn their eyes with a new hope, as the one bright clime where Freedom rears her crest in full, clear and cloudless majesty, brilliant and beautiful as when first they beamed their morning splendor to illumine the world with a daybeam from on high.

The memory of those who poured out their blood in resisting their country's foes, will be cherished as the noblest legacy which they bequeathed their families; and generations to come will delight to review the record which narrates their glorious deeds.

A COMPARISON OF LOSSES.

The following is the official record of losses by death and desertion in the various New Jersey regiments during the war:

1st regiment—10 officers; 224 enlisted men; 124 deserters.
2d regiment—9 officers; 151 enlisted men; 204 deserters.
3d regiment—10 officers; 203 enlisted men; 111 deserters.
4th regiment—7 officers; 250 enlisted men; 371 deserters.
5th regiment—13 officers; 201 enlisted men; 251 deserters.
6th regiment—4 officers; 176 enlisted men; 209 deserters.
7th regiment—13 officers; 247 enlisted men; 656 deserters.
8th regiment—10 officers; 274 enlisted men; 416 deserters.
9th regiment—11 officers; 243 enlisted men; 167 deserters.
10th regiment—5 officers; 269 enlisted men; 748 deserters.
11th regiment—11 officers; 222 enlisted men; 451 deserters.
12th regiment—9 officers; 252 enlisted men; 216 deserters.
13th regiment—3 officers; 103 enlisted men; 178 deserters.
14th regiment—8 officers; 240 enlisted men; 97 deserters.
15th regiment—9 officers; 352 enlisted men; 108 deserters.
16th (1st cav.) regiment—16 officers; 282 enlisted men; 452 deserters.

[The 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th regiments composed the three months' brigade.]

[The 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st were nine months' regiments. The total loss of the eleven regiments being 609.]

32d (2d cav.) regiment—2 officers; 231 enlisted men; 724 deserters.
33d regiment—6 officers; 141 enlisted men; 582 deserters.
34th regiment—3 officers; 152 enlisted men; 728 deserters.
35th regiment—9 officers; 144 enlisted men; 450 deserters.
36th (3d cav.) regiment—5 officers; 140 enlisted men; 626 deserters.

But three regiments lost more officers than the Ninth, and but six commands lost a larger number of men by death, while sixteen out of the twenty-one three years' regiments had a larger number of desertions.

CAPTAIN DRAKE'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A PERILOUS TRAMP THROUGH THREE STATES.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Captured in the terrible conflict at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, at an early hour on the morning of May 16, 1864, by a brigade of Alabamians, commanded by General "Archie" Gracie, whom I had known in boyhood, I was promptly escorted to the wharf under the frowning battlements of Fort Darling, which overlooked the water at a height of nearly two hundred feet. A gun-boat ran to the dock, and I was invited with officers of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments of our (Heckman's star) brigade, to go on board. On reaching midship I was greatly surprised to discover my heroic commander—Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman—seated there, with his head bowed in grief. I did not at once disturb his painful reverie, and it was only when I jocosely said: "Well, general, you know I was always anxious to follow you into Richmond," that he looked up. Grasping my hand, he replied, "Drake, you are in a fair way of doing so."

On landing at "Rocketts," we were greeted by a mob gathered at that point to witness the debarkation of "Yankee prisoners." The tumultuous crowd had evidently gained courage from hearing the sounds of the battle in progress all the forenoon seven miles below the Confederate capital. A short walk brought us to a large brick building, in rear of which flowed the James river and the placid Kanawha canal. Over a low door in the northeastern corner of this carefully-guarded structure, I read the ominous sign—"Libby & Son, ship chandlers and grocers," and my heart became sorely disquieted within me, as I knew that thousands of patriotic Union soldiers

who entered the yawning portal, left hope behind them when the iron-clad door swung to with an alarming clang at their heels. But it is not my purpose to dwell on the wretched condition of our prisoners during their captivity. Their sad fate is the theme of story and of song, and none but callous-hearted mortals refuse to drop a tear to their memory.

At an early hour one morning in June, when the music of Grant's guns could be plainly heard, we were rudely awakened by the monster in charge of "Libby," hustled into the street, surrounded by guards, and hurried across the Mayo bridge to Manchester, where we embarked on a long train of filthy cattle cars. The journey to Macon, Georgia, was long and fatiguing. Soon after my incarceration there plans to escape were formed—the consideration of which relieved us of *ennui*. I can truly say that I never lost an opportunity to enlist in any enterprise which had for its object a chance to regain my liberty. At Macon and Savannah, tunneling projects requiring indomitable resolution and painful labor were cheerfully entered upon, and tireless efforts put forth to achieve success; but our heroic labors proved futile. Mountains of difficulty were overcome by men whose souls aspired to breathe the air of freedom; but treachery accomplished the ruin of promising projects, and adverse fate paralyzed the strong arms which were ever ready to execute noble purposes. If our keepers failed in their vigilance to detect our enterprising excavations, some detestable comrade (?) with a greed for gold and a desire to better his condition, would convey to them an account of our operations. More than once did I work through the night in digging tunnels, and skulk to my quarters just as daybreak came peeping in, with my hands bleeding and my strength exhausted, only to find that some contemptible poltroon had treacherously defeated our plans.

When the yellow fever reached its worst stage in September, we were transported from Savannah to Charleston—many of us being thrown into the jail-yard among vile criminals of both sexes. I was afforded delectable accommodations directly under the scaffold, with a spot of earth three feet by six, and here was I compelled to remain day and night, with no covering

save the star-spangled firmament. The "black hole" of Calcutta could not have been a more uninviting place than the jail-yard at the time I occupied an almost infinitesimal space in it. The almost constantly bursting shells, denominated "rotten-shot" by the affrighted darkies, had some terrors for us, but they sank into insignificance when the dangers from yellow-jack were considered. The jail-yard was a noisome spot—a fetid place—a circumscribed world. Early in October rumors prevailed that we were to be removed to some other point, and believing that an opportunity for escape would present itself I invited three friends—Captain Harry H. Todd, Eighth New Jersey; Captain J. E. Lewis, Eleventh Connecticut, and Captain Alfred Grant, Nineteenth Wisconsin volunteers, to join me in the attempt to regain the freedom we ardently coveted, and for which we had repeatedly and arduously toiled. Providentially we found a portion of an old school map of South Carolina, and, carefully studying it, quickly decided upon a plan of action. Next morning, October sixth, six hundred of us were marshaled and marched to the depot, where we took passage on dilapidated cars, attached to which was a rickety, wheezing locomotive. As our train passed slowly along at the outskirts of the pestilential city, we saw a camp on the old race-course, filled with the most wretched looking beings it ever fell to my lot to look upon. They were Union soldiers—prisoners of war. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Although we were greatly distressed, many of us in rags, covered with filth and vermin, and half-starved, others unable to stand or walk on account of scurvy, yet our hearts went out to those brave enlisted men who were thus huddled together in the open air, with nothing save the ground for a bed, and heaven's canopy for a covering. The terrible picture of that pen will ever remain impressed on my memory.

Myself and three chosen companions having matured our plans, all that remained was to put them into execution. During the day I had taken the precaution to remove the percussion caps from the rifles of the seven armed guards who occupied the box car with us. I did this to prevent any one from being injured should a *melee* be found necessary in order to

accomplish our design of jumping from the train. The shades of night were enveloping the earth as our train reached the long structure spanning the Congaree river a short distance above its confluence with the Wateree, and it seemed as if it would never reach the opposite side—so great was our anxiety to make a bold stroke for freedom. It would be useless to affirm that my mind at this critical moment was calm and serene, or that I had no misgivings as to what the result of our frightful leap might be. But the intense excitement into which our minds had been thrown—the resolve to seek liberty and home and friends, overcame the sense of peril, and the instant that Captain Todd gave the long-expected signal we each sprang from the car, and, for the time, at least, were *free*.

We had no time after reaching *terra firma* to reflect upon the terrors of our new situation. Fortune so far had favored us—that was sufficient. But those rifle flashes (we could scarcely hear their reports, so distant was the train,) warned us that if we would have perfect freedom, much remained to be done and done quickly. It was only when we had gained the covert of a dense swamp, which lined the river bank, that I reflected upon the manifold dangers I had just escaped, upon the many chances of fortune which had turned out favorably to me, and upon the liberty I had for months panted for and was beginning to enjoy.

The swamp we had entered was not such a place as gentlemen of leisure on a pleasure excursion would have selected; on the contrary, it was a very disagreeable refuge, as we could discover no ground on which to sit or rest our weary bodies—the water being quite deep. But the fierce baying of the dreaded bloodhounds, and the hoarse voices of our excited human pursuers, which we heard all through the long night, admonished us to submit to every discomfort, rather than endanger our highly-prized freedom. Convinced that the water through which we waded had destroyed our trail, and that so long as we remained in our present position the dogs would be unable to gain a scent, we studiously avoided all conversation during the night and following day, remaining perfectly quiet. A bright new moon rose to cheer us in our loneliness the next

evening, and feeling that our pursuers, finding themselves baffled, had departed, we cautiously made our way to the edge of the swamp, which we found at this point to be bordered by a plantation. We held our breath as we listened some time for human sounds, and finding everything as quiet as a grave, emerged from our cover, and, skirting the right bank of the Wateree river, we promptly pushed forward in our flight towards "God's country," as our prisoners were in the habit of calling the north. Before leaving Charleston we had taken the precaution to place pieces of raw onions in our boots, having been advised so to do by an old Tennessee captain, who assured us it would effectually destroy the scent of our footsteps, and thus deprive the dogs of the agencies which nature had afforded them in hunting human beings. The moon, of tender age, was a great accommodation to us in our flight, enabling us to make rapid headway, and to steer clear of anything that resembled a habitation. But it disappeared before midnight, leaving nothing but the stars to guide and cheer us in our dangerous pilgrimage. Towards daybreak, being weary, we halted for a needed rest, and shortly after resuming our journey reached a broad road-way, where we found a mile-stone marked "27 to C." Having no desire to visit Columbia, whither our comrades had gone the previous day, we hastily struck off towards the river, and had gone but a few steps when a pack of ferocious dogs came bounding towards us. A long run enabled us to evade the savage brutes, but while congratulating ourselves upon our narrow escape, we suddenly ran almost squarely upon three men standing near a saw-mill. Darting into an adjacent swamp we managed to slip by our enemies, who took up the chase. A deep and swift-running stream at length appeared in our path, and unless we could cross it our recapture might be regarded as certain. But fortune did not forsake us, as a tree which had fallen across the stream enabled us to gain the opposite side, and into the depths of a dense jungle we plunged headlong. Serpents of various kinds finally compelled us to seek safety on the trunk of a huge pine tree, prostrated long since by old age and infirmity. We had considerable difficulty in getting out of the swamp after the sun went down, but that

evening we had a splendid repast on sweet potatoes, a few of which we found in an old patch near by.

Before the lapse of a week, however, we met with a terrible misfortune in the loss of our cooking utensils, knives, spoons, towel, several boxes of matches, etc. The rations with which we had provided ourselves before starting having given out, we sought sustenance in the corn-fields, swamps, etc., and early one morning were enjoying a feast in the woods skirting a potato patch when a party of horsemen dashed furiously towards us. We had not anticipated danger in so lonely and secluded a spot, and perhaps were a little careless in our movements. But self-preservation being the first law of nature, and having no weapons of defence, we sprang intuitively to our feet and darted in an opposite direction, leaving all our valuables behind —things highly indispensable to our uses. For their loss we found consolation only in continued safety, and our ability to circumvent our enemies. While dangers of greater or less magnitude constantly surrounded us, they were as nothing compared to the question of subsistence, which soon began to grow unpleasantly urgent, and at length became so desperate that it looked as if we should be driven to seek food at the houses of the planters—a proceeding we had solemnly sworn not to do under any circumstances—as we knew we should receive from them neither food nor mercy. For several days we wandered along the outskirts of fields, diligently seeking corn, and occasionally finding a stray ear, which, spurred by a ravenous appetite, we managed to masticate—the process, of course, nearly breaking our teeth. In camp, and on marches, we had many a time anathematized government "hard-tack," and declaimed against contractors' beef, but now, crouching in dismal swamps through the long days, we would have relished the substantial fare which, in hours of plenty, we had so execrated.

But, with all our troubles, we continued to press on through the dreary days and tedious nights, oftentimes hiding, determined to reach our homes again, though we had to go through fire to do so. Often and again, when upon the verge of starvation, we were strongly inclined to visit cabins of the

negroes in whom we had almost absolute faith, but despite this, we as often beat back the tempter (our stomachs) and refused to jeopardize our situation until certain that we could find some one in whom to put our trust, and with it, our lives. We did not make a serious attempt to seek help from the slaves until we had reached a point two hundred and fifty miles from Charleston, where, one afternoon, we found a number at work in a field. We experienced no difficulty in persuading the negroes that we were "Yankee officers" escaping from bondage, and as soon as darkness fell they hastened to our hiding-place, and at once took us to the shelter of their lonely cabins, displaying the utmost delight at our presence. After this we did not hesitate in seeking them out. There was something almost royal in the cheerfully-rendered service of these poor creatures, who seemed to look upon us as in some way sufferers for their sake, and they fairly loaded us with kindness—oftentimes insisting upon our accepting the last pound of their meal. They also gave us explicit information, as to the best route to the mountains, and on our departure heartfelt blessings.

We had a remarkable adventure one night near Dallas, North Carolina. Becoming almost breathless from a long chase by some horsemen, we sat down to recover. By-and-by, we heard a man and a woman approaching, both singing from the depths of their lungs. Believing them to be negroes, we concluded to seek assistance, and when the man got within a few yards of us, halted him. The female, with a yell of terror, sprang into the woods and ran off like a frightened deer, while the man, in a voice which showed no nervousness, asked who we were and what we wanted. His voice satisfied us that he was a *white* man, and the clicking of a weapon gave evidence of his ability to defend himself. Necessarily we resorted to conversational strategy, putting and answering questions with wariness. It required but a brief time, however, to discover the *status* of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehement warmth we displayed when we learned that he was a *loyalist*, a firm friend of the Union. He insisted upon our visiting his home, two miles away, which we did by

"cutting across lots," thus avoiding mounted patrols which continually scoured the country. His amiable wife, who had awaited his return, speedily prepared an excellent supper—the first we had had in six months—to which the reader may well imagine we each did the fullest justice, the smiles and kindly words of our hostess seasoning the rich repast. That night, sitting before the cheerful blaze of that noble North Carolinian's great hearth, he told us the story of the loyalty of the people in the western part of the State, proving to us that Freedom still had brave defenders among the hardy foresters of the "Old North State." When the sun made its appearance we were several miles beyond Dallas—our genial and brave host, C. C. Withers, an ex-member of the legislature, having accompanied us some distance; and after directing us to other Unionists, he disappeared in the deep shadows of the woods which surrounded us.

We now pursued our journey with lighter hearts and nimbler feet, notwithstanding the fact that our boots were fast giving out, owing to the terrible hard usuage they had undergone. Long before we reached the majestic Catawba I was compelled to walk barefooted, and much as I then suffered, it was no comparison to what I underwent after reaching the mountains.

While making our way through a pine woods and endeavoring to give a wide berth to the town of Morganton, a rendezvous for Confederate conscripts, we were almost paralyzed to discover, but a few yards away, and directly in our course, a magnificent looking Confederate officer in full uniform, mounted upon a fine horse. In his holsters were a brace of pistols, and at his side, a sabre. A retrograde movement on our part would be useless. Instinctively we halted as the horseman stood before us, with pity depicted in his every look. He asked no questions, but directed us to the best point for crossing the Catawba, whose angry roar we could plainly hear, and then putting spurs to the noble animal he bestrode, dashed away. We hastened on and in two hours stood upon a high bluff overlooking the stream, which required two days' time to cross. Discovering apple trees in a field below, we descended and picked what fruit remained, which we were rejoiced to

CORP'L JOHN V. M. SUTPHIN,

COMPANY F.

CORP'L FRANCIS A. KENYON,

COMPANY B.

obtain. It was while thus engaged that we were discovered by a number of men who lived in a house on the opposite side of the river. Seeing them hasten down to the river's bank, spring into a boat and row across, we took to our heels and put as much distance as possible between us and them before darkness settled upon the earth. They found our retreat at midnight, but again did we succeed in giving them the slip. The country about there seems to have been fully aroused, as next day we saw parties of men in various directions, acting in an excited manner. Towards the close of the day, however, we again managed to reach the right bank of the river, by crawling on our hands and bodies through the high, dry weeds which extended almost from the woods to the water, and were made inexpressibly happy soon after by discovering a large flat boat, fastened to a stump, lying a few yards up stream. Nothing but death would now prevent us from crossing our "Jordan," but it would not do to be too precipitous in our action. It required much skill to guide and propel the craft across the swift-running current, but we finally accomplished the task, and springing upon the shore, allowed the boat to float away, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of witnessing its destruction among the rocks a few hundred yards below, believing this conduced to our safety. The Catawba river was the most serious obstacle in the water line that we had to contend with, and we were devoutly thankful that we had been so fortunate in accomplishing its passage.

This speedily brought us into Caldwell county, where we providentially met many deserters from the Confederate armies —men who, impressed or driven into a service which they had condemned from the start, and for which they never had anything but hatred—in their mountain homes, now defied the power of the Confederate authorities. These brave men, headed by the numerous Estes family, welcomed us with open arms, for there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once the strongest friends. It was in this section that we became associated with many of these brave and hardy mountaineers, and had from scores of lips the story of their present life, which was full of peril and sublime heroism. These

men were associated with another class called "lyers-out," who lived in caves and other retreats, and who had resisted or evaded the conscription through all the years of the war—a period to them and their families of vicissitude and suffering. In all my wanderings I never saw more determined men; and, mingling among them, I thought of the brave defenders of the Tyrol; of the hardy Waldenses, fighting and dying among their native hills for dear liberty's sake. Most of the noble fellows whom we thus met in the mountains of western North Carolina were, before the war, in comfortable circumstances, owning pleasant and profitable farms, but now all were reduced to want, many of them being penniless. I saw many men in this region who, compelled to abandon everything because of their devotion to the government and the Union, had not dared to cross their own door-sills, although almost daily they had seen their homes from their hiding-places in the dense forests and among the mountains they loved so well. While thus exiled in enforced idleness, their brave, true-hearted and devoted wives performed every drudgery, working their little farms, and often at the dead hour of night, at the hazard of their lives, carrying food, etc., to the refugees, in whose well-being they were so warmly interested. A volume would be needed, were I to repeat the tales of suffering and the narratives of guerrilla outrages practiced on these people. But, long since, I decided to let bygones be bygones.

We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred and more of these loyal North Carolinians to accompany us on our journey to the Union lines, reaching which we promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, clothing, etc., and with but little hesitation they bade their wives and little ones farewell, and started. Their wives would pray for them, they said, and if they were so fortunate as to procure arms and ammunition, then they would return and be able to protect their homes, and put an end forever to the atrocities committed in the name of the Confederacy. How the weather-beaten faces of these men glowed under the inspiration of that thought! How fondly the little hands of their children clung around the necks of these self-sacrificing mountaineers in the solemn

parting, and how anxious were their noble wives that they might be successful in obtaining the ardently desired supplies.

A fatiguing march of two days brought us to the summit of Grandfather mountain, on which lived the family of a Baptist clergyman, named Prickett, who, despite their wretchedness, extended a kindly welcome, bidding us make ourselves as comfortable as the limited capacity of the log cabin allowed. Most of the party, however, continued on to what was called the "rock-house," a huge rock under which Mr. Prickett and his two sons had often found refuge when searched for by the Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Prickett regretted she had nothing of the meat kind with which to regale us, but before supper-time arrived, "Sim" Philyaw, a noted Union scout, brought in a young black bear, which he had killed near the old mill below. This was a grateful surprise to all. We had a square meal before following our companions to the rock-house—the first bear meat I had ever tasted. That night a violent snow-storm set in, and when day appeared, the ground was covered with the fleecy flakes to the depth of six or seven inches. My heart almost failed me as I remembered that I was without covering for my feet; that I had no hat; that my red flannel shirt, which I had worn more than six months, was threadbare; that my blouse was in tatters, and that my trousers reached but to my knees. I feared I must now certainly perish, so great was the cold which had set in in earnest, so biting was the blast which reached us at an altitude of more than six thousand feet. Our mountaineer friends were not in the most cheerful frame of mind when day broke, and my worst fears were realized when they informed us that it would be impossible to proceed until the storm abated, until the snow left no trail of our march. I besought these men to make another start, promising them all sorts of good things on arriving within the Union lines, and at noon, to the great joy of my heart, they resumed the tramp over the dreary and inhospitable waste, on which, for days afterwards we suffered more than tongue can tell or my pen describe. Occasionally Major E. A. Davis of the Third North Carolina mounted infantry, who was up in the mountains looking for recruits and who was, with his

Henry rifle and navy revolver, a valuable acquisition to our party, succeeded in replenishing our larder with a bear or wild hog or turkey, which would be equitably divided. It was while making our weary way across this trackless waste that a desperate engagement occurred between a company of Confederates under Captain Hartley, and a small band of Unionists commanded by Lieutenant James Hartley, of the Third regiment. The confident Confederate at last gave up the contest, and hastened to rejoin Breckinridge's army—then advancing upon Knoxville, via Cumberland Valley. I apprehend that the fight was all the more desperate, as the contesting parties were led by *two brothers*.

Many of the mountains in the Appalachian chain, over which we wearily pursued our difficult and dangerous way, rose to a height of between five thousand and seven thousand feet, and, on a bright day, seen from a distance, they seemed bathed in a beautiful mellow haze. Oftentimes we looked down upon the tops of mighty forests, and, despite our sorrowful and peculiar position, never tired of their grandeur. Gaining the great Smoky mountain range, I involuntarily turned, and looking Carolinaward, saw our old friends of the Blue Ridge and Allegheny ranges, scattered for miles in friendly groups among the dark and forbidding-looking forests; before us and behind us deep ravines, and beyond all, uncorneted peaks which the bright blue sky seemed tenderly to bend over and kiss. Space will not permit a narration of the thousand thrilling incidents connected with our remarkable journey, and I shall have to content myself by drawing the veil over them, and closing with an account of our entering the Union lines.

We had another narrow escape from guerrillas at Crab Orchard, Tennessee, and evaded them only by a wide detour, making for Bull Gap, at the foot of the beautiful Cumberland valley. Keith and Palmer, with their bands of irregulars, got upon our trail on Higgins' Ridge, and came within an ace of gobbling us as we were climbing Big Butt mountain, from the summit of which we beheld the valley, the promised land. Greenville, the home of Andrew Johnson, lay like a speck just below us, while fifteen or twenty miles away, directly in our

front, was Bull Gap, through which ran the railroad to Knoxville—one hundred miles distant—a place of all others we now most desired to reach. In a few hours my torn and bleeding feet would receive the care and attention their condition called for; in a few hours I should again be under the flag I had followed in the field since April 16, 1861; in a few hours my fears and trials and fatigues would be ended, and joy and peace reign in my mind. "Only fifteen miles from the foot of this hill," said my friend "Bill" Estes, who had done all in his power to alleviate my sufferings, "and we shall be safe." That exclamation urged me to renewed vigor, stimulated me to increased action and enlivened my spirits in a most wonderful manner. Down Big Butt we went with accelerated pace, despite its roughness—all the while keeping our eyes upon the "Gap," as if it would take wings and flee from us. A loud reverberation, which came up from the hitherto still valley, shook the grand old hills about us, causing an instantaneous halt of our entire party. What could it be—what caused it? The answer came the next moment in the unmistakable report of artillery and musketry; and looking towards the "Gap," the smoke arising from a battle then and there in progress was plainly visible. Now, indeed, was my position discouraging. With an army of the enemy directly across my path, and with cruel and desperate guerrillas hovering about us, how should we escape recapture, perhaps death? As the shades of night settled upon the earth there came a sudden termination of the conflict. What would the morrow bring forth?

A young woman, living at the foot of the mountain, mounted her "filly," and hastened away after news; and returning, reported that Breckenridge had defeated General Gillem at Blue Lick Springs—the latter being in full retreat upon Knoxville. Just at this moment a mountaineer, breathless with excitement, reached us, declaring that the guerrillas are "hot on our trail." We lost no time in seeking covert in a ravine between two towering mountains, where, we flattered ourselves there would be comparative safety. Captains Todd and Grant, with a mountaineer, went down to a hamlet to obtain rations and to

procure for me a pair of shoes, or some covering for my feet. I did not again see them within the Confederate lines. While they were absent one of the party, commiserating my extreme wretchedness, improvised a pair of moccasins from a pair of skins which he had found in a corn-crib near by, and my feet felt comfortable for the first time in more than a month. Besides the dangers which surrounded us, our condition was rendered more wretched and pitiable by the long fast which we had been compelled to observe—hard, dry ears of corn was the only food obtainable, and this we munched in bitterness of spirit. Seated upon a log, for sleep had been a stranger to me for weeks, I was meditating upon the mutability of terrestrial affairs, when our camp was suddenly thrown into a state of violent commotion. For a moment, my senses were bewildered, but whizzing bullets and demoniac yells, together with the heavy hoofs of many horses, speedily brought me to a realizing sense of my condition. Owing to the intense darkness, I saw nothing save the lurid flashes from the fire-arms of the guerrillas, who, having at last caught us napping, were now carrying on their hellish work, firing and slashing wildly as they rode in upon and among the helpless—sparing neither sex, age, nor condition. For the time being I must have ceased to remember my acute ailments, as I discovered myself running, sometimes falling upon the frost-covered ground—intent only on widening the distance between myself and the enemy, from whom if recaptured, I well knew I could expect no favors. For nearly six long and dreary weeks I had undergone great fatigue, endured terrible privation and exposure to regain liberty, and I felt that my long march of nearly one thousand miles at an inclement season of the year, with my life in constant jeopardy, deserved something better than the fate which I was satisfied these yelping and cruel-hearted bushwhackers would be only too happy to mete out in case they succeeded in retaking me. On, on, I went, my movements being, of course, greatly accelerated by the whizzing of bullets which sped in too close a proximity to be pleasant; but by-and-by, when faint and almost exhausted, and apparently out of immediate danger, I sat down to extricate a piece of stick which had been forced

into the fleshy part of my heel. Alone in that awful solitude, among great overtowering hills, in wretchedness and misery, without food, almost destitute of apparel and barefooted, my heart, fast throbbing in the exciting run for life, had now nearly ceased to pulsate. As I sat, transfixed in that wild region, contemplating my condition, the manifold dangers which surrounded me, a terrible fear took possession of my soul. I had no article of value about me—no money, no knife or other weapon, no blanket, no utensil in which to cook, nothing to cook, nothing to eat, neither did I know in which direction to turn, which course to pursue. What had been the fate of my companions I knew not, nor had I any means of ascertaining. Daylight came at last, bringing some relief to my anxious mind. I was on the brink of despair, when sounds of an approaching party were borne to my ever-listening ears. Secreting myself, I soon became convinced that they were friends, and when near enough I recognized Major Davis, Captain Lewis and a score of others. I cannot express the joy I felt as I bounded like a school-boy towards them, expecting, of course, to find the three firm comrades with whom I had set out on the fateful pilgrimage. Alas! Grant and Todd were missing—neither having been seen or heard from since they departed to search for needed food. I was affectionately greeted, having been given up for dead. We hastened away, keeping along under the shadows of the mountains, into which we could again retreat did such a step become necessary, but although we heard desultory firing in the direction of the railroad each day, and occasionally saw affrightened farmers along Pigeon and French Broad rivers, "fleeing from the wrath to come," we managed to escape observation and make between twenty and thirty miles a day. In less than a week we were safe within the Union lines at Knoxville, whose citizens we found in a high state of excitement, consequent upon the approach of Breckenridge's half-starved army.

Shall I conclude my narrative by telling you with what animation Lewis and myself rehearsed to Generals Gillem and Carter, and a listening company of brave officers, who so kindly welcomed us to that heroic town, the story of our suf-

ferings and escape—how they cheered us by complimentary remarks upon our achievement and by ministering to our wants —how thoughts of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving with the dear ones at home that night made our dreams luminous as with the smiles of angels? No; you can imagine all this, and if you have ever been in such perils as we had escaped, you will understand what I mean when I say that life seemed to us, in these first hours of deliverance, like a resurrection, in which we stood with crowns upon our heads, and shining pathways leading heavenward, stretching away in reaches of splendor before our weary feet. Rested at length from our fatigue, under orders from the provost-marshal-general to report to the adjutant-general at Washington, we parted from the friends whose tender nursing I shall never forget, and a few days afterward received the hearty kisses of loved ones on our lips—loved ones from whom all through my dreary captivity I had never heard one word, and who long since had made up their minds never to see me again this side of that river which all must ford at the roll-call from above.

J. MADISON DRAKE,
Captain Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers.

A SENTIMENTAL SOLDIER.

WHAT A PRIVATE SAW IN THE RANKS—RETROSPECT OF THE YOUNGEST MAN IN THE NINTH.

During the summer and autumn of the year 1863, I doubt if there were a boy in the North that didn't feel that his small arms were needed in the war for the Union. I was reciting in history in a preparatory school at Niagara, when a telegram came to the principal, telling him of the death of a kinsman at Chancellorsville. The classes were dismissed for the day and there was a solemn league and covenant among the elder boys —ranging from twelve to sixteen—that we should emulate the heroes of our own text-books and take up arms for the *patrie* in danger. Parental and family discipline met these stirring resolves with effective dissuadents. Of the Spartan band I believe there were three of us, who evading friends and guardians, finally found ourselves in arms before the year was out. A boy's generous dreams are a man's noblest purpose, if based upon realities. Mine were. Though I was barely twelve when Sumter was fired upon, I knew every name of prominence in both armies. I could produce a map, more or less accurate, of every encounter of the two armies from Mill Spring to Pea Ridge. The supercedure of McClellan in 1862, for a time damped my ardor, and I sulked like a very small Achilles in my tent, resolved to let Secretary Stanton carry on the burdens of the war alone! But the disaster to Hooker's army—so soon after Burnside's hideous travesty at Fredericksburg, overcame my detestation of Stanton, and in the autumn of 1863 I closed my books and resolved to help him out! My age was a bar to my enlistment where I was known, but with the spirit of adventure thrilling in me, I wrote to a school fellow in New

York, and he assured me that if I could *look* eighteen we, he and I, could pass muster in an office he knew in Newark. So in the latter days of November—while I was still in my fourteenth year, I turned a holiday visit to New York into an engagement with Uncle Sam to help him to conquer rebellion. I had in my dreams of Napoleonic glory always turned to the cavalry as the field for the pomp and circumstance of war in all its splendor, and went to Newark, really bent on joining the Third cavalry. Through the persuasion of the late Rev. Edward H. Camp, then in Parker & Keasby's law office, I finally cast my fortunes in with the "glorious" Ninth, as it was then justly known in the Jerseys. My New York comrade lost heart when the time came to sign—but both my pride and fervor supported me. It was well I had an inordinate share of both, for I can conceive no vicissitudes more disheartening than the ordeal of a recruit, sent with squads to the field. The delay in getting uniformed, the odious quarters in Newark, among a class of men, hardly congenial to a boy of fourteen, who had seen nothing of the rougher side of life, the dismal barracks at Trenton, where I was detained two months, I think, all these stripped my roseate dreams of their color and left nothing but the squalid and disheartening reality. Many a time, I fear, during those weeks of waiting, I would have gladly renounced my chances of glory, and returned to my books, if I could have cancelled my contract with Uncle Sam. I could readily have done it too—as the recruiting-officer knew well that I was not eighteen—though he had set me down at that age. The barracks to which the recruits were assigned was on the shore of the Delaware—just out of Trenton. To this day I see those long miserable sheds, with tiers of cold hard "bunks" rising above each other like a vast bureau with the front off. I hear the "sky larking," the buffoonery, the almost pathetic merry-making of men depressed and yearning for the home many of them were never to see again.

Slowly, however, we were turned into warriors; we had the light blue trousers, the hideous uniform coat, the short blouse and that masterpiece of ugliness, the leather peaked cap. I

thought them beautiful then, at least I felt that at last I was a soldier, and, like Napoleon's recruits, I secretly dreamed that a marshal's baton might be in my slouchy knapsack! I think no explorer, no traveler, ever set out with such joy for the lands held in his hope, as I embarked for Newport News one raw January day. There were not more than a dozen men for the Ninth; one I remember—a Canadian—Alexander McCausland. He was a civil, decent lad, and I at once began to fire him with the glories that were to be ours. I never quite succeeded in making him see that there was much in war—for his part all he asked was a quiet billet where there were no bullets! He laughed at my enthusiasm—shocking me by suggesting that as my friends knew Colonel Zabriskie that I should ask for a detail at headquarters, where I might escape the bullets! Imagine a hungry man admitted to a banquet and then bidden to sit at one side to look on while the others ate! It was a humid, misty morning, neither summer nor winter weather, when the boat from Fortress Monroe landed us at the long broad wharf at Newport News. I had my eyes fastened on the desolate sandy tract all the way up the channel, and my eagerness to see the regiment was hardly checked long enough to cast a curious glance at the spars of the "Congress," then still visible where the "Merrimac" had sunk her in the spring of '62. The regiment was well housed. We could see the comfortable tents from the landing. I think I was a little disappointed that the companies were not drawn up in line to welcome me! But I consoled myself by thinking that perhaps they didn't know just what an ambitious warrior had come among them! I had letters to various people in the regiment, and before joining my company I had canvassed the question with great care. I don't know what shifted the balance to Company H, but I think it was the recommendation of Surgeon Woodhull. I never regretted the choice. Company H was in line between A and K; Lawrence was then captain—with Pullen and Hawk as lieutenants. Taylor was first sergeant. I was taken into the tent with Donnelly, Sutphen, and another whose name has escaped me. As may be imagined, that the sort of person I have described myself to be, was no end of fun

for these lively and jocose veterans—as well as all who heard our discussions in the neighboring streets. I was too young and too ardent to dissemble my glowing visions of the grandeur of the soldier's career, and I dare say I must have revealed a good deal of artless bumptiousness to keep the boys in mirth. I believe I was at first brevetted brigadier by the wags of Company A, whose tents were within easy hearing of the learned expositions I was never tired of making of the art of war. Jomini himself couldn't have been more fertile than I in disposing of the Union armies. For months after I joined the Ninth, I remember the boys were always ready to engage me in disputes on the superiority of McClellan's methods to those of Grant. What did not strike me then, but has since, when I have mingled with the soldiery of France, Germany, Austria and Italy, is the remarkable insight the private soldiers of the Union army had into the current movements of each campaign. The days of hero worship had gone by. McClellan, while by no means forgotten or less adored than in the early days, was no longer the subject of acrimonious debate in these canvas congresses. Grant was rated about as he turned out, while Sherman very rapidly came to fill the place at first accorded McClellan, as the only Napoleonic master developed at that time by the war.

No site more charming for a military bivouac could be imagined than the camp of the Ninth on the Newport News table-land. Flanked on the south by the wide, misty waters of the James—beyond which, on clear days, we could see the rebel shores to the south and east almost to Norfolk, there was a perpetual panorama of nature's most varied pageantry. By day, the monitors, with their many colored fabrics, their nimble seamen, their portentous and mysterious power, were under our eyes. At night their bells, ringing out musically, gave reassurance of guardianship from the waters. Then to the east the dim gray walls of Fortress Monroe and the hazy glimpse of the ocean. West and north we were encircled by thick, clustering, swamp-like groves—made solemn and awful by clumps of pine and the palm laurel which holds its dark, dead green all the year round. A New York cavalry regiment, the Third,

I think it was, in which there were friends from my home, lay encamped just west of us.

The perfect joy of a fine day, during these first rapturous months of soldiering for me, was when the "Ninth" turned out of an afternoon to parade on the smooth esplanade, to the north of the symmetrical city of tents. What a picture it was to my ardent eyes! The men, all veterans—sacred to my young mind, for the dangers they had undergone — trim, jaunty in march, statue-like in line, I could imagine myself viewing Massena's iron infantry at Wagram. And the young colonel, the gentle, modest, intrepid Zabriskie! What a god of war I thought him, as he stood in the centre, to receive the stately and splendid group that marched up in salute. And Carrell, the gay, the dauntless, the irritable, the chivalrous young rider so soon to go down in the withering blast I was panting to be in! How his clear, boyish voice rang out. With what an eagle glance he swept the pulseless line from right to left, every man feeling his armor punctured by that impervious flash. Then the exultation, when H, my company, were entrusted with the colors, in the hands of the dare-devil Donnelly (Jack). I wondered often if Lee wouldn't tremble if he had known that such a valorous body was lying in wait to pounce upon him! They were splendid delusions, laughable enough—but I would give up all the realities of my life, rather than never to have known them! Then the drill, the glorious battalion drill, with that superb, kingly Stewart, then lieutenant-colonel, swinging and crowding and launching the companies from point to point, in and out, above and about, athwart and across, betwixt and between, as though the groups of flesh and bone had been gigantic chessmen, or shuttle cocks, and his voice clear as a bell, resonant as the tenor note of a colossal organ. Why, to hear that voice in battle, as I afterward heard it, was to lift a coward to heroism, inspire courage to madness. I shall never be brought to believe that an able-bodied boy can't be made a good soldier—the best, in fact. It is imagination that makes the warrior, as it is imagination that makes man at his best in any calling. I invested all the repulsive duties of the soldier with romance. My gun was as dear to me as the

charger to the knight. I fondled it, caressed it, guarded it, kept it, as a woman keeps her jewel box. My share of the tent was as sacred to me as a bit of the holy carpet to the Mussulman. My meager duties—guard or detail—were as devoutly, scrupulously attended to as the functions of the acolytes at the altar. Nor were the men, even the veterans, much less conscientious, the glamour to them had long gone, but they were soldiers and patriots to a man. Some of them shared my hearty detestation of Stanton, and regarded the conduct of the war as a criminal conspiracy among the regnant politicians—but there was not a man who shrank from laying down his life whenever the sacrifice would bring victory to our flag or glory to our regiment. And then the long, delightful hours between supper and "taps!" The games on the esplanade, the athletic sports, the leaps over the cooking poles, where the big boiling pots hung, the races, the kindly camardenie of these great boys, chaffing, tantalizing, guying, "rigging," coarse horse play there sometimes often was—but at bottom the men were tender, compassionate, rough, but helpful. Then when darkness fell, until taps, what a congress of debating societies! My delight was to get some of the veterans going, and hear for the hundredth time the dash on Roanoke, the advance into that tortuous shamble of fire and thicket. Then the descent on Newbern, the impulsive onslaught, the rout of the rebels and the fruits of victory. Every man had his hero in the exploits; Reno and Foster were the general favorites, and the event proved the unerring instinct of the soldier, for Reno, to the end, rose step by step through scientific methods in generalship. Heckman was the regiment's personal hero. Of him the legends were countless; his daring, his invention, his temper, his caprices, all were dwelt on fondly. Under his initiative the men would have dared all that became a general to ask. I can conceive no higher testimony to an officer. These tales of the regiment's past were carried on in tones that enabled men in the tents, two or three rows distant, to take part, and many a time, at a thrilling juncture, the narrator was interrupted by a stentorian voice in Company K or A correcting some detail of

battle or skirmish. But when taps—lights out—sounded, then these Homeric recitals fell to a whisper, and many a time I lay till midnight eagerly urging my tent mates to go on and on. I soon knew every day of the life of the regiment, from the formation and rendezvous at Camp Olden to the hour I joined it. There was but one thing in all my camp life that was repulsive—that was my turn at early morning "policing." It was a mere boy's dislike to manual labor—but I must own that my corporal's chevrons, when they came, were welcome mainly, because they relieved me of this trivial hardship. "Bobby" Phillips, who was the most energetic disciplinarian in the policing line, took a mild delight, I think, in seeing me shoveling, sweeping and "tidying up" the street. He examined my white, soft hands daily with affected solicitude, remarking dryly as the ridges began to appear on the palms, "Oh, you'll do in time, my son, but if you don't hurry and get a hand big enough to hold your gun, I'll have to ask Captain Lawrence to put you in the drum corps." Now the drum corps was my horror. It was against such a fate that I kept my mouth closed when the recruiting officer entered my age on enlisting. I used to walk along the river side, when no one was by and lift rocks for hours to broaden and harden my hands, such was my terror of being degraded from the dignity of a warrior to the non-combatant post of a musician. All this made great sport for the men of the company, who soon penetrated my ingenuous aspirations. To add to the comic role, I had brought my Latin and Greek books, and in hours of leisure I learned my lessons, and recited them to the dominie, Chaplain Carrell. There were chapel exercises every Sunday and I believe I took a perfunctory part in them, in return for the chaplain's tutorship. This gave me the name of the dominie. The men attended chapel in great numbers, but I don't think war and religion very compatible—so far as I could see there wasn't a man in the regiment that didn't detect the humorous contradiction between the gentle teachings of Christ and the immediate demands of soldiership. Evidently my ardor told in making me a trustworthy soldier. Within six weeks from the day I joined I was gratified by being permitted to go on

guard—something, Bobby Phillips told me, had never been known before. I think that it was partly because of my eagerness and partly through his good favor. As a general rule, the recruit doesn't yearn to go on guard—I did. I wanted to be a soldier, and I never felt that I was one until the great day when I marched out of the company street, proud as Cæsar at his consular triumph. Captain Appleget was officer of the day. He knew I was a raw man and crossed my line repeatedly to try me. He caught me once, but he didn't turn outward to the beat. That was the only time in all my service that I missed taking a "pass of merit" for duty well done. I have them all now and I wouldn't part with them for the same amount of paper, stamped into treasury notes. The green shading in the Ninth's uniform gave the regiment an individuality in appearance that I never saw in others. I was told by the old members that this green background for shoulder straps, epaulets and chevrons distinguished the regiment through the fact that it had been originally designed for a sharp shooting battalion. Be the cause what it may, the Ninth in parade uniform was a very handsome body. I saw all the armies of the Union, and I never saw a battalion that surpassed ours in form or color. The days passed like a dream. Newport News in winter was as mild as our home climate in April or May, the morning dull until the arrival of the journals. I remember our indignation because we could get nothing but the wretched *Inquirer* of Philadelphia, a paper that has always represented to me the very lowest status of American journalism. Its news was never accurate; its proof-reading was slovenly, but in some way it had got a monopoly in our department, and we rarely saw anything else. We never accepted anything we read in it as true until we verified its statements in other journals sent us through through the mails, which were of course much longer coming. Amusements were few—most of the men when off duty passed hours at "cribbage," "euchre" "and "seven-up." Poker, I think, was never played, but I am not certain of this, for I did not know one game from another. Drinking at that time I never saw anything of. I often heard of men getting liquor, but I never saw a sign of it. The food was

excellent and abundant; coffee we had of the best; fresh meat and fresh bread, which though badly kneaded and baked worse, was still palatable and even digestible to men so much in the open air and in pretty regular exercise. The bean soup became fairly relishable after a few days, and I may say that I never had an ill day during my term of service, except when I was wounded. The life of the camp became delightful to me. I never found it dull or wearisome. Never found the monotonous duties tiresome. Everything that brought me near the heroic ordeal, battle, moved my wonder and sustained my ardor. The regiment was sadly worn down when I reached it, and shortly after my drilling began all the companies went home on furlough, that is, all whose time having expired, had re-enlisted. There were, I think, about one hundred men in the detachment left behind. With these, of course, the recruits remained. It was a sad parting when the veterans drew up on the wharf to debark for New Jersey. Those going home were very gay, those left behind were cast down, by the severing of ties that bind men as no other relationship can. They had served together during three years, they had buffeted the fatal surf at Hatteras, they had stormed the recesses of Roanoke, they had charged the lines of Newbern, they had marched to Kinston, Goldsboro and Tarboro, they had established the links that strengthen all that is generous, ennobling and brotherly in men. They might never again, under the red shield of war, meet or greet each other. Many reasons, all good, prompted the handful that declined to enlist. They were the flower of the regiment, in all that goes to make fine soldiery, and I never heard a word in disparagement of their action. A few days after, I don't know but simultaneously with the departure of the regiment for the north, the little band, with the recruits, were sent across to Portsmouth, and thence to "Camp Julian," near Gettys Station, to piquet the interior line of forts and works defending the Blackwater. We were still in Butler's command, occupying a well laid out camp that had been arranged by one of Peck's brigades. Here we tented in the most haphazard disorder—two men under a canvas. We built the most elaborate huts—

palisades of pine, four or five feet high, with the commodious A canvas for a roof. Jerome W. Woolery of K company, a young Marylander, was my comrade, and we made life simply ideal for soldiers. John A. Price of K company, too, I think, was in charge of the battalion. He was a delightful young fellow, not over twenty-five, I should say, a thorough soldier and a charming companion. To my chagrin all military routine came to an end. There were no drills, the meagrest guard-mount, and of course no such thing as parade. Time hung heavy on our hands, or would have hung like lead on mine, if Price hadn't detailed me as despatch-bearer. This took me to Portsmouth every day with regimental, or rather detachment, reports for department headquarters. In this way I fell in with friends in New York regiments at Gettys Station, where the men and officers the previous winter had put up an immense rough building, which was used for a church, theatre and various other purposes. They were getting up a benefit performance for some object, I have forgotten what, and I was induced to take part. The play was "Maritana," if I remember rightly, and as I hadn't the faintest appearance of beard, I was cast for the rôle of the heroine! Never was a play cast under more difficulty, or mounted with such exertions. I squandered, I think, sixty dollars in preparing gowns, which Woolery and I had to make, to the last stitch! I exhausted all the finery in the Norfolk and Portsmouth shops to supply my costumes, and I think to this day that the audience got more for their money than they ever did before or since. The house was packed. I'm sure there must have been three thousand soldiers in front! Most of the players were Massachusetts men, with the very marked New England pronunciation of these regiments, which was always a subject of good-natured mirth among the Jerseymen and New Yorkers. Woolery was my dressing maid. I thought I should never get into the corsets, skirts, and what not! The worst of it was, a group of young officers insisted on crowding the dressing-room to see that the audience was not cheated, as they jocularly said, by padded calves and the like! Such a scene; three thousand men singing and stamping impatiently in front; scores in the

narrow passage ways behind the scenes, and other scores pretending to make love to the striplings undergoing the ignominy of begowning, furbelowing and powdering! For we left nothing undone to keep up the illusion, nor could half the men in front be made to believe that Private K., Company H, Ninth New Jersey, was not really a hoydenish lass, giving her whole soul to the merry-making. The play went off fairly well; the Massachusetts boys enduring a good deal of guying over their broad a's and invariable misplacing of the r's. The heroine and hero were lustily called before the curtain—every act—the men rising in their seats to cheer, while you may be sure there was no end of facetious remarks on the comeliness of the heroine's arms, legs and bust! My voice, at the time was just changing, and the unexpected gradations from a piping treble to a shrill bass, convulsed the audience with laughter. But the uproar of the evening came, when between the acts, I was presented as Senorita somebody, from Havana—and danced a Castilian minuet with castanets! I had not had a chance to rehearse with the orchestra, for it had not been able to reach Gettys Station until just before the curtain rang up. The result was simply ludicrous. In the dance I would be caught on one toe—just preparing for a spring and clash of the castanets when the music would halt, stop dead, a few pipes would sound from the horn and of course my pirouet was ruined. The men roared, they got up and stamped and danced and shouted with delight. I think they kept me an hour repeating that infernal dance, until my tarletan skirts and pink tights were wet with prespiration as a towel after a bath. All the Ninth's detachment were on hand, and, of course, cheered me lustily. There were profusions of bouquets of one sort or another, and when the play was through the colonel of one of the regiments came to the dressing-room with all the officers and offered us an engagement at Butler's headquarters. The young officers carried us off to their quarters and gave us a regal supper, the actors all the time in our stage toggery!

This Capanan life, however, came to a sudden end in March. The regiment arrived at Gettys Station one morning and we

all tore down, about two miles, to welcome it. How splendid it looked, with the ranks full and the dark blue state flag at the head. When the station had been left behind and the men were at "route step," they broke into a song that used to be a favorite in those days. I only remember a few lines, for at that time its Bacchanalian suggestion rather shocked me :

"By sad mistake we lost Bull Run,
By sad mistake we lost Bull Run,
We all skedaddled to Washington,
And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl.

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
When Johnny comes marching home again,
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl.

"From Newport News we next did go,
From Newport News we next did go,
We took our leave on a French furlough,
And we all drunk stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

There were many more verses of equal inconsequence, but the air was lively and the effect joyous in the extreme, as the stalwart thousand swung along the black, marshy causeway, through the towering pines. The regiment came back complete, every company was full. Our first hardship, an order, that to this day rankles in my memory as a gross injustice, was the vacation of our carefully built stockades. We had not only built them with great pains, we had paid for lumber for flooring and what not, and had finished the walls with considerable art. Of course we knew that the arrangement of streets must shift us elsewhere, but we expected to take our property with us. The orders, however, were rigorous, not a peg should be touched. Hufty was in command—he made enemies that mortifying day who have never forgotten that bit of wanton disregard of a man's inherent sense of justice. Drilling and real soldiering was resumed with vigor. We had battalion drill, brigade drill, and, I think, division drill, at Gettys Station, where I saw for the first time ten thousand men

together and thought them fifty thousand. Every day rumors came thick and fast; Grant had come east and was to take command of the Army of the Potomac. We were one day to join him, the next to go to North Carolina, the next to march on Weldon. We were in perpetual suspense. At last, early in April, the inspiring word came, "ten days' rations and light marching order." The evicted fellows, that is, those of us who had been despoiled of our tents, exulted in the short tenure the evictors had of our comfortable quarters, and I think some of the boys, to make sure that there should be impartial justice, if we ever returned, set fire to the streets of stockades we had built and adorned. But now I was to see real war. I was in a fever of delight—the dragging march to Gettys Station, the slow journey on the cars to Portsmouth, I thought sufficient evidence to send Butler to a court-martial. But we were finally embarked on transports. Under the cover of night we steamed out into the creamy island channel. Every man was watching, breathless—would it be exile in North Carolina, would it be the glory of the march on Richmond? For hours the vessel kept us in doubt—then, oh, what exultation, we headed up the James! We could hear the laboring iron-clads, hear the music of the bells and the sonorous calls of the watch. Yes, we were going to share the glory of the Army of the Potomac. In this delicious certainty we piled down on the decks, almost two deep, and sank into tranquil sleep. Gold straps, silver eagles, even stars, glimmered in my brain for hours, until just as I was demanding the keys of Richmond from Jeff. Davis in person, with a corporal's guard to back me, I was startled by a dull jar! I ran to the starboard side. The steamer was lying still; every one was asleep about me. There wasn't a ship or iron-clad in sight. Hurrying to the other side, an enchanting sight made me forget my disappointment. We were lying near the green shore of a lovely little cove—apple-blossoms, peach-blossoms, cherry-blossoms, all manner of exquisite vernal blooms covered the rolling land as far as I could see. The men were waked, planks run out, and in an hour or two we were making our coffee in this unexpected Arcadia. Then the rumor-monger had another plan ready. We were going to

march up the south side of the James and cut off Lee's communications, while Grant came down from the Rapidan! This commended itself to the strategists, and it was generally accepted as the meaning of our diversion. By eight o'clock, perhaps earlier, we were in line, Company H thrown out as skirmishers. Fancy my state of mind—not only in actual readiness for battle, but on the foremost line! Never, I suppose, since war deluded man, was there such a happy, triumphant boy. I fairly flew over the soft-ploughed fields, my gun well in hand, part of the time my bayonet even fixed to spear the rebels that I knew would give way when they saw how valiant the Ninth was! The birds sang in a perfect delirium of joy; the trees glittered with dew, the blossoms filled the air with fragrance—the country seemed an agricultural Eden. A dozen times my comrades, half in jest, half in derision, shouted to me to moderate my ardor and to keep in line—but fancying I saw an enemy I made forward at the top of my speed, bound to have the first prisoner! We had gone perhaps two miles in this bouffe fashion when I saw the men right and left of me suddenly dropping flat in the furrows.

"Down, you damned fool," some one called out to me, and with the words a vicious z-zip-z-z-z-zip, sounded in my ears. The rebel skirmishers had opened on us. I was really too curious to see the enemy to lie down—nor was there any time; in an instant our men had jumped to their feet, and we were all dashing forward at a run. Another company, K, I think, deployed behind us and advanced on the double quick. Firing then continued for two hours or more—but I must own I never caught sight of an enemy until the smoke from his gun revealed him. The trees, fences and irregularities of the ground pretty effectually concealed them. I think we had a dozen or more wounded, and there were evidences, as we pushed on, that the rebels had not escaped intact. It was about noon when we came up with the main body. They had a small wheezy piece of artillery, but we routed the line by a threat in the flank and an advance in front. Then there stood revealed to us, a pretty hamlet, buried under fragrant blossoms —a sort of a plantation Concord—so peaceful and inviting that

all thought of war seemed a desecration. But even while the Ninth was preparing to march in, flames were seen issuing from a great square mansion, evidently the baronial dwelling of the place. Chattering darkies came out, skulking, imploring aid and countenance, while the men rushed on to stop the flames. The house was a rich planter's—Judge somebody—the name slips me. It had a well-stored library, and while most of the men were looting the kitchens, cellars and granaries—Sam Moore of Company K, with others, joined me in securing what books we could lay our hands on. The hamlet was Smithfield, and I never knew the object of the incursion, for having driven the rebels from the town we marched precipitately back, took the transport and to our unspeakable mortification found ourselves back in our old cantonments the next day. However, I was in one sense well pleased. I had hired a negro to carry a box of books, there must have been fifty volumes, Hollam's Constitutional History, Cicero's Letters, and other works of equal value. They were picked up on the lawn, where the negroes had thrown them from the library windows. I and my comrades who made them spoil, had no doubt that they were fair prizes of victory, and we compared notes with great complacency when our treasures were ranged in our tents at camp. But alas! just as we were finishing boxes to pack them for home sending or safe keeping, came Sergeant Taylor with an order from division headquarters, commanding every book to be delivered up. They were to be returned to the judge, who, it seems, was a non-combatant, and therefore exempt from the predatory vicissitudes of intellectual pilferers.

After that expedition the camp strategists were silent for a while and there were no more rumors. About the last day of April, without a murmur of warning, we were ordered to be ready to march at an hour's notice. This time knapsacks were to be packed with heavy clothing and stored at Portsmouth. At last we were going to have real war! Shelter tents—that is a square of coarse cotton, about twice the size of an ordinary hand towel, was given each man. These buttoned together and hung over a horizontal stick, about three feet from the ground, would accommodate two men, their feet, of

course, extending outside, at least if their legs were long. My shelter tent covered every inch of me. We were now hurried with an affectation of feverish energy to Portsmouth. Here we embarked on transports. One vessel, I think it was the "Mary Powell," if not, a steamer of her size, held every man of the regiment, which shows how we were packed. We had grown tired of conjectures and resolved now to wait old "cock eyes," as General Butler was called, designs, without worrying. We did, however, look longingly at the James as we passed toward the Rip Raps, but resigned ourselves to the fortunes of the sort of war made by political generals, when we found ourselves headed for the open sea. But no sooner had we rounded Fortress Monroe than a thrillingly, fascinating spectacle burst upon us. The water, as far as we could see, was alive with transports, tugs, gunboats—we were part of a great armada! What could it mean? Burnside himself had not had such a fleet when he took Hatteras. As night fell the mystery deepened. The great host made swift head northwestward. Oh, now we knew. At last Stanton, secretary of war, had come to see that McClellan's way of taking Richmond was the only feasible one. We were going to Yorktown, a day's march from Richmond, that was evident! Sure enough, the next morning we were debarked on the sandy waste, made memorable by English, French and American armies. There, in keeping with the fatality that marked everything Butler undertook, we were sent to camp in a vale of infection. The water for cooking ran through the putrefying debris made during McClellan's siege. By day the sun beat down upon us, and at night the exhalations of the noisome soil shut us in like the vapory density of an English fog. Fortunately we were not held there long, or every man in the climatic eccentricities, or foul air, would have been in hospital. The evening of the day, I think it was, after landing, the Ninth took the advance towards Richmond. We were so elated, that a cavalry escort, starting with us, was left far in the rear. At the end of a day's march we were halted in a wilderness of low pines, and it was hinted that we had better make ourselves comfortable. This was a surprise—but no sooner was

the word given than we had our shelter tents up—soft beds of thin heath grass spread on the turfy ground, and all the languor of long leisure and contentment about us in no time. We remained here in an irritable state of conjecture a day and a night—if I recollect rightly—then under sudden orders, packed up and marched precipitately back to Yorktown—where we found the whole flotilla anchored. We went aboard at night, steamed at full speed down to Fortress Monroe, and by noon the next day, the fourth of May, were far up the James river. Nobody dared believe the evidence of his own senses. We had been deluded so often, that the strategists dared not open their mouths to invent coming movements. All that soft delicious May day we swept up the splendid river, the air balmy and fragrant, the shores an endless succession of exquisite lines and colors. For once, General Butler surprised the enemy instead of himself. We landed later in the afternoon at Bermuda Hundred. In competent hands, our army, ten thousand or more, would have been before, even in, Richmond by noon the next day. The surprise was complete. The rebels had no idea of the blow, no notion of our numbers. Butler, however, for heaven only knows what reason, sent us into camp on the hot open heaths between the two rivers—dawdled there until the enemy were in a good defensive position, then made a tardy move upon Petersburg. Many and amusing were the judgments delivered on Butler. I have seen the general twice —once when he reviewed our division, or rather rode along the lines as we were on the point of setting out towards the rear of Petersburg. I would give a handsome penny to have the commander of the forces perpetuated in oil on canvas as the astonished eyes of ten thousand armed men saw him that day. I don't remember the color of his horse, but it was fit for a Charles V in the beauty of its contour, the arched elegance of the neck and the richness of the trappings. It was a proverb in the department that whatever else old "cockeye" lacked in generalship, he was a bountiful provider. When other armies were on their uppers and the cooks' stores ran for weeks on "salt horse," "sow belly" and wormy "hard tack," we had soft bread, fresh meat and often a vegetable ration. Once

again I saw him. It was at Chicago in 1884, when he had the matchless effrontery to appear before the democratic national convention to pose as a competitor for the presidential nomination against Cleveland.

However, to go back to the Ninth. Near Petersburg all my battle longings were gratified. We had a week of real war. The enemy were within four miles of our camp when we were ordered to fall in, guns loaded and all the ammunition we could carry. It was toward four o'clock in the afternoon when the skirmishing ended in a roar of musketry directly in front of us. Then Heckman rode up; it was the first time I had seen him, as he was in command of a brigade and seldom came to the regiment. He sat well on a horse of great spirit, or it seemed spirited under his handling. He rode swiftly in front of the line, to the low brow of a hill, almost unattended. Here he examined the ground in front—the enemy entrenched on a high sweep of ground opposite, and then dashed farther on. He cantered back presently, meeting a group of the division staff near our right, talked with them a while and dashed still further to the right. Meanwhile the Ninth, in line of battle, was lying on the ground, the men flat on their breasts. Cannon had been firing in a semi-circle about us for an hour or more—the balls passing, however, far above us. Directly after Heckman's ride across our front, the rebels got better aim. A small barn, that divided Company H from the next to the right, was fairly riddled, and I saw the back of one man's head as clearly shaved off as if the stroke had been made with a scimetar. Much as I yearned for the "cold grim dice of the iron game," I didn't at all relish that appalling interval of waiting—when we could neither see our enemy nor fire at him. Presently Heckman dashed up to the right, said something to Colonel Zabriskie, then came the order, echoed in vigorous tones, "From right to left, forward." "Now for it," we all echoed; so soon as we reached the brow of the hill we should be a splendid target. The colors were just at the left of Company H and very near me, as I stood, according to height, in the front rank. Jack Donnelly and Male DeCamp, I think his name was, fairly seemed to increase in stature as we emerged under a withering

volley. Then a curious thing happened, and I tell this because the experience has been verified. In the twinkling of an eye my ardor for battle came to an icy pause! The blood-curdling, venomous whiz-zip of the bullets as they hit or passed stunned my reasoning faculty. But most horrible of all, was the vicious, almost human malignity of the impact, as the lead penetrated the flesh of my comrades near me. The man at my right—Callahan, I think his name was—a gentle, amiable fellow, was struck square in the breast, pitching headlong under my feet with the exclamation, "My God!"

To say that I was trembling with terror is to state the fact very mildly, but, and here seems to me the whole secret of war—shame, dread of my companions seeing or suspecting my panic, nerved me to such desperation that I really acted the part of the most fearless man there, for as we reached a briery ravine at the foot of the hill, above which the rebels were pouring down a concentrated fire of musketry, Donnelly stumbled—the briers caught the silk folds of the flag—for a moment the standard seemed gone. I leaped for it just as Donnelly recovered himself, and I remember he turned on me, half laughing, half angry, crying out: "You'd better keep your place in the ranks or they'll put you in the guard-house." These may not have been the very words, but it is the sense of them. The dense growth of blackberry and other bushes, was, as I supposed, the only obstacle to our advance up the hill. Horrified at the slaughter going on where we were, I turned and asked to be let go forward the few intervening steps. I don't know whether the permission was given or not, but I ran to the briers. Then I saw there was a small stream of water, clear as crystal, running underneath. I shouted this out to Company H, and in a moment they were all down in the bushes. We were just a little better off here, or we thought we were, but the bullets poured through the thick tuft of briery hedge. I think I was the first over it, just as Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart came down ordering Captain Lawrence to push the company ahead. The balls were whizzing above our heads—plugging into the ground behind us. In sheer desperation I seized my musket as a lever and leaped the

hedge of wild briers, ditch and all at the same spring. The company were across in one way or another, almost at the same moment, but my impression is that I was the first, for I ran to aid Donnelly with the colors. It was a mere matter of doing something or turning tail—that's the only reason I dwell on this to me, whimsically amusing episode of my first experience in line of battle under close and continuous fire. Colonel Stewart, who had been an officer of company H, was present when this happened and saw it all, I think, for he took the trouble, an hour or more after, when the regiment was marching back to camp, to tell my captain, in the presence of the whole company, that he considered the regiment's youngest soldier, Keenan, as brave as the bravest in it. I wondered at the time what he would have thought if he had known that when I seemed absolutely fearless I had to hold my teeth pressed together, and my eyes strictly in front, to keep my coward legs from running away with my sinking heart. I remember distinctly how like a fraud I felt, when scores of fellows from other companies, as well as H, came to me to apologize for aspersions they had hitherto made, judging me only from my boyishness and scrupulousness in attire. I remember one expression that set the whole company laughing, and poor Captain Lawrence louder than all. "That damned dominie of Company H's no chicken after all; he fights like hell when he gets his north of Ireland up." This was from Company A, where I was, during my whole service, known as "the dominie of Company H." I hope this personal garrulity may not seem egotistic; I do not intend it so, for there were a thousand men in the Ninth, every man of them brave and kind and tender, who never shirked duty and never flinched under fire; of them much, a thousand fold more, might be told. I am striving to recreate the life we led, as my fresh, eager young eyes saw it; and I take a kinsman's interest in his family—now going back, linking the months, the weeks, the days, the hours, and then running the eye of memory over the golden chain to select the links that will best show those who come after us some glimpse of our lives, our joys, our hopes, our fears, our thinking and acting—in short, the mind as well as

the body of the private soldier. It is then, I contend, the educated, self-respecting man who makes the best soldier—not that his reason enables him to banish fear, on the contrary, he is more keenly alive to it; but, the opinion of his comrades, his family, the world, these are what keep men from flying the self immolation demanded by the beast of war.

During the murderous halt, while the regiment in column by division was sprawling in and up the two inclines of the sloping ravine, or hollow, rather, Heckman came dashing down to the left rear, the bullets falling like hail about him. He called out something in a trumpet tone, but the whiz of the missiles and the roar of the artillery drowned it for me. He rode calmly down to the rear columns, where he talked a few minutes. The reason I state this so explicitly is, because we were expecting to be ordered to charge—were so sure of it that many had fixed bayonets. But the order did not come. Heckman passed onward, facing a murderous fusilade of artillery, as well as repeated volleys of shells. Then riding to the rear of the column he passed back up the whole line of the regiment, just in the rear, speaking alternately to one and another of the staff officers. We lay in this awkward position until dark, then withdrew to camp, very much astonished men, for we could tell by the cheers to our right that while we had been entertaining the rebels on the Appomattox flank, another force had turned their left wing across the Richmond plank road. It was that night we learned of Grant's advance into the wilderness, with an appalling rumor that he had met something like Hooker's fate. The rumor was confirmed a few days later, while we were in action, but luckily for Grant he had a Hancock to redeem his mischances instead of a Howard to aggravate them. This gave us some heart, and I remember the solemn discussion over the end of the campaign. We all believed that to us—the Army of the James—the glory of capturing Richmond was to fall.

Two or three days after the duel on the Appomattox we were marched westward in very nearly the same direction to the Richmond pike, thence through dense woods to the southward until we came to Arrowfield church. Here we were on ground

that had been fiercely contested the day before, and I saw for the first time one of the most trying ordeals of war—to a man of sensibility. Bodies were lying about the cleared ground denuded of all garments except the shirts. They were in every instance black as negroes and swollen beyond human semblance. I wondered then, and I wonder now, why they had not been buried the night before or in the morning. It was a ghastly, repulsive sight, one that prudent commanders would have spared men advancing under fire. The veterans of H company took the depressing spectacle philosophically, but it chilled the eager current in the young men's veins. That night I got an explanation of how the apparent inhumanity came to pass. We lay all night on the ground we had won foot by foot, our company was on piquet. As night deepened there arose in front of us long, low moans. These, as the dew fell and the air grew chilly, swelled into a bedlam of shrieks and pleadings. I begged permission to go out and relieve the poor fellows, but the officer in command sternly forbade such a thing. The cries came from wounded rebels, left between the lines when the enemy were driven back. Had we gone to their aid we should have been slaughtered from ambush; he even hinted that the cries were a ruse to lure us within reach of the rebel piquets. But to this day I can hear those wretched cries, those inarticulate prayers for drink or food. Toward morning the cries grew fainter, I could even fancy I heard the final gurgle and I felt like a murderer. At Arrowfield church the rebels were in some force. We pushed on steadily in column, regiment front, until we reached a well-built board fence. Here the heaviest musketry fire I ever heard was poured into us for two hours. We were ordered to lie down and sent our volleys with great deliberation on our knees. The fence in front was four boards high, running east and west down a slope, in the centre of which we were holding on determinedly. In twenty minutes the pine boards were like strips of sieve, though, strange to say, we did not lose many men. One shot, however, deserves to be immortalized. Company H had a late recruit, Mike Hussy by name, whose brogue was the delight of all the neighboring companies. He was forever bragging of the splendor of the British army

and its invincibility. While we were lying in the sultry air under the pines, the place well filled with smoke, Mike got up with great ostentation to lessen the rebel forces by a well aimed shot. He had barely raised his musket when the regiment, or at least those near enough, were convulsed by the smothered cry, in deep velvety brogue, "Oh! I'm kilt entoirely, oh, howly modther ov Moses, I'm murdhered, so I am." This in a tone of reproach and surprise that would have set the very oxen in Limerick dancing with envy. He dropped on one knee and began feeling himself carefully, while a small stream of blood oozed down between his eyes. The man next to him, on examination, found that a bullet had hit him in the very centre of the forehead and *dropped out.* The ball had probably passed through the inch plank before striking poor Mike's head, but there was a roar from the one end of the line to the other, when it was known that Mike's head was like the negro's skin, impregnable to lead. He was carried to the hospital and many a month after we heard rare tales of Mike's telling how he had single-handed defended the whole regiment from a rebel charge and was hit in the head by a cannon ball, or he'd never have left the field. Mike served the country thereafter in hospital. We never saw him again. I hope he's still living, and I envy the neighbors who are honored with honest Mike's narratives of the doings of the Ninth during his brief but glorious service in it.

What the Ninth did during the next few days is gone quite from my mind. All that I can recall distinctly is, that one Smalley, a pestiferous youth of the most grotesque build ever inflicted on a mortal, was egged on by some of the wags to challenge the dominie—meaning me—to combat. I remember the scene as if it were yesterday. I was writing or trying to write under the meagre shelter of the "A" tent. Smalley for an hour pestered me by all sorts of drivel, for he was little more than a half wit, but his sallies were saluted with roars of derisive approval by the men lying around, seeking any sort of diversion. At last, taking my reluctance to engage in a fisticuff with such a ridiculous looking creature as a sign of timidity, he began to throw pebbles at my paper as I wrote. I endured

this some time, warning him that if I did get up I would make things warm for him. This was the cue the wags had been waiting for; they rallied Smalley for suffering such a threat from a small chap like the dominie. This emboldened Smalley, who finally flung a handful of gravel at me. I rose with immense deliberation, the word went round, and there were two hundred men grinning about us in two minutes. Smalley, now alarmed at the result of his temerity, would have skulked away, but the line of men held him. He was a head or more taller than I, but his legs seemed to begin just back of his ears and receded in a series of grotesque humps to his thighs, where they suddenly changed to broomsticks, so crooked and wabbly that he never could keep step in column, and always followed his file on a wild hop-skip-and-jump, like an electrified frog. Seizing him by the nape of the neck, I swung him over my knee, and pulling out one of the stakes from the nearest tent I belabored him as fathers do unruly boys. His struggles and the windmill motion of his arms only added to my fury—I think I should have made marching impossible for him during that campaign, if Lieutenant Hawk had not suddenly appeared, aroused by the cheers and laughter. Smalley thereafter treated me with the most distinguished consideration.

It was, I think, the fourteenth day of May that we broke up our first camp on the Hundred and advanced to the right, Richmondward. We passed the Richmond turnpike by noon and came to long lines of breastworks, defended at regular distances by redoubts. We were pushing along cautiously, and had got into a tangle of trees cut down to impede us. It was impossible to tell whether the works were empty or not. The skirmishers had reached the pit and still no signs of the enemy. I saw a way of discovery. There was an immense tree cut, about six feet from the ground. It lay with the cut end still fastened to the stump, with the branches toward us. I scrambled up these till the branches ended, and then balancing myself with my gun had got quite to the end, where I could get a view into the redoubt through the embrasure. Just as I raised my eye the muzzle of a gun was on it, a flash of fire, and then a ball whizzed past me—the same instant I lay sprawling on the

ground. I think the whole company saw that luckless feat of gymnastics, for there was no firing at the time—indeed, every one took it for granted that the rebels were not going to dispute the line; we supposed they had all they could do to meet Grant on the north. Gilmore flanked them out of the works that night, and the next day we advanced to the line of Drewry's Bluff. At seven o'clock that evening, the fifteenth of May, Company H was sent about a mile outside the whole line, to a deserted farmstead on a sweeping hill that commanded a view for miles where the country was open. It was a dangerous place for a small force, and I think Captain Lawrence sent back to make known his exposed position. No relief was sent, but about ten o'clock I heard Colonel Stewart's voice, and then we were all happy, for we believed he would have help sent us. There was no moon—it was a sultry May night, the air heavy with odors released from the foliage by the heavy dew. The whole company had dropped silently on the grass about the mansion, which was compactly enclosed by a picket fence near the house, and about twenty yards to the front, or in the enemy's direction, by a pine board fence. Here, to the right, there was a spring house, and to the left there was a kitchen or some outbuilding of the sort. We dared not move about much, for the house was white, and our bodies against the surface would have given the rebels close at hand excellent marks to practice on. Stewart stood consulting with Lawrence a long time, then I heard him say:

"You must throw a piquet out to that fence, captain; that's the first thing to be done." Lawrence seemed to demur, when Stewart said: "Let Keenan go with another good man." Lawrence turned to me and said in a hesitating sort of a way: "Keenan, you can take any one you like and go, but you must be careful, for I think the enemy are right at the fence." I was proud as a marshal of France selected by Napoleon for duty of moment, at Stewart's mentioning me, and I spoke up at once: "I'm ready—I'd like to have McCausland." I thought that in this choice I was giving that patriot a full half draught of my own cup of glory. But to my surprise and chagrin he flatly refused. He said that he had seen figures

moving there; that it was simply murder to send men into such a place. At this Lawrence, the gentlest and most patient of men, said very sternly: "A soldier's duty isn't to argue—go at once, or you'll go to the rear under guard." That, as McCausland knew, meant death for disobedience of orders in presence of the enemy, and with a good deal of grumbling he adjusted his traps, and, imitating me, we crawled on our bellies toward the spot we were ordered to occupy. I expected every instant to have a volley poured into me almost point blank, but I was resolved I would get to the fence and I did. The darkness alone saved us, for we were no sooner there than we heard movements on the ground not ten feet from us. We dared not rise, we dared not move. McCausland crawled leftward till he had the small building I have mentioned between him and the enemy. But I held my post. How long I crouched there I can't say. I heard the company behind stumbling about among the garden plants, and even footsteps on the floors. But there were no lights. It must have been one o'clock and the darkness at its densest, when, raising my head, I distinctly saw outlined through the fence a solid line of horses. They seemed to have started from the earth, for I had heard no noise, no neighing, no jingling of spurs or accoutrements. In the same glance I saw a line of men just at the fence, with their hands on the top board, as if waiting a signal. In that one moment I saw that the only way to escape Libby, a bullet, or Andersonville, was to crawl backward to a tree about five feet from me and slightly to my left. Once there, I took aim low and fired. There was an agonized howl, a movement of the black mass and a volley poured into the black space about me. Half crawling, half on my knees, I reached the house, slid to the corner and repeated what I had seen to Captain Lawrence. But there was no need to report, volleys were poured in upon us in quick succession. We could tell by the reports that we were outnumbered, but our brisk fire and stout stand cautioned the enemy to move slowly. It was a miserable place to defend. The mass of fences and outhouses were in our way. It is true they concealed us from the enemy as well as hiding them from us. But men do not hold a place with confidence unless they

know the character of the ground thoroughly. We didn't know the minute the horsemen would dash past, close in on us and hold us between two or three fires. We held the place ample time to give the main line warning. Had a company been sent us, or better still, had the whole line advanced, we should have held the crest of the commanding ridge, and the sanguinary battle that followed would have opened the works of Richmond to us. But beyond putting the lines in a feeble sort of defence, the commander of the forces took no measures to secure victory. The cavalry did charge, we could hear them coming. I was just at the corner of the fence, we had all luckily got outside of the enclosure, when I heard whispered commands down the slope a little ways ahead. I called to Captain Lawrence, but he was not at hand; the dark mass could now be seen skirting the fence. Unless Captain Lawrence saw them or gave us the order to retreat we should be riddled or gobbled to a man. A bright idea flashed into my head. We were not more than a squad where I stood. If we could make the rebels believe that a whole regiment was at hand they'd be apt to treat us more respectfully, so in a high falsetto I shouted out: "Major, move four companies by the left flank and hold your ground till you hear from the right."

At this well-intentioned but ridiculous ruse, Captain Lawrence ran up, asking angrily who was venturing to give commands over his head? The fellows were all laughing—Bobby Phillips loudest of all—and he good-naturedly made my peace, explaining that the "dominie" forgot for the moment that he wasn't yet commander-in-chief!

But we had little time for jokes or explanations—volleys now came from the house itself. It was plain we could do nothing. I don't know who gave the order to retreat, but by a common impulse, as the mass of rebels became clearly defined by the flashes of their own guns, we turned and ran toward the main line—a third of a mile behind us, in the edge of a thick wood. We had been in the same place the day before, and knew our own lines. Near me as we ran came Bobby Phillips, spluttering abuse of whoever had been responsible for putting us in such a splendid post only to let us lose it by lack of support. It was

certainly the most fatuous piece of blundering of all that burlesque campaign. The hill we had quitted commanded the country for miles. It ran like a great plateau on the crest as far as the eye could see southward, and ended in Drewry's Bluff to the north. The rebels could not believe their good fortune, for we had been an hour or more in our lines and had raised a breastwork with our knives and bayonets, perhaps knee high, when a scathing fire from their skirmishers came trickling in. So soon as they settled where we were, however, they came on with yells, but we stopped them dead. Then halting for a while, just as the mists began to break away, a flash of artillery on the very hill we had held began to fire over their own lines into ours. This, however, did us—I mean the Ninth and its brigade and division—no particular damage; the shells passed far over us to the rear and fell among the colored cavalry, routing them, I was told afterward, like geese. Then for hours the battle raged, face to face, almost hand to hand, for I could see the men I was firing at, within twenty feet of our line. I could hear every word said by the rebel officers as distinctly, indeed a good deal more distinctly, than I could hear our own. For that matter, there was no need of commands; we had our guns; we held our lines; all we had to do was keep the enemy at bay or die. The woods were like most southern Virginia forests—clusters of pine, with sparse growths of oak and chestnut—dense clumps of undergrowth, shutting out any general view of the raging swath of death, that flashed and roared and died away, only to crash forth in fierce volume at irregular intervals. The smoke became an atmosphere—thick, impenetrable—at moments burying us in darkness as dense as the mid-deeps of ocean; then the wind, with a swirl, rising it, we could see our lines, still a girdle of smoky flame, holding the gradually thinning ranks together. I had fired all my ammunition—a hundred rounds—and a second instalment from a dead comrade's box. My gun, the second I had seized from a dead comrade, became so hot and twisted that I could no longer ram a ball down. I was stooping for another, when, casting my eyes just beyond to the left rear, where Colonel Zabriskie had stood calmly during the din of death, I saw him

clasp his left wrist convulsively with his right hand, then reel against a tree. Some one ran to his aid—I think it was Colonel Stewart, but I am not positive, for I believe it was at that moment that John Brown, the giant of our company, uttered a terrible cry and sank to the ground just behind me. I am not positive that this was the moment of Corporal Brown's death, but I recollect distinctly the dreadful groan and the space his body took up on the ground. I was forced to raise myself to get room to load. I had just fired, when everything came to an end—I had the most incredible experience. I knew that I was hit—fatally hit—for the ball had entered my head, just below the right temple. My first thought was, now I shall know the mystery that has baffled human reason. Now I shall know what death is. How long this fantastic train went on I don't know, but a nail-clad heel on my neck caused me to groan and a member of Company H called out, "The dominie isn't dead, take him back to the stretcher." Two recruits—young Hebrews—mere lads, picked me up; then for a time I was so blinded by blood I could not see, so worn out that I hardly realized what was going on, until, as the bearers pushed further from the musketry fire, they got under the shells, which were coming over both lines and exploding by dozens in the woods and fields. It was a long journey, and several times the terrified youths dropped me, but as the colored cavalry piquet held the rear lines, the boys were compelled to pick me up or return to the front. At the division hospital, as soon as I was examined the surgeon said briefly, "Bullet in skull—can't live—give him something to eat if he wants it!" After that I must have swooned from loss of blood, for when I realized where I was, Colonel Stewart was lying near me, a doctor at work on his leg. He was very gay under the operation, and catching sight of me, cried out, "Hello, Keenan, I thought they'd killed you!" He spoke to the surgeon in my behalf, I think, for I was presently favored with a more careful examination, and heard a slightly modified report as to the consequences of my wound. We both remained in this field hospital—in the open air, in fact, all that day, with hundreds of other wounded and dying. Toward evening we were laden in ambulances, taken to Bermuda

Hundred, and transported thence to Hampton, near Fortress Monroe. After a week or ten days there I was forwarded to David's Island, New York harbor, suffering the agonies of death in its worst form—through the crowding of the transport, the lack of nurses, the abominable food, and the motion of the ship. Finally, eighteen days after its entrance, the ball, a large buckshot, was pried backward out of the skull bone, just above the temple. My head was in a hideous state. The flesh was a mass of gangrene, and for two months there was an even thing —whether I should die or get another chance at glory!

As I am telling the story of the regiment and its doings as seen through a boy's eyes, I will not dwell on my irksome three months in the Newark hospital. It is enough to say that in September, after twenty applications to be sent back to the Ninth, I was finally started off on my way rejoicing, my head giving me little further trouble, though still bandaged. The regiment was in the lines at Petersburg, and thither I was sent. Never in all the history of war was there such slovenly, heartless mismanagement as marked the conduct of Grant's provosts and quartermasters. For two weeks I was detained in the convalescent camp, adjoining the rebel "bull pen," without shelter from the rain, shade from the sun or proper food for a man just recovering. If Andersonville were worse than the convalescent camp, within view of the Union headquarters, then the rebel authorities must have been blind and deaf, as well as inhuman, for the curses and wails that arose from that awful shambles the weeks I lanquished there could have been heard for miles! A mere rough board partition divided us from the rebel prisoners, who like ourselves waded in the clayey soil, uncovered and half fed. Enlarged from this atrocious durance, I was sent by haphazard journeys along the Petersburg lines, until after ten days muddling and seeking the provost, found that the Ninth had been ordered to North Carolina! There about the last of October, I finally again found myself with Company H and on duty.

But Company H was no longer the hundred stalwart fellows I had known. There were some recruits, but the roll call rarely was answered by more than fifty men. We missed most

Bobby Phillips, John Brown and First Sergeant Taylor—Pullen was captain, Hawk first lieutenant, and, I believe, Taylor had been gazetted second. A corporal's chevron had been bestowed upon me almost immediately upon my return, and though it was not the glory my first eager dreams had filled me with it relieved me from the camp drudgery I detested. Perhaps the most welcome figure in the camp was Ged Stout—"Stouty" he used to be called. He was a stocky, well-built, red-cheeked youth of perhaps twenty-three, the mail carrier. No sooner was the steamer or train in than the men turned out in helter-skelter groups, to size up the bag and conjecture by the bulk how far the precious contents would go around. At Carolina City the honor and glory fell to me of sharing my tent with this great personage. When he came in with his bag, and the whole regiment stood grouped in the street in front, I wouldn't have changed places with the commander of the department. The letters were dumped out on my bunk—on the gray blanket—and then we very deliberately sorted them out, putting each company's in a heap by itself. Stout was as solemn and reticent as the postmaster-general; he never answered a word to the impatient demands of the fellows as they skylarked, chaffed and grudged us. He had grown very adept at deciphering the fantastically addressed missives, and I think I never saw him grin, except when he remarked my perplexity over an address which took him but a glance to assign to its proper heap. He was my tent mate till the regiment divided at Greensboro, and I have never seen or heard of him since. We passed an eventless winter on a high plateau overlooking Bogue Sound. This dull season was diversified with one famous expedition, to a neighboring island, the most miserable, muddy, purposeless escapade a sane body of men ever undertook. What we went for or what we did when we got there, I never knew, nor anybody else that I spoke to about it. We crossed the lower part of the Neuse river, penetrated a dismal swamp ten miles or more, got thoroughly worn out, and then marched back to camp.

Later we were enlivened by a very picturesque and even romantic adventure on the Roanoke river. We went by rail to

Newbern, took transports and landed at Plymouth, where we saw the hulk of the rebel ram "Albemarle" that the daring Cushing had blown up a few months before. There was an attack threatened on the town and we manned the fortifications determinedly every night for a week or more. Then moving out we pushed after the retreating rebels towards Weldon, winding up with a well devised camp at Rainbow Bluffs. It was a perfect stage piece, so far as accessories and incidents went. After supper we set out in light marching order, our tins and all manner of clinking things left behind, even our muskets had their cases on to keep the gleam of the barrels from the rays of the full moon, bright as a northern twilight sun. From seven o'clock till about two in the morning we marched like an army of spectres through woods and fields, over hill and dale, until finally, palpitating with expectation, we reached the forks of a road. Here we were formed in column and launched forward at a double quick. Down the road, in a deep gully, dozens of camp-fires gleamed, but when we got to them, to our unspeakable mortification, there wasn't a soul! We learned with disgust that a column co-operating with us was to have been in front when we reached the rebel rear. But it wasn't, and we had our march for our pains. There was no end of humor and broad fun on this march. We were accompanied by a regiment, I have forgotten the number, but it was from Massachusetts, and was heavy artillery. "Heavy" they certainly were. They were never on the ground when wanted, never quite got into the position assigned, they never knew how to manage themselves, and were generally so awkward and slip-shod that the mere sight of a group of them set the Ninth into roars of laughter and no end of sarcastic chaff. Most of the men of the "Heavies" were German, in fact, couldn't speak a word of English, we were told. They wandered about the country quite dazed, of no more service than so many deaf mutes.

The Rainbow Bluff movement had been designed to help Grant's left flank operations at Petersburg. For some reason it came to a sudden end. We were shipped to Newbern, and early in April began the campaign that ended the civil war.

Our advance lay along the bed of the Goldsboro railway, a route pretty well known to the veterans of the Ninth, for in 1862 they had made a brilliant and arduous march over the same ground. We did not know until we arrived at the bridge over the Neuse at Kinston that we were part of the Twenty-third army corps, under the command of General Schofield, now the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. At the Kinston bridge we saw, however, that there was something decisive in our movement, for we hung upon the enemy, fighting up to our waists in water for days. Stephen D. Lee had command in our front, and his ragged battalions held on with a tenacity that made every step of advance cost.

It was on this march that my notions of the rights of property underwent a demoralizing evolution. The Ninth was noted all through the department as being "hell on foot," that is, it could cover more ground in a given time than any infantry regiment that ever marched with it. I don't know why this was so, but so it was. Day after day we made our thirty miles as regularly as clock-work; this, too, counting the tedious delays incident to the passage of a long column over wild, bridgeless roads, and the exasperating halts of artillery trains and what not. Sometimes, do the best one could, the rations allotted for a certain number of days would run out. Then the men kept an eye out for the casual pig, the chance cow, or delight of delights, an unconscious brood of poultry. A charge of rebel cavalry couldn't be more effectual than the sight of a cleared patch in the wastes of melancholy pines, giving promise of a still unvisited farm-house. The celerity with which the flying squad "went through" the housewife's stores, the instinct that led them straight to the stores of buried sweet potatoes, would have convinced the student of sociology that war develops certain resources in men, whether for their betterment or not I shall not undertake to say. One evening about dusk, the head of the Ninth, very tired, very hungry, and very impatient of distraint, came to a sequestered plantation, buried in the heart of miles of pine. A cavalry squadron had gone ahead and picked up the least guarded of the rebel provisions. We, however, soon brought out treasures tempting to hungry stomachs—mounds

of sweet potatoes, peanuts in baskets, a few hams. It was my fate, in mousing about, to snoop into a barrel containing what I supposed at first cider, but on tasting made up my mind it was maple sugar, until a veteran of the Goldsboro march pronounced sorghum. This was a delicacy indeed, and we straightway had the barrel empty. The later comers, indignant at our luck, set up a wild search for more. Now, in the cellar I had seen a barrel with precisely the same surface, and in the utmost generosity I led a group thither; the barrel wasn't a quarter full, so the first man that bent down to ladle himself a share fairly disappeared in the barrel, nothing remaining outside save his hips and legs. This was too much for one of the waiting wags, so he lifted the poor wretch's hind quarters, and there he stood on his head in the barrel until two or three, choking with laughter, pulled him out. Such spluttering and profanity never was heard before or since. The man was nearly smothered; the thick liquid ran down his face into his neck, leaving him a pitiable as well as convulsing object. When the shouts of laughter ceased long enough you may fancy the effect of the words: "Well, I wouldn't be such a darn fool as to take soft soap for sorghum." That's what it was, and any one who has seen the two can understand the blunder as well as the joke. The victim had his revenge, for he stayed there for hours and incited dozens of greedy, unsuspicious comrades to fill their canteens with the nauseous nectar.

Though foraging of this sort was to some extent against orders, the officers of the Ninth were, of course, too much engaged in the more serious affairs of the campaign to remark these little infractions of discipline. Many's the time H's boys saved some of their loot to enliven Colonel Stewart's table, for he was adored by the company, who to a man thought him the handsomest, bravest and most delightful fellow in the whole army. Other officers came in, too, for a share of devotion and forage, and there was a chivalrous contention among the men as to whom should fall the honor and privilege of sharing with the favorite officers the first fruits of the "bummer" brigade. On a long march, when his own supplies ran low, Colonel Stewart would sit down to his table and affect immense surprise at sight

of a rasher of bacon, a large cut of fresh beef, or a juicy cutlet from a pig that had been snooping about the fields an hour before. Then the darkies—they never seemed to have a morsel about, but after diligent coaxing it was wonderful the reserves they could be made to bethink themselves of. The pone—never did the crisp crust of French bread seem so great a delicacy as the homely pone—kneaded in water and baked under our longing eyes in the hot embers. If an army travels on its belly, the Yankees ought to make the best soldiers in Christendom, for they can find more to eat where there is less promise than the Esquimaux or the South Sea Islanders.

For more than a week we were under fire, day and night, but Petersburg had taught us how to shield ourselves, and I think the casualities were far in disproportion to the ferocity of the combats we maintained in the dark woods, in the bed of a running stream, where we stood for hours to our middle in water and mud. Everybody knew that the end was near. The reports from Petersburg all pointed to one denouement. Finally Stephen D. Lee broke from before us and we were launched forward with a rush. Darius N. Couch was in immediate command, though I think Innis N. Palmer commanded the department. A few miles from Goldsboro we were startled by the distant booming of cannon; we heard it distinctly the whole day. When we reached Goldsboro, March twenty-first, 1865, we learned that it was Sherman's columns attacked by Joe Johnson at Averysboro. We didn't know that we had heard the last guns of the civil war, but we had. The Ninth went into quarters in this pretty town; the Ninth acting as provost guard where all the armies of Sherman and Schofield met in rendezvous. Then came in swift succession the tidings of the last episodes in the rebellion. First, one morning, it was March twenty-third, as we were preparing coffee, long lines of ragged, slouching veterans came swinging in from the south and east. Presently a group of horsemen appeared. There were frantic shouts from the ragged ranks. "Hurrah for old Sherman!" It was he—the commander of the western armies—red haired, grim, with quick, searching eyes and the most careless disregard of state which we had ever seen in an

officer of rank. With him rode the handsome, soldierly Slocum, commander of the left wing; Blair, Logan, and I think, Howard. We remained at Goldsboro, luxuriating in the delicious spring weather—war alarms softening into the sure promises of peace. Great news came daily—the collapse of Hood under Thomas' Napoleonic blows—the dispersion about Richmond, Five Forks, and finally, the end—Lee's surrender at Appomattox. This was shouted by a courier, hastening to Sherman, and unable to keep the inspiring news to himself. It had been expected for days, but when it came the solemn pines, the dark forest recesses, re-echoed to shouts so long, so tumultuous, that the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, must have been bewildered at the new phase of man. Presently we were in Raleigh, the lovely capital of North Carolina—sheltered under blossoms, hidden under stately elms—which made the city a sylvan paradise. Then, to soothe Sherman under Stanton's villainous affront, rather than to disgrace him—as the war office had intended—came Grant. He was not looked upon with much favor, for the men believed him jealous of his overshadowing lieutenant. But he took great pains to mark his confidence and admiration for the victor of Atlanta, and the men, perfect children in likes and dislikes, soon gave him a share of the idolatry they lavished upon the erratic genius of the march to the sea. The end of the army—so far as solidarity came—when in the presence of all the great captains, Grant took his place under the magnificant elms in the wide park-like street of Goldsboro to review the heroes of the "bummer" campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas. But the event that stands out most vividly in my memory was the news that fell upon the army—like a thunderbolt a day or two after. It came from Grant's headquarters, and was officially announced to us. Lincoln had been murdered in Ford's theatre! There was but one cry, rage, and then revenge. Every man asked to be led forward at Johnston's army, then a few miles to the westward of us at Durham's station. It was a most curious revelation of the power of character on men. Lincoln was beloved in a vague way by the rank and file. There was a feeling, that he, alone of all

the politicians, meant well, that he had a tender, compassionate nature. The men loved him, and they mourned him at Raleigh.

Then followed weeks of tedious waiting. The Ninth was sent to Greensboro, and here Company H was detached to form headquarter guard for the Twenty-third army corps, General J. D. Cox commanding. Ruger succeeded Cox, and still the regiment lingered. But peace had come. We were in a land of milk and honey—the serene mountain table-land of western North Carolina. The debris of Jeff. Davis' flight was accumulated in the place. I remember seeing boxes of "blue backs," the rebel currency, scattered in the streets. Every man in the command became a "millionaire," if he chose. Johnston's artillery was packed near the town, and the men had great diversion examining guns that had scattered death among our ranks, from the heights of Mission Ridge to the last fight at Averysboro. In July we were embarked on the most rickety cars I ever saw, and, at a rate of not more than five miles an hour, began our last campaign—Trentonward. We were delayed a day and a night at Danville, camping in a pine grove, then resumed the snail train—passed through the already grass-grown lines of Petersburg, and arrived in time at Trenton.

It will be observed in this memoir that the more serious the crisis in the regiment's life, the less chance there was for individual observation. In action no man can give anything like a minute history of what is going on about him. A battle is an agony of passionate effort, in which the individual, at first terror stricken, gradually warms into a heedless rage, bent only on making use of the appliances of slaughter within his reach. Curiosity may to some extent enable a man to keep track of the main current of incidents going forward about him, but everything tends to confuse and warp his judgment. In the most fatal encounter the Ninth ever bore, the battle near Drewry's Bluff, I think curiosity enabled me to see all that a private soldier with his wits about him ever can in battle. I saw the gradual decimation of my company, the wounding of Colonel Zabriskie, the fearless insistance of Colonel Stewart in holding his wing of the regiment in place, the manful constancy

of all the old and some of the new men of the Ninth, in upholding the splendid traditions of the organization. But I saw skulking and cowardice as well. This, to the credit of our regiment and our country, was exclusively among foreigners, who had joined the army from the emigrant ship. Many of these afforded the veterans a good deal of amusement, for when we were coming under fire they were suddenly seized with the most unaccountable paroxysms which, while disabling them to advance, seemed to be no impediment to a fleet move to the rear. If every man of the Ninth will set down his recollections as frankly as I have herein set mine forth, sparing himself in no wise, the Ninth's memorial will be a volume of interest; for it will give a picture of the emotions of the men, as well as a record of the part the regiment played in the fields assigned it.

HENRY F. KEENAN.

October 24, 1888.

CORPORAL FRANCIS A. KENYON

Was born in New York city, March fourteenth, 1847, enlisted in Company B at the age of sixteen years, joining the Ninth at Gettys Station in February, 1864. He participated in all the engagements, and by gallantry in battle and kindness to his comrades in bivouac and camp, won the esteem of all. The following reminiscences furnished by him will be read with interest:

DEAR CAPTAIN DRAKE—Your circular letter of November twenty-fourth, in which you invite contributions of scenes and incidents coming under the notice of the survivors of the old Ninth, is received. It has suggested a thought which, at this moment, impresses me most singularly, and impels me to reply to your invitation. Should you observe an undue frequency of the pronoun I in my contribution, permit me to state that it is employed in no spirit of egotism, but rather to avoid verbosity and circumlocution.

There is a strange fatality which follows some men when exposed to peculiar dangers, while a power both remarkable and mysterious seems to surround and protect others. This proposition finds its best illustration in the experiences of the late war, and, for that purpose, I will recite a few incidents which may not only show me as belonging to the latter and more fortunate class, but prove to be interesting matter for your book.

I received my first baptism of fire at the first and second days' battle of Port Walthall Junction. Then followed Swift Creek, after which we turned our faces towards Richmond. I passed through these hot engagements unhurt, notwithstanding two of the seven recruits which formed the party with which I joined the regiment were killed outright, and Acker, of our company, was shot through the shoulder and incapacitated for further service. But it was at Drewry's Bluff where this unknown power, which protected me through so many dangers, first

asserted itself. Here the enemy, as you are aware, rushed down upon us in overwhelming numbers, line of battle following line, as wave follows wave and breaks upon the shore. Few of us escaped unhurt, while many were killed. Our noble commander —the lamented Zabriskie—fell mortally wounded not ten feet in rear of me. I was between him and the enemy, directly in line of the storm of bullets, one of which struck him. Immediately in front, two of my companions were killed while firing from behind a stump, and at my right, the man with whom I touched elbows, a German, whose name I forget, had part of his left sleeve torn from his blouse, while one or more bullets passed through his hat. I came through without a scratch.

But the best illustration of this thought, which, in short, is what is popularly known as the ill-luck or good-luck which followed our boys, is furnished in the case of the Dennis brothers, which shows up both sides of the question. At Cold Harbor Dan, the younger of the two, had strayed away from the regiment without leave and was lost for several days during the maneuvering in the enemy's front. This was a serious offence, but no one attributed it to the cause of cowardice, for Dan was known to be recklessly brave, having often exposed himself foolishly. He had always, apparently, been indifferent to danger. He turned up as suddenly as he disappeared. We were in the advance line of works when he joined us and gave an excuse for his absence that he got lost and joined a battery, serving it as a powder "monkey." His appearance went far to prove his story, as he was the impersonation of Mars himself. His torn clothes and face blackened with powder suggested that a bath would be more of a necessity than a luxury. The captain, however, while no doubt believing him, could not overlook this breach of discipline, and ordered him forthwith to take a position in one of the "glory holes" in our front. In order to do so he was obliged to mount the breastworks in full view of the enemy and cross an open space of about a hundred yards, fully exposed to their fire. Ordinarily it was certain death to poke one's head above the works. But Dan bore a charmed life. The enemy saw him mount the works, cross leisurely over the open space to the "glory hole," while their

bullets whistled around his head as thick as hail. There were bullets enough fired at him to fill a Gatling gun. They did not disturb him, however; at any rate, they did not cause him to accelerate his pace in the least. He took his position in the "glory hole," and seemed to suffer no more inconvenience than does a good man going to church on a pleasant Sabbath. Dan seemed to take battles as a matter of course, and survived them all. But how different was the case of Charles! He was a fine specimen of rugged manhood; brave as a lion, yet modest and cautious, and wholly without bluster. One evening, while in the advanced line at Petersburg waiting for darkness, under the cover of which to withdraw to the rear as was the custom every second day, Charles was sewing a button on his pantaloons, while at the same time engaged with me in conversation. I was leaning against the breastworks, gun in hand, when, suddenly, a stray bullet went tearing through his neck, severing the jugular vein, and he fell dead at my feet.

One night at Cold Harbor we were in the act of advancing our line of battle, when a battery on the enemy's right fired two enormous shells which burst in the trees directly over our heads with the most deadly effect. Scarcely one of us escaped without being hit by the falling branches or fragments of shells. Yet I was unhurt, and went fleeing in wild disorder, with the maimed and slightly wounded, over the breastworks immediately in our rear. A Massachusetts regiment lay sleeping quietly behind them when they were rudely awakened by our feet landing on their bodies or in their faces. They not only aroused to the occasion but literally "swore like troopers." The enemy's range was perfect, but, for some unknown reason, they ceased firing. Had they continued, half a dozen shells of the same size would have utterly annihilated us. Order being restored, what was left of us fit for action resumed the advanced position and were soon employed with tin cup and bayonet in throwing up another line of works. While digging, my cup—the very cup in which I afterwards cooked many a dinner of bean soup and boiled many a cup of coffee—caught in the clothing of a dead soldier, either Union or Confederate, I could not tell which, because of the darkness. He had been killed

in the battle a few days before and his body was buried there during a truce.

On another occasion I escaped, most miraculously, instant death. It was in the pits before Petersburg. It was not only a very dramatic episode, but serves also to furnish a subject which justifies one in indulging a sort of grim humor. On an unusually quiet day, from a military point of view, when the sun was shining from a clear midsummer sky, and the stillness was broken only by the firing of the celebrated "Petersburg Express," which had sent its messenger of death into the doomed city for so long a time, at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, and as we had become so accustomed to it as to rarely give it a thought, our inclinations naturally, under the circumstances, led away from thoughts or scenes of war, four of us were engaged in a game of euchre. There was a hand played in that game which swept the board; it contained no "joker" either. A shell bursting so far away as not to attract our attention sent a part of itself, about the size of an ordinary saucer, in a sort of playful mood, to join our game. Its ways, though dark, were not the ways of Bill Nye, for it stood not back for aces or bowers. They had no chance. It came thundering down between us within six inches of our heads, tearing up a hole as deep as a sugar bowl in the very spot where we played our cards. Had it struck either of us there would have been, at that moment, a sudden death in the Ninth. As it was we all *passed* immediately out of that game.

This brings to my mind still another game of cards played under peculiar circumstances. On the day of the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, four of our company were engaged in a game of poker. (I mention this incident, with the full knowledge that not an officer of our regiment knows what that is or ever heard of the game.) We used sutler's tickets for chips. At the time the game was on, the battle had been fought and we were repulsed. The enemy still kept up desultory firing, his bullets occasionally whistling over our heads, but not near enough to disturb the game. During our playing General Grant, accompanied by an officer of high rank, whom we took to be General Meade, passed down the line

within three feet of us. They took no notice of us, however. We had a good view of Grant, who was smoking a cigar, and from his facial expressions and general manner seemed as unconcerned as a gentleman strolling through his garden. But who can fathom the disgust with which he must have viewed the situation? It was a most magnificent example of great expectations failing to materialize. Some one had blundered, but not the men who charged into the crater. They never failed to do their duty. Grant's presence caused a cessation of the game for but a moment, when he had passed on out of sight and it was resumed. I sat on the left of comrade Hess. I was not in the game but looking on. My right arm was thrown high up over his back, my right hand resting on his right shoulder. In his left hand he held his cards while his right hand rested carelessly on his right leg. That game, too, came to a sudden and dramatic end. An interloper which stopped not for aces or royal flush caused the excitement to run high. It was a Minie ball which pierced Hess's right hand, passing at the same time through the fleshy part of his leg. The wound in the hand was a painful and serious one, disfiguring that member, if not, to a great extent, destroying its usefulness for life.

The recollection of another phase of army life comes upon me as my mind reverts to the scenes about Petersburg during the siege. Constantly in the presence of death and danger, many became hardened in their outward manner and speech, but, as the result of my observation, the deeper, the more reverent instincts of the heart, never leave a true man. Shakespeare says:

> "He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

No one will dispute the great bard in this respect, but it is also indisputable that brave and true men will jest in the presence of death and toy with its agencies.

The death of poor Tom Putnum was a most distressing ending of a manly and devoted life. Possessing a more than ordinary dignity for a private soldier, he was also a genial and warm-hearted fellow, beloved by all. One day, a day that left

a shadow on the brow of every man of Company B, the cook brought in our regular rations of bean soup. Poor Tom was impatient, and climbed one of the flankers to get his soup a little sooner than by going around. By so doing he exposed himself to the enemy. Being warned, he replied that if he was to be shot he wanted to die with a full stomach. Alas! on his return with cup in hand, he received a ball into his body and died a few days after, suffering untold agonies.

Another sad case was that of a comrade belonging to another company, who found much amusement in rolling unexploded shells at the men in the pits. These shells were thrown by the enemy, and were strewn about the battle-field in all directions. He continued his sport, much to the annoyance and fear of the men and his own delight, until ordered by an officer to stop. Then he playfully probed the fuse-hole of a shell with his bayonet until it struck a spark which exploded the shell, abruptly terminating his fun, and at the same time fully satisfying a morbid curiosity. The poor fellow paid dearly for his folly. His hands were terribly lacerated, and I am not sure that he did not lose his arms from amputation, or, what is still worse, die of his wounds.

But where shall one stop who undertakes to write up his reminiscences of the old Ninth? Events crowd so thickly upon one another that the mind reels. In the light of the present, they seem so wonderful as almost to be the remembrance of a startling dream or the fancy of a lively imagination. When I started my letter I was at a loss to know where or how to begin; now I am embarrassed with too many recollections, and know not where to leave off. But there must be an end to all things, likewise my letter. Therefore, with the wounding of poor old jolly "Pepp" Moore at Kinston, I will close and bid you good-bye.

At the second battle of Kinston I was detailed with several of my comrades to fill up a ditch, which made the crossing of aids on their way to front and rear with dispatches both difficult and dangerous. The battle at the time was raging, the rebels charging on our works, but being easily driven back. We had thrown all the fence rails we could find into the ditch, and were

forced to cut down small trees to finish the job. We lost no time, as we were in a very dangerous position, being fully exposed. Ryno or I, or both of us, bent a sapling, while "Pepp" was wielding the axe. His work was suddenly ended when a ball went crashing into his knee, disabling him, no doubt, for life. When last I saw him he was hobbling around on crutches. This was next to the last engagement we were in, and it came doubly hard on him, as he had served with the regiment from its first organization.

Fraternally yours,

F. A. KENYON.

New York, December 8, 1888.

COLONEL JOSEPH WARNER ALLEN

Was born near Bristol, Pennsylvania, July twenty-second, 1811. His first services as a civil engineer were as a rodman on the construction of the Delaware division canal, which terminates at Bristol. He was afterwards connected with the construction of the Camden and Amboy railroad at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he married. He made that city his permanent residence. He was engaged on the construction of the Grand Gulf and Port Gibson railroad in Mississippi, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in Virginia, the Paterson and Ramapo and the Flushing (L. I.) railroads, as well as numerous other public works. Among these were the works of the Dundee Water Power and Land Company of Passaic, New Jersey, and the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company. The completion of the Bergen tunnel, now occupied by the Erie railway, was entrusted to his charge as chief engineer. Of an active and earnest but conservative and exceedingly well-balanced temperament, Colonel Allen was naturally prominent in the politics of his state. He was twice elected to represent Burlington county in the state senate and was the recognized leader of the whig party in that body. His name was a number of times prominently mentioned in connection with the offices of governor and of United States senator. The high esteem in which he was held by prominent men of all parties was evinced by the action of the state legislature at the time of his death. His body, and that of Surgeon Weller, was laid in state at the state house in Trenton. The expenses attendant upon the return of his body from Hatteras and the military funeral which followed were borne by the state government. Colonel Allen was appointed deputy quartermaster-general of New Jersey, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, by Governor Charles S. Olden, a position of honor, but without duties until Fort Sumter was fired on. From that time his best energies were devoted to the interests of his country, and he rendered able and efficient services as an aid of Governor Olden and Quartermaster-General Perrine in equipping the three months men and all the regiments of three years men enlisted previous to the formation of the Ninth regiment. The movement which culminated in the formation of the Ninth regiment was the result of an application made to Governor Olden to recruit a company for the regiment known as "Berdan's sharpshooters." Governor Olden asked Colonel Allen's advice as to the practicability of raising such a company. Colonel Allen stated that a regiment of riflemen could readily be raised. Governor Olden immediately offered to obtain authority to recruit the regiment provided Colonel Allen would take command, to which the latter promptly agreed. Recruiting was at once commenced, and from that time Colonel Allen devoted himself to the care of the regiment, in the effort

to make it in all respects the best one that had left the state. How well he was seconded in this by his officers, and how well these efforts succeeded, the subsequent history of the regiment testifies. (It may be noted that the sword Colonel Allen carried was presented to him by Governor Olden as a token of his personal regard and esteem.) His untimely death (January fifteenth, 1862,) by drowning off Hatteras on the Burnside expedition, is part of the history of the regiment. A remarkable evidence of the lasting nature of the impression which he made on the regiment is evinced by the fact that after two years had passed, during which time many stirring events had been experienced, a noble monument was erected over his grave in Christ Church yard at Bordentown, New Jersey, by the officers of the regiment. The monument is fifteen feet six inches high, the base being Pennsylvania marble and the shaft white Italian marble. There are appropriate carvings in relief of flags, muskets, shield and masonic emblems, with crossed swords and an ivy and oak wreath. The inscriptions are as follows: 1—"Joseph W. Allen, colonel Ninth regiment, New Jersey volunteers, drowned at Hatteras, North Carolina, January fifteenth, 1862, in the fifty-first year of his age." 2—"This monument is erected by the officers of the Ninth regiment, New Jersey volunteers, as a tribute of grateful respect to the memory of their first commander, who, while faithfully serving his country in the darkest hour of her peril, even to the sacrifice of his life, endeared himself to the hearts of his whole command." 3—"January first, 1864. This record of the unreturning past is dedicated with kindly heart to thee." Colonel Allen was an exemplary citizen, a self-sacrificing patriot, a devoted husband and a loving father. Of fine physical proportions and manly bearing, his personal characteristics secured the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES A. HECKMAN

Was born at Easton, Pennsylvania, December third, 1822. He was educated at the Minerva Seminary, conducted by the Rev. Dr. John Vanderveer. When the Mexican war broke out he was clerking with James F. Randolph & Son, wholesale dry-goods dealers. He assisted in raising a company of volunteers and was elected a lieutenant, but they were not accepted, and he enlisted and was appointed a first sergeant in Company H, First United States Volunteers, and took part in all the battles in General Scott's campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Returning to his home he accepted a conductorship on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and made his residence in Phillipsburg, New Jersey. About the time that Colonel Ellsworth and his Chicago Zouaves were attracting the attention of military men

everywhere, by their wonderful drill, a militia company was started in Easton under the title of the National Grays, and the subject of this sketch became its captain. It took rank as one of the crack companies of the State, but about the time of the opening of the war of the rebellion it disbanded, though most of the members joined the First Pennsylvania regiment. In answer to President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand, Captain Heckman hastened to Harrisburg at the head of one of the first two companies raised in Easton, and his command was mustered in as Company D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers. At the end of the term of service the regiment was mustered out, and he returned home and almost immediately accepted the majority of the Ninth New Jersey regiment, then being formed at Camp Olden, Trenton. On the eve of the departure of the regiment for Washington he was made lieutenant-colonel. The regiment sailed with the Burnside expedition from Annapolis, on January tenth, 1862, in General Reno's brigade. Colonel Allen was drowned at Hatteras and the Ninth went into the battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern, under the command of the lieutenant-colonel. It was in these engagements that the Jerseymen established their reputation as a fighting regiment—they never lost it. Two days after the battle of Roanoke on February tenth, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Heckman was made colonel. The Ninth went to Newport barracks and took part in the siege of Fort Macon. On the twenty-sixth of July, with six companies of the Ninth, three companies of the Third New York cavalry and two pieces of artillery, Colonel Heckman started for Young's Crossroads, with orders to co-operate with a force sent out from Newbern. It was while making a reconnoissance with a mounted party on the Onslow road, that he was fired on by a party of bushwhackers, and he and Dr. Woodhull were wounded. The other command not being heard from the expedition returned to Newbern. Up till October thirtieth, the regiment remained in camp. On that day all the troops, under command of General John A. Foster, started on the Tarboro expedition, which added so much to the fame of the Ninth and its commander. On December ninth Colonel Heckman was assigned to an independent command, consisting of the Ninth New Jersey, Seventeenth Massachusetts, a detachment of the Third New York cavalry under Major Cole, and Belger's First Rhode Island battery. Three days later General Foster's entire force started on the Goldsboro raid. The command was constantly in the advance and bore the brunt of the fighting. On November twenty-ninth Colonel Heckman was commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers for signal ability and services rendered during the campaign. He was at once assigned to the command of the first brigade, second division, eighteenth army corps. On the twentieth, the eighteenth corps under General Foster sailed for

Port Royal, South Carolina. Some little time after their arrival there, a dispute arose between General Foster and General Hunter as to who was in command. General Foster returned to North Carolina and all the general officers in the eighteenth corps were relieved except General Heckman, who was assigned to the command of the second division. The division was on shipboard during the Monitor attack on Charleston; but the ironclads failed to make the impression that was expected and the division returned to Port Royal. On April twelfth, 1863, General Heckman, with his Star brigade, returned hastily to North Carolina and assisted in relieving General Foster, who was closely besieged at Washington.

During the winter the brigade was encamped at Newport News, Virginia. Here a number of broken down commands were ordered to him, to be reorganized or not as the good of the service might dictate. On the sixteenth of January he was ordered to the command of the defenses and approaches of Norfolk. The force consisted of a division of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, nine light batteries and thirty-two heavy guns mounted on a line of fortifications. April fourteenth, in command of his own brigade, he sailed with the army of the James. A landing was effected at Bermuda Hundred. During the month that followed the enemy were met and several sharp engagements were fought. On the morning of May sixteenth, 1864, while in front of Drewry's Bluff, the enemy attacked in overwhelming numbers, and, after a bloody and desperate battle, the Star brigade was forced back and its commander carried a prisoner to Richmond. After being a prisoner of war three months General Heckman was exchanged at Charleston, where he had been among the three hundred officers placed under the fire of our own guns. He was at first ordered to report to General Canby in the department of the South, but the order was countermanded by General Grant, and, on the request of General Butler, he was ordered to the Army of the James and took command of the Second division of the Eighteenth army corps, which he commanded at the capture of Fort Harrison. In this engagement he took two regiments of the enemy prisoners and captured four guns. General Ord being wounded, he took command, by virtue of his rank, and immediately attacked a river battery which was taken with its garrison. For the ability displayed in these operations he was highly complimented by General Grant.

On the third of December the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were consolidated and formed into the Twenty-fourth corps. The three colored divisions were merged into the Twenty-fifth corps. He organized this corps and was in command of it during the winter of 1865. On the return of General Weitzel he resumed command of his own division, and resigned May twenty-fifth, 1865. He was wounded in the

following engagements: Newbern and Young's Crossroads, North Carolina, and Port Walthall, Virginia.

It was an inspiriting sight to see General Heckman, whose whole heart was ever in the deadly work, leading on his men, eager as they invariably were for the fray. He seemed ubiquitous; now ordering up regiment, now battery—his lithe yet manly form wherever the fight was thickest—always setting an example to every one about him. He ever displayed a stoical disregard of death, despite the sanguinary harvest which death reaped about him. His example encouraged the men of his invincible brigade to sustain the shock of incessant attack with undaunted bravery, and they never failed him, nor he them. No general was ever more beloved, or followed in battle with greater zeal and confidence. He never asked any one to go where he was not ready to lead, and because of this fatherly care, together with his skill, hundreds owed their lives.

COLONEL ABRAM ZABRISKIE,

The third son of Chancellor A. O. Zabriskie, was born at Hackensack, New Jersey, February eighteenth, 1841. He was lineally descended from one of a family honored in Polish history, who found a refuge in this country and settled in the county of Bergen more than two centuries ago. Having lost his mother in boyhood, in 1849 he removed with his father to Jersey City, where he attended school, entering the College of New Jersey in 1856, graduating in 1859. From childhood he was distinguished by firmness of purpose, strong will, clear intellect and capacity to master whatever he undertook. Upon leaving college he entered his father's office, and prosecuted, until he joined the Ninth regiment, the study of law as a profession. In the summer of 1860, at Long Branch, his coolness and energy, by the aid of a kind Providence, enabled him to save his sister from a watery grave. The unselfish bravery, the quick, cool discernment which he evinced at the age of nineteen years, won the admiration of all, and was a promise, afterwards fulfilled, of what his country might expect of him when in equal peril.

In the winter of 1860-61, young Zabriskie had prepared to spend the ensuing year in the tour of Europe, and he expected to sail with William L. Dayton, our minister to France. Then Sumter fell. His patriotism was roused. During the absence of his father at Trenton he gave up his stateroom, brought back his passage-money, and throwing down the gold, said: "I am not going to Europe; I will stay and do my part in this war." His military career commenced in September, 1861, as adjutant of the Ninth regiment, to which he was devoted until his fatal

wound. At Roanoke Island, his first battle, he stood with folded arms, directly facing the Confederate battery, and amid the storm of shot, he appeared like a giant. The hissing shot had no terrors for him, and the example he set had great influence upon the men, who, engaged with a desperate enemy for the first time, needed all the encouragement such pictures of repose and indifference to manifold dangers could give them. The speedy promotion of Colonel Heckman to a larger command, elevated young Zabriskie to the colonelcy of the Ninth, which he led in many engagements until the fateful sixteenth of May, 1864, when, lying upon the earth, with his life-blood fast ebbing, and seeing his regiment overpowered, almost annihilated, he exclaimed: "Poor boys, poor boys!" Colonel Zabriskie was *loved* by every man in the regiment, and no nobler or more patriotic Jerseyman ever fell in defense of the flag. In battle, however great the danger, our hero was *imperturbable.* He possessed ability of a high order, and, had he been spared, would have risen to eminence in any sphere of life. In the history of "New Jersey and the Rebellion," it is said of him: "As colonel of the Ninth regiment, his record was not merely spotless—it was lustrous. Even in his last hours, when the shadow of death lay upon his face, and life's beauty and joy faded like a pleasant picture from his darkened vision, his thoughts were of his country and of his comrades, who were still, with heroic endurance, braving the perils of a doubtful field." From the time he entered the regiment until he received his death wound at Drewry's Bluff, he was constantly at his post, never missing a march or a battle. Ever encouraging the men, but never shielding himself from danger. He was without fear, and an affectionate man, a warm friend, gentle, loving and true in his social intercourse, an admirer of all that was beautiful in nature and art—a lover of the highest order of literature—a noble and finished gentleman. His memory will live among thousands, for he was a hero, and it is to be regretted that he was cut down in the heighth of his usefulness, as otherwise he would have had a brilliant and happy life.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES STEWART, JR.,

The fourth and last colonel of the Ninth regiment, was born near Stewartsville, Warren county, New Jersey, in 1840. He was educated for a mercantile life, which he forsook when the governor of his native state called for troops to defend the government. He enlisted as a private, but his ability soon ensured him a commission, and he left Trenton with Company H, as its first lieutenant. By the heroic death of Captain Henry at Roanoke Island, Stewart became captain, and at Newbern distinguished himself by shooting a Captain Martin, a

renegade Jerseymen, in command of a Confederate battery. In the expedition to Goldsboro in December, 1862, Captain Stewart led his command with great gallantry in a number of battles, losing between thirty and forty of his men in killed and wounded, which shows the nature of the task committed to him. He succeeded the lamented Zabriskie in command of the regiment, and proved himself a worthy successor, handling it in battle with the same ease and skill as when on parade. It was a pleasure to see General Stewart in battle, into which he ever went with his cheery nature and the same grace and winning way as if at a ball. He was desperately wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, May sixteenth, 1864, and for two months, while enduring untold sufferings in hospital, he chafed because of his enforced absence from his command, around which his warm and brave heart was ever entwined. He returned to the regiment in July, having been promoted to its colonelcy, and at once reported for duty. A few days afterwards, Colonel Stewart was directed by General Butler to assume command of the first brigade, second division, eighteenth corps, which position he held until the next spring, when he was given command of the second brigade, first division, twenty-third army corps, and during the remainder of the campaign he commanded the third division, twenty-third corps. For his gallantry and untiring services he was commissioned brigadier-general—to date from March twenty-first, 1865—the capture of Goldsboro, North Carolina, by his regiment.

His last campaign, in which he and the Ninth had rendered invaluable services, was as brilliant as any in which he had ever participated; orders highly complimenting him for courage and gallantry being issued by the commanding general. General Stewart was a born soldier, possessing as he did all essential qualities, and a physique capable of sustaining him in great fatigue. He returned to Trenton with the Ninth regiment, meeting with a joyous welcome at the hands of a people who were proud of its achievements and the glory it had won. General Stewart, for a number of years after the war, was the efficient chief of Philadelphia's police force, which, owing to his executive ability and varied experience in the field, enjoyed a high reputation for excellence. Time has dealt gently with General Stewart, no shadow of the old perils being discernible on his still handsome face.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM B. CURLIS

Was born in Burlington county, New Jersey, December fifteenth, 1830, and when of suitable age attended a district school in Evesham township, and subsequently the private school of William Burr of Mount Holly. After learning the trade of a tailor he established himself in

business at Pennington. In June, 1861, Colonel Curlis was appointed postmaster of that village, which position he retained until August, 1884, when he was relieved, a Democrat having been elected president the previous year. Desiring to render the country more service than was possible in the little post-office at Pennington, at the solicitation of Governor Olden, he raised a company for the Ninth regiment, into which he was mustered September twenty-third, 1861. On the eighth day of January, 1863, Captain Curlis was promoted to the majority, and in June, 1864, his shoulders were graced by silver leaflets. Colonel Curlis, notwithstanding his ill-health, which caused him much suffering, was never absent from duty, however irksome or dangerous. It was said by his men, who were fondly attached to him, that Colonel Curlis often exposed himself to danger, hoping thereby to be "picked off," and thus, while dying a soldier's death, be relieved from the ills his flesh was heir to. At Kinston, he greatly distinguished himself by leading his company (with the colors) across the burning bridge over the Neuse river, in the face of a murderous fire from the Confederates lining an earthwork on the opposite side. His gallantry on this occasion, as on others which speedily followed, no doubt gained him golden leaves. Colonel Curlis was severely injured near Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, one black night in the early part of May, 1864, by his horse falling upon him, while making his rounds as brigade officer of the day. He always enjoyed the confidence of his superiors and of the men whom he at times commanded. It was enough for him to know that his services were appreciated, and that consciousness never made him forget himself.

DR. ADDISON W. WOODHULL

Was born in Manalapan, Monmouth county, New Jersey, August thirteenth, 1831. Believing it to be his duty to serve his country in the field, he offered himself to Governor Olden as an assistant surgeon, and was commissioned as such in the Fifth New Jersey volunteers, with which he remained until February, 1862, when he was promoted to fill the vacancy in the surgeoncy of the Ninth regiment. He reached the scene of his new labors two days after the battle of Newbern, and immediately proceeded upon a performance of the multifarious duties of his office. He was untiring in his labors, and exceedingly kind and anxious in the care of the sufferers, who demanded his constant attention for some weeks. These qualities, together with his skill, soon gave him deserved popularity and placed him in the front rank of his profession.

During the summer of 1862, Dr. Woodhull, who always accompanied

the intrepid Heckman, had his horse shot from under him, in the engagement at Young's Crossroads, and was himself wounded. In the fall he was appointed surgeon in charge of the Hammond general hospital, at Beaufort—a position held by him until the departure of Generals Foster and Heckman for South Carolina. On taking the field Dr. Woodhull was made surgeon of Heckman's Star brigade, in which capacity he faithfully served for a long time. In the summer of 1863, in addition to his other duties, he superintended the erection of the Mansfield general hospital, at Morehead City, which was pronounced a model affair. Time would fail us to closely follow the doctor through the several campaigns in the Carolinas and the bloody fields of Virginia, where the Star brigade won never-dying laurels. Upon returning to North Carolina, in the autumn of 1864, when the yellow fever was raging at Newbern, Surgeon A. W. Woodhull at once offered to assist in subduing the terrible enemy, and through the whole course of the deadly epidemic was found ever faithful, constant at his post. But it is to the medical statistics of the regiment that he can refer with the greatest pride, and these are the best witnesses of his diligence and skill. These show that during each of the three years that he was connected with the regiment but three men died in camp or regimental hospital during each year, making nine in all, and this, too, when but few were sent to general hospital. This is doubtless due to the great care with which he looked after the habits of the men, the condition of their quarters—the injunctions he always gave the soldiers to attend early to any indisposition they might feel—and the pertinacity with which he insisted upon daily inspecting the processes for preparing food. These, after all, seem to be the great duties of a regimental surgeon.

Dr. Woodhull died at his home in Newark, May fourteenth, 1876, and after impressive services in the Presbyterian church his remains were conveyed to Manalapan, and interred in the old Tennent churchyard.

SURGEON FIDELIO BUCKINGHAM GILLETTE

Was born in Allegany county, New York, October thirty-first, 1833. His father, Rev. Walter Bloomfield Gillette, D.D., was a Baptist clergyman at Shiloh, Cumberland county, New Jersey, when the war broke out. The subject of our sketch was graduated an M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in 1856, when he located at Belleville, New Jersey, where he remained long enough, as he says, to use up what money he took with him to that place, and to learn "that most people are not anxious to employ young doctors." Procuring an appointment as surgeon of a steamship plying between New York and

Liverpool, Dr. Gillette made one round trip, when he was appointed apothecary of the marine hospital at Quarantine, Staten Island. When the yellow fever prevailed there, Dr. Gillette was made assistant deputy health officer, with a salary of two thousand dollars per year. After the destruction of the quarantine buildings by a mob he removed to Daretown, Salem county, New Jersey, where he established a lucrative business. He offered his medical services to Governor Olden, who informed him that there was no vacancy for surgeon. "I do not want to be a surgeon, governor, until I am capable," replied the doctor. "Don't want to be a surgeon?" exclaimed the governor; "why, every applicant wants to be a full surgeon, with a double row of buttons on his coat." "A single row is all I ask at this time," continued Dr. Gillette. "Well, go back home, assured you will hear from me very soon," said the patriotic executive. Ten days afterwards Dr. Gillette received orders to report to Colonel Heckman, commanding the Ninth New Jersey, at Beaufort, North Carolina. He joined the regiment in September, 1862, and was heartily welcomed by Surgeon Woodhull and all the officers and men, with whom he speedily became very popular. Dr. Gillette never wearied in well doing, but devoted his skill and best efforts to his multifarious duties. It made no difference to him whether the man who needed his services was of high or low rank—he was just as faithfully attended to. The six days fighting which the Ninth had in going to Goldsboro in December following, afforded Dr. Gillette an abundance of labor, and endeared him to all—his kind greeting and wonderful fund of wit restoring many to health and strength. In February, 1865, Dr. Woodhull having resigned, Dr. Gillette was appointed surgeon, returning to New Jersey in July, wearing the "double row of buttons" he had long merited. No doctor in the army was more beloved than Surgeon Gillette, who still lives (1888) to serve suffering humanity, as well as his surviving comrades of the Ninth, many of whom have been enabled through his certificates to draw pensions for disabilities incurred during their four years' service. Dr. Gillette, for a number of years after the war, served as post surgeon in the United States army, where he gained additional experience and honors.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN W. HOPPER,

Who left New Jersey in December, 1861, with the Ninth regiment, as a sergeant of Company E, returned to the state with it in July, 1865, as commandant of that company, and senior officer of the line. Captain Hopper was born near Hackensack, Bergen county, New Jersey, May fifteenth, 1839. When one year old, his parents removed to Newfoundland, Morris county, where he remained until sixteen years of age,

when he removed to Newark, where he learned the trade of a carpenter, becoming a skillful workman. In the spring of 1861, he arranged to go to Macon, Georgia, having received a good offer from a prominent builder there, but the attack upon Sumter changed his plans and the course of his life. He enlisted in Company E, in September, 1861, and was immediately made a sergeant, distinguishing himself in the battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern. His gallantry attracted the attention of General Heckman (then colonel), who promptly promoted him to a lieutenancy, and subsequently to a captaincy, in which position he served with great acceptability and faithfulness, until the last shot had been fired, when he returned to New Jersey with the regiment, suffering from wounds he had received. Captain Hopper was wounded in his sword hand while in the abattis fronting Fort Darling, May fourteenth, 1864, and two days later, in the terrible conflict at Drewry's Bluff, he was wounded in breast and arm, and although ordered to the rear by Dr. Gillette, he persisted in remaining with his company, which he did —supporting his bleeding arm in a sling which the surgeon extemporized, and only proceeding to the hospital when, with a wreck of his command, he was able after the conflict to retire to a position of comparative safety. Captain Hopper's company was well drilled, highly efficient and ever to be relied upon for any duty, however dangerous. The captain enjoyed the respect of his men, who oftentimes performed prodigies of valor, simply to win a smile from his intelligent yet usually stern face. After Captain Hopper had led his men into Goldsboro, North Carolina, in March, 1865, and the Ninth, in recognition of its valor and dash in capturing the city, had been detailed as provost guard, Captain Hopper was appointed inspector-general of the Twenty-third corps, the onerous duties of which position he performed in a masterly manner, receiving encomiums from Generals Sherman, Cox and Schofield. Upon his return home, Captain Hopper, through the kind offices of his old friend, General Heckman, was appointed a conductor on the Central railroad of New Jersey. For fifteen years past, he has had charge of the company's interests at Newark, where he has displayed indomitable energy and executive ability of a high order. He possesses the confidence of his superiors in civil life as he did while serving his country on fifty fields of battle.

LIEUTENANT HENRY HOPPER

Was born at Newfoundland, Morris county, New Jersey, August thirtieth, 1843, but hearing the tocsin of war, left the plow he was following in his father's field, and hastened to enroll himself among his country's defenders, attaching himself to Company E, Ninth Regiment, for which

his brother, Sergeant Benjamin W. Hopper, was recruiting vigorous young men. The subject of our sketch was one of the brave fellows detailed at Hatteras for the gunboats, on one of which he did valiant service during the bombardment of the forts on Roanoke Island, but in the afternoon, when the launches were lowered to go ashore with the howitzers, he begged so hard to go along that permission was granted, and in both battles—Roanoke and Newbern—Lieutenant Hopper, then a private, assisted in dragging and firing the howitzers, the only artillery we had ashore, until victory had been won. After Newbern, seeing no probability of further fighting on the boats, he procured his discharge from the naval service, and from that time until the end of the war remained with his company, with which he proudly returned to his native state in July, 1865. Like Cincinnatus, he promptly beat his sword into a pruning hook, and resumed the quiet life of a farmer, which he pursued until 1873, when he removed to Newark. In 1878 he was appointed a patrolman on the police force of that city, and performing his duties so well was promoted to the captaincy of a precinct, from which it was a speedy and easy step to the position of chief, the responsible and arduous duties of which he is performing (in 1889) to the satisfaction of all good citizens and great credit to himself.

CAPTAIN THOMAS BURNETT

Acted as drill-sergeant at Camp Olden, and to him the sergeants (many of whom subsequently became officers,) were greatly indebted for the proficiency they rapidly acquired. Captain Burnett was a thorough soldier, who never failed where success was possible. Notwithstanding his martinetism, he possessed the respect of his men, who never failed to follow him. It was Sergeant Burnett, who, while the brig "Dragoon" was thumping on the bar at Hatteras, and all hope of safety seemed lost, formed his company—B—upon the forward upper deck, and by firing volleys, attracted the attention of General Burnside, who hastened to the rescue, effecting a deliverance from the manifold dangers surrounding the five companies on board. After the war, Captain Burnett, who burned to be of assistance to Ireland, participated in the Fenian invasion of Canada, going there as lieutenant-colonel of the New Jersey regiment. He departed this life in 1874, dying at his home in New Brunswick.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH JAMES HENRY

Of Company H, was born at Oxford Furnace, Warren county, New Jersey, December fifteenth, 1834. He was graduated from the Pough-

keepsie law school, and commenced the practice of law in New York city. Some time afterwards he went to Washington, and acted as private secretary for his friend, Colonel Scranton, member of the house of representatives. While there he joined the regiment organized by General Lane, of Kansas, which patrolled the capital until the arrival of troops from the north. In October, 1861, Captain Henry was authorized to raise a company for the Ninth regiment, which task he speedily accomplished—the young men who followed him to camp being the best Warren county afforded. His gentle and unassuming manners, his pleasing address and benign disposition, his conciliatory action, and unusual candor, made him popular with all with whom he came in contact. He was robbed of life by the concussion of a ruthless shot at Roanoke Island—no mark being visible upon his person after he fell. Captain Henry was the first man in a New Jersey regiment to fall in battle for the preservation of the Union. Death loves a shining mark.

CAPTAIN EDWARD STEVENS HARRIS.

This gallant officer entered the service October twenty-second, 1861, as first lieutenant of Company C. Edwin S. Harris, a son of Rev. N. Sayre Harris, of Hoboken, New Jersey, was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He graduated at St. Timothy's Hall, Maryland, where he received the rudiments of an education which fitted him for military service. With the Ninth regiment he accompanied the Burnside expedition to North Carolina, and in the battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern led his command with skill and daring. Captain Harris received his baptismal fire in the swamps of Roanoke, where under a terrific fire to which the Ninth was subjected he acted with the same coolness as if on dress parade. He was present with his command, and participated in the sieges of Fort Macon and Charleston, and battles of Southwest Creek, Kinston, Whitehall, Goldsboro, Young's Cross Roads, Free Bridge, Hillsbridge and a score of minor engagements in the Carolinas.

On the seventeenth day of March, 1863, he was promoted to be captain of his company, but shortly afterward resigned with a view of taking command of a light battery. In this, however, he was anticipated, so Governor Parker reappointed him to his old command in the Ninth, and on receiving his commission lost no time in returning to the scenes of his former labors and triumphs.

Captain Harris led his command in the campaign inaugurated on Bermuda Hundred, May sixth, 1864, and took an active part in the series of battles fought daily, almost hourly, till the morning of May sixteenth, when, at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, an unerring bullet put an

end to his usefulness. Thus did he die at the age of twenty-two. While being carried off the sanguinary field, and while taking a last survey of the line, he called out to his men to "stand firm"—not to give way. His body was never recovered—in fact, his fate was unknown to his wife and family, who (until the return of the writer from the prison pens) had fondly but vainly imagined him to be a prisoner of war.

Captain Harris was one of the bravest officers in the Ninth. He never knew fear—never heeded danger. He was possessed of a generous and sympathetic nature, and was admired by officers and men for his manly traits.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM E. TOWNLEY,

A resident of Elizabeth, was one of the first to enlist in the Ninth regiment. Notwithstanding a delicate state of health, his ardent desire to serve his country in its peril induced him to forsake the mercantile life he had entered upon, and become one of its defenders. His devotion to duty, with his quiet Christian character and unceasing efforts to contribute to the comfort and happiness of his comrades, gained him the respect of all with whom he came in contact. His faithfulness and ability brought its reward, as he rose, step by step, until in 1865, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company K, with which he started in 1861. Few men were more respected than Lieutenant Townley, and when after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century his companions of old made him the custodian of their funds, they did so with absolute confidence, as his integrity was beyond question. Upon his return home after the war, he engaged successfully in the dry-goods business in Elizabeth.

CAPTAIN J. PETER RITTER

Was born at Billigheim, Bavaria, Germany, July sixteenth, 1806. He settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1836, and at once engaged in business, in which he prospered. He was connected with the militia for many years before the war, and in 1861 raised a company, chiefly Germans, for the Ninth regiment. It was denominated "G," and he commanded it in all the engagements in which it participated until April fourth, 1864, when, owing to ill-health, and his inability to sustain the fatigues of a great campaign, he was compelled to resign, which he did, greatly to the regret, not only of the officers of the regiment, but

also of the men. Notwithstanding his age and obesity, Captain Ritter never flagged on a march, nor hesitated in doing his full duty in a fight. After his return home from the army, he was chosen overseer of the poor in Elizabeth, which position he held at the time of his death—October twenty-seventh, 1872.

CAPTAIN EDWARD S. MOFFAT

Left Princeton college, and enlisted as a private in Company K, Ninth New Jersey volunteers, in October, 1861, soon after being appointed first sergeant; promoted second lieutenant March ninth, 1862, but declined; reappointed May sixteenth, 1862; detailed as an acting signal officer September twenty-eighth, 1862; commissioned in the signal corps, United States army, March third, 1863; breveted captain United States volunteers and mustered out of the service August, 1865.

Captain Moffat accompanied the Ninth on the Burnside expedition, and participated in the capture of Roanoke Island, the battle of Newbern, and the investment of Fort Macon. On General Foster's Goldsboro expedition he acted as a signal officer, and accompanied General Heckman on Foster's expedition to South Carolina, returning to North Carolina with Heckman's brigade, when it was called to the relief of General Foster at Washington, North Carolina.

In July, 1863, he accompanied General Edward E. Potter's cavalry raid upon the Weldon railroad, and in November, 1863, was placed in command of the outpost line of signal stations in North Carolina, with headquarters at Bachelor's creek, where on the first of February, 1864, five hundred Union soldiers belonging to the One Hundred and Thirty-second New York volunteers resisted General Pickett with seven thousand men and several batteries of artillery, and thus saved Newbern. During the engagement, Captain Moffat, who was ever without fear, unwittingly rode into a regiment of rebels, but escaped amid a shower of bullets. He was officially thanked for his valuable services in this battle. September tenth, 1864, he was called to Newbern to act as chief signal officer of the department of North Carolina, and while at Newbern was attacked with yellow fever. In February, 1865, he was stationed as signal officer at General Meade's headquarters before Petersburg, Virginia, and was actively employed during Lee's attack on Fort Steadman, in the Hatcher Run fight, the capture of Petersburg, in the line of battle at Sailor's Creek, April sixth, and was present with the army of the Potomac at Appomattox, at the time of Lee's surrender.

Captain Moffat, in all the positions he occupied, was without ostentation. As first sergeant and second lieutenant, although as mild in his ways as a school miss, he possessed the respect of all with whom he

came in contact. He never had to repeat a command—the men appearing to anticipate his desires. He was noted for his graceful bearing and courtly manners, which gained for him the sobriquet of the Chesterfield of the regiment, and when he left it to take a position on the signal corps, wherein he rose to prominence, his loss was keenly felt by all. In battle he was entirely self-possessed—on a march capable of great fatigue. Upon leaving the army in 1865, after a three years' course of study at the Columbia College School of Mines, Captain Moffat graduated with the degree of "Engineer of Mines." He held a professorship of mining and metalurgy for two years at Lafayette college, Easton, Pennsylvania, when his health failing, he took the active management of iron works in northern New Jersey, until in 1882, when he removed to Scranton, Pennsylvania, to accept the position of general manager of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, which he holds at this date.

CAPTAIN CHARLES HUFTY

Was born in Philadelphia, July twenty-fourth, 1839, in which city he resided during the early days of his life. He passed his school life with high honors, and was noted for his probity, intelligence and high moral character. The family having removed to Camden, New Jersey, he resided with them, and was engaged in the hardware business in Philadelphia until the sound to battle, which roused the nation to unbrotherly strife; when, impelled by a patriotic love of country, he at once hastened to join the conflict for the restoration and perpetuation of our glorious Union. When the call came for volunteers for three months' service, he responded at once, and enlisted in the Philadelphia Grays, First regiment artillery, Pennsylvania volunteers, and left with them for the seat of war in April, 1861. Having served out his three months term, he entered the ranks of the Ninth New Jersey, then just forming. He participated in all the campaigns and battles in which that regiment was engaged, and was promoted to the captaincy of Company I, July twenty-fifth, 1864. For nearly two years he acted as quartermaster of the Ninth. Having passed unharmed through many battles until almost the close of the war, Captain Hufty was at last fatally wounded at the head of his company in the skirmish at Southwest Creek, North Carolina, March seventh, 1865. He died at the officer's hospital, Newbern, where he received every attention, and had every care that kind-hearted women could give him, but passed away from this life on the fourteenth, regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and beloved by his numerous friends for his many virtues and gentle disposition. His remains were interred at Mount Vernon cemetery, Philadelphia, April tenth, 1865.

(From the North Carolina Times, March 17, 1865.)

Captain Charles Hufty of the Ninth New Jersey volunteers, who was wounded near Kinston, in this state, on the eighth instant, died at the officer's hospital, in this city, on Tuesday morning last, keenly regretted by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. Captain Hufty was a young man of sound moral principles, and high-toned honor; he has offered up his life to the cause of liberty, and is numbered in the long roll of martyrs who are mourned by the people. His life was blameless, and his friends have the sweet consolation of believing that he will meet his reward in heaven. J.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. LAWRENCE

Was born at Pennington, New Jersey, February fourth, 1828. His parents died when he was five years of age, leaving him alone to battle with the world. When old enough he apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker, and acquired that trade. Subsequently he entered the service of the Belvidere and Delaware railroad company, and was stationed at Belvidere, where in the fall of 1861 he attached himself to Company H, Ninth regiment, with which he proceeded to the front as second lieutenant. Upon the promotion of Captain James Stewart, Jr., to the field, Lieutenant Lawrence was made captain, which position he held with great credit until his death—May thirtieth, 1864. His remains repose in the cemetery at Belvidere, New Jersey. Captain Lawrence was a gallant soldier and earnest Christian—a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church. His heroism at Drewry's Bluff, where he received his fatal wound, is to this day a theme of pleasant converse among the survivors of the regiment he did so much to honor.

REV. JOHN J. CARRELL,

Father of Captain Edward S. Carrell, was born at Tinicum, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, March twentieth, 1812. He was graduated from Lafayette college and the Princeton Theological seminary, and first preached in the Presbyterian church at Harmony, New Jersey, and subsequently at Groveland, Livingston county, New York, where he remained until the latter part of December, 1862, when he accepted the chaplaincy of the Ninth regiment, to the duties of which he gave ardent devotion. Chaplain Carrell was an able theologian, a facile writer, and an earnest worker in his Master's vineyard. He entered into rest, June twenty-first, 1877, at Easton, Pennsylvania.

CAPTAIN EDWARD S. CARRELL,

Second son of Chaplain Carrell, was born August eleventh, 1841, in Warren county, New Jersey. When the lightnings of Moultrie were launched against the standard of Liberty, he was a diligent student at Lafayette college, Easton, Pennsylvania, but abandoned his studies and enlisted in Company D, First Pennsylvania (three months) regiment, in which he served through the first campaign of the war. In October, 1861, he attached himself to Company H, Ninth regiment, and by his gallantry speedily obtained promotion, being at the time of his heroic death at Drewry's Bluff, May sixteenth, 1864, captain of Company G, although at the urgent request of the colonel, he continued to act as adjutant, for which position he was peculiarly adapted. A model adjutant and a superb soldier, he ever commanded the profoundest esteem from the highest to the lowest in rank, and when he fell in the midst of a terrible conflict, the country, to which he was so devoted, lost one of its bravest defenders.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM Z. WALKER

Was a native of Salem, New Hampshire, having been born there October twenty-first, 1827. He was one of the pioneers to the new El Dorado, crossing the plains in 1849. He was practicing law in New York city, (having graduated at Columbia law college,) when the war broke out. He joined Company A of the Ninth New Jersey, and while leading his men in the charge upon the defences of Newbern was fatally wounded. His mortality lies in the cemetery at Bradford, Massachusetts. In his character was combined true courage and indomitable energy to a high degree. He quailed at no danger, however great, surveying it with coolness. Greece may not be prouder of her heroes at Thermopylæ than America of such sons.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD E. COGAN,

Born in Newark, New Jersey, February twenty-eighth, 1841; joined the Ninth in August, 1862. Earnest in the performance of every duty, he won the respect of all his associates, and in the spring campaign of 1865, was detailed for staff duty, serving acceptably as aid-de-camp with Colonel James Stewart, Jr., (commanding division,) General "Jack" Casement and General G. W. Schofield. In 1888 he was elected to the lucrative position of register of Essex county, New Jersey, for a term of five years—his success giving great satisfaction to the people as well as to his old comrades, who delighted to do him deserved honor.

PRIVATE HENRY HOUGHTALING

Was a compositor in Trenton, and although somewhat delicate in health, enlisted in Company K, on the fifteenth of October, 1861. He participated in every engagement in which the Ninth took part, from Roanoke Island to its retirement from the works at Petersburg in September, 1864, being slightly wounded at Whitehall, North Carolina, December sixteenth, 1862, by the last shot fired by a Confederate sharpshooter. When the Ninth went to South Carolina, Houghtaling was detailed for duty on the wheelbarrow steamer "Union," which vessel was lost in a terrible gale off Fort Fisher, North Carolina, while on its way back to Beaufort, in April, 1863. The "Union," illy adapted to a sea voyage, being of light draught and top-heavy, was making its way northward, when a storm arose which tried the courage of every man on board the frail craft. The vessel tossing upon the waves like a feather, was expected to go down every moment for several hours—grim-visaged death, or a lingering captivity in noisome prison-pens in the event of reaching the shore in safety, staring the little crew in the face. When the last hope had fled and all awaited to be swallowed by the turbulent waters, a blockading steamer was seen approaching. It arrived in time to rescue the unfortunate mariners, who were next day landed at Beaufort. David Gray, of Company B, Ninth regiment, was also one of the crew on the unfortunate "Union." Houghtaling's record of service is a remarkable one—he having never lost a day's duty during his term of three years. He performed every duty in the most intelligent and cheerful manner, and although frequently offered promotion, invariably declined, preferring to serve to the end with the rank given him on entering the army. Of late years he has been employed in the government printing office at Washington, where his services are highly regarded.

PRIVATE EDMUND J. CLEVELAND,

Of Company K, was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, November twenty-fifth, 1842. In August, 1862, he joined Company A, Second New Jersey regiment, but owing to bronchial troubles, was discharged from the service. In August, 1862, he attached himself to Company K, of the Ninth, with which he remained, performing every duty in a faithful, intelligent and fearless manner. He had not served sufficiently long to entitle him to re-enlist when the Ninth signed for the war, but he agreed to re-enlist as soon as his original term of three years had expired. This he did and was discharged in June, 1865. After the war, Mr. Cleveland acted as secretary of the Elizabeth and Newark horse railroad company, for many years, but in 1886 he removed with his

family to Hartford, Connecticut, where he engaged in the brokerage business. During his term of service he wrote much for newspapers in New Jersey under the *nom de plume* of "Vidi," and among his contributions of that period I find the following :

(From the New Jersey Journal, August 23, 1864.)

AROUSE ! BRETHREN, AROUSE !

Arouse ! sons of the North, arouse !
  And form your battalion for fight—
In a Christian glorious cause,
  For freedom, for truth, for the right.
    Can ye still lag
    When that vile rag
    From yonder crag—
The banner of our trait'rous foes—
    Still floats on high
    'Gainst the blue sky
    Us to defy,
Altho' we've wielded sturdy blows ?

Arouse ! sons of freedom, arouse !
  And tear that vile ensign down ;
Shall that scarlet cross'd emblem of wrong
  Taint the place our standard should own ?
    Flag of the free,
    We do agree
    To ever see
The brilliance of thy every star :
    The eagle's claws
    Defend our cause
    Make traitors pause,
With stripes we'll give them many a scar.

Arouse ! sons of Jersey, arouse !
  Respond as you always have done.
The ranks of your old NINTH are thinned,
  Join us, and with joy will we own
    That you are e'er
    Our brethren dear,
    Nor will we fear,
When brought into battle's dread fray,
    That you will run,
    Or try to shun
    The booming gun ;
No, with you will we win the day.

God of justice, freedom and right,
  To thee do I render my thanks,
That thou hast help'd with thy might,
  Inspire them to come—fill our ranks ;
    Again this land
    On which I stand,
    By chained hands
Will be till'd no more ; now to thee,
    Great God, I pray
    To speed the day
    When we may say
"This country's the land of the free."

Front of Petersburg, August 3, 1864.

PRIVATE GEORGE SMITH

Of Company B, was born in Germany, October seventh, 1834, but came to this country when a child. He was faithful in the performance of every duty, and noted for his cheerfulness of disposition, as well as a desire to promote the happiness of his comrades.

PRIVATE FRANCIS CAHILL,

Born in Ireland, September fourteenth, 1834, served his term of three years with great faithfulness. He possessed the respect of his officers and companions at all times and under all circumstances, and never hesitated in the performance of any duty, however fatiguing or dangerous. He distinguished himself at the battle of Kinston by giving Colonel Heckman early intelligence of the enemy's position, enabling the colonel to act in the most intelligent manner. While the regiment remained on shipboard at Hatteras, Mr. Cahill was one of a boat's crew that rendered difficult and dangerous duties about the harbor, especially in the task of supplying fresh water. He served on a gunboat several months, until the fleet had performed all the duty required of it, when, longing for excitement, he returned to his company, with which he remained until the expiration of his term of service.

CORPORAL WILLIAM J. DORAN

Was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, October eighth, 1838, and lived in that old town when he enlisted in Company K, with which he remained, doing splendid service during his term of three years, excepting nine months in 1863–64, when he was in New Jersey on recruiting service. He possessed literary ability of no mean order, using his pen as vigorously as his rifle, thus inspiring patriotism and enlistment. After the war he engaged in commercial pursuits, his talents and energy rewarding him with success. Among his many contributions to the Elizabeth papers is the following:

SONG OF THE NINTH NEW JERSEY.

At Trenton we clustered around
  The banner our fathers adored,
Aroused by the war-trumpets' sound
  And hate for secession's vile horde.
We solemnly vowed to protect
  With our life the Union we love,
As we fondly gazed on its flag
  While proudly it floated above.

The waves of rebellion rode high,
  But we knew that they'd soon recede;
We knew that the rebels would fly
  Before us with hurricane speed.
Oh, wrong cannot right overcome;
  Our nation ne'er severed shall be;
We will fearlessly face the foe,
  Till we achieve the victory.

On Roanoke Isle we fought them,
  Nor flinched though vengefully assailed;
We stood our ground and we beat them—
  'Neath showers of our bullets they quailed.
At Newbern they dreamed of success,
  But the vision was soon dispelled;
Love of country animates us,
  By rebels we ne'er will be quelled.

Jerseymen, you never shall blush
  For the deeds of the Ninth's brave "crew";
Onward to the conflict we'll rush—
  We'll stand by the red, white and blue,
And proudly we'll bear it aloft,
  When peace robes our glorious land;
And to Jersey our footsteps we turn,
  An exultant, victorious band.

Newbern, N. C., March 25, 1862.

SERGEANT EDWARD D. MATTSON,

First sergeant of Company I, participated in all the battles in which the Ninth engaged, until the twenty-sixth of April, 1864, when, being incapacitated from further marching, by reason of a rupture of the principal nerve of the foot, he was transferred to the Veteran reserve corps, in which he served until October seventh, 1864, when his original enlistment of three years having expired, he was honorably discharged. The sergeant, on the quick-step return of the expedition to Tarboro, being observed to be trudging along in great distress, Captain Abel transferred to his keeping a mule belonging to Captain McChesney's brother, that a darkey had been complacently riding. Along towards the close of the day Sergeant Mattson and his mule reached the mill-pond, but instead of following the men, who marched across the dam, the contrary animal made a bee-line for the water, into which he plunged before the sergeant fully realized his situation. In narrating his adventure he said: "The mule kept on until he got where the water was deep enough for him to drink without lowering his head, and then he commenced to suck it in. After waiting a reasonable length of time, and believing him to be well filled, I endeavored to start him towards the shore, but he failed to budge, and kept on sucking water, when I concluded that he hadn't had a drink in at least six

months. The harder I pulled on the old bridle the more the mule sucked water. I was anxious to get to shore, as the troops had all passed and darkness was coming on, and at length, after unmercifully beating the mule with the butt of my rifle, I succeeded in getting him headed for the shore, which I had hardly reached in safety when I saw three Confederates moving about at the outskirts of a woods not far distant. Reaching the old dam, where the troops had crossed, I managed to start him over, and when fairly under way he broke into a run, greatly to my delight, and in an amazing short space of time reached the rear of the column, with which I did not again break connection."

Sergeant Mattson relates that while on the Goldsboro expedition Assistant-Surgeon Gillette was called to relieve the sufferings of a Confederate who had been wounded in the head by one of the Ninth's skirmishers. After bandaging the wound, the genial doctor said to the "Johnny": "Well, old fellow, you were mounted, weren't you?"

"Ya-as, meester," answered the unfortunate Confederate.

"Then, why in —— blazes didn't you get out of our way?" pursued the doctor.

"Get out of the way—why you uns wasn't within a mile of me when I was pegged. You uns shoot terrible close, I tell ye, and no hoss can get away from 'em."

Sergeant Mattson distinguished himself in June, 1862, while scouting along the White Oak river with a squad of Company I, by capturing Captain Bell, leader of a band of guerrillas, who had recently caused much annoyance to our piquets. He was highly complimented for this and other gallant acts.

CORPORAL JOHN V. M. SUTPHIN

Was eighteen years of age when he enlisted in Company F, having been born in May, 1843, at Reaville, Hunterdon county, New Jersey. He was with his company at Roanoke Island, and in the battle of Newbern he received a shot in his breast—his life being preserved by his blankets, cartridge-box belt and apparel, through which the bullet passed before entering his flesh. He participated in all the battles in which the Ninth engaged in North Carolina, and was detailed to act as a sharpshooter. When the regiment went to North Carolina, Corporal Sutphin won the prize offered by Captain Appleget to the one making the best shot lying down. He was in every engagement with his company from Walthall in May to Petersburg in the latter part of August, 1864, when a piece of shell, which struck him on the right leg below the knee, disabled him for life. Despite this he was kept at light service in

the hospital, and was not discharged until the end of the war. Corporal Sutphin still lives (1889), with happy remembrances of the services performed by him in the battles for the perpetuity of the government.

PRIVATE THEODORE M. DENMAN

Of Company K, was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1840. He left a lucrative business to join the Ninth regiment, and shared with his comrades the perils of the ocean and the triumphs at Roanoke. But here, stricken with a remorseless fever, and while his friends and companions were achieving a glorious victory at Newbern, March fourteenth, 1862, he calmly yielded up his spirit to its Creator. While they were scaling ramparts amid the roar of artillery, the clash of keen blades and the groans of the wounded; while yet their cheers rang out loud and clear, he sank to sleep—to rest until the archangel's trumpet, a thousand-fold more startling than the heaviest artillery, shall summon quick and dead to receive their reward. Theodore M. Denman, loved by all his acquaintances, was revered for his virtues. He died not in vain.

SERGEANT SYMMES HENRY STILLWELL,

Born at Cranbury, New Jersey, April thirteenth, 1840, was one of the first to join the Ninth, with which he participated in all its battles until April twenty-sixth, 1864, when, being very ill, he was sent to the Balfour general hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia. When partially recovered he sought employment, and was made a police-sergeant, the duties of which he performed until the fifteenth of October following, when he was discharged by reason of expiration of term of service.

CAPTAIN A. BENSON BROWN

Of Company C, was grievously wounded in the arm at Drewry's Bluff, and for many months his life was despaired of. In January, 1865, Captain Brown was transferred to the Eleventh regiment, veteran reserve corps. He died in 1870, his mortality being consigned to its last resting-place at Bordentown, New Jersey. Captain Brown was a soldier in every sense of the word—a thorough tactician, and perfectly fearless in battle, if one can be fearless under appalling circumstances. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him intimately, and his death, although relieving him of great bodily suffering, deeply regretted.

ADJUTANT FREDERICK G. COYTE

Was one of the tidiest men in the Ninth. Painstaking in an eminent degree, and faithful in the discharge of every duty, he at all times commanded respect. He worked his way to the arduous position of adjutant, in which he showed remarkable ability. He was wounded in the charge on the enemy's works at Winton, and in the desperate battle at Drewry's Bluff, believing himself to be the only officer remaining in the regiment, he rallied about one hundred men around the shred of colors which Sergeant Myers withdrew from under his apparel, and made a heroic stand, which had the effect of staying the fearful onslaught, until one of General Butler's aids came up with a battery and prevented further pursuit of the exhausted Union forces.

COLOR-SERGEANT GEORGE MYERS,

Born at Detroit, Michigan, June ninth, 1825, made his home at Newton, Sussex county, New Jersey, in 1856. A braver man never lived. On a march or in battle Sergeant Myers was never known to leave his post—not even for a moment. Every man in the regiment knew just where to find his place, as Myers and his inseparable colors could always be seen where they belonged, and upon them the men rallied when ever necessary. The national colors were carried by him from Newbern, in 1862, to the capture of Goldsboro, in 1865, when he planted them upon the dome of the court-house, and was heartily cheered for the act, as the Twenty-third corps filed into the town. We copy the following from Mrs. Livermore's work—"My Story of the War," embellished with one hundred battle-flags, among them the tattered relic belonging to the Ninth:

"Color-Sergeant George Myers carried this tattered flag at Newbern, Southwest Creek, Kinston, Whitehall, Goldsboro, Walthall, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and in every campaign and battle in the Carolinas and Virginia, in which the Ninth New Jersey participated. Sergeant Myers was a brave soldier, and this flag was always carried by him in the thickest of the fray. In the unequal and sanguinary battle at Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, May sixteenth, 1864, Myers and the sacred relic had a narrow escape. Under cover of a dense fog a division of rebels suddenly burst upon the thin Union line, and although the advancing host met with a withering fire from the New Jersey riflemen, inured to war, and were five times hurled back in confusion and dismay by the well-directed and terrible volleys, it became evident at last that the broken Union line must give way. The Ninth New Jersey had lost most of its officers and many men, when suddenly the exultant rebels

burst in upon the survivors with redoubled fury, determined to be avenged for the awful injuries inflicted upon them. Sergeant Myers, undismayed, and calm and collected as on parade, seeing himself and a few comrades surrounded by the jubilant enemy, with scarcely a hope of escape, stripped from the staff the silken shred, which had been his inseparable and treasured companion for years, and, hastily buttoning it within the folds of his blouse, grasped a rifle, and, calling upon those near him to follow, dashed through the advancing line of rebels, dealing heavy blows for life and liberty, and thus escaped capture and saved the precious flag. Myers, although his clothing was perforated with bullets, was otherwise unharmed."

PRIVATE WILLIAM P. AMERMAN

Was one of the first to enlist in Company E. Modest and unassuming, cheerful and contented, he gave all his energies to a performance of duty, in which none excelled him. Firmly devoted to the interests of his country, he did all in his power to encourage his comrades to re-enlist, his persuasive powers being amply rewarded. Through all the campaigns Private Amerman was as brave as the bravest, and to-day (1889) he looks back with great satisfaction upon the result of his efforts, although he occupied an humble position in the ranks. I am glad to mention this fact, as for some years after the war it was difficult to find any one who had been "only a private."

PRIVATE ROBERT G. GERTH,

Born in Germany, came to this country at an early age, and made his home in Newark, where he joined Company A, and on the disbandment of that command was transferred to Company K, with which he remained, doing a soldier's duty until the expiration of his term of three years, when he was given an honorable discharge. He served for a time on the police force of Newark, and subsequently engaged in the tobacco business in which he prospered.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE.

Written by his father in 1875.

The subject of this sketch was born near Washington Rock, Somerset county, New Jersey, March twenty-fifth, 1837, and very early gave indication of the enterprising spirit which has incited him to noble efforts during a busy life.

As soon as he began to toddle, our hero accompanied his parents, on holy days, to the neighboring church; but instead of employing sacred hours in listening reverently to expositions of scripture, and joining in the ascriptions of praise, it was his custom to wander from the maternal knee into the adjacent aisles, cultivate the acquaintance of sociable worshipers, and, occasionally, climb the pulpit steps to gaze upon a congregation of familiar faces.

It was natural that a child manifesting such amiable traits should early desire to see something of the bright world into which he had been introduced. Accordingly, when he attained the age of two years, he contrived to climb into a wagon and conceal his tiny form behind the articles with which it was partly laden. Directly his father attached the horses, and, walking beside them, proceeded on his way over the mountain, little suspecting that the wee one, who was his mother's constant companion, was being jolted over the rugged road. Home was left far behind before the truant was discovered, and great was his joy when the astonished father consented that he might accompany him to his journey's end. On the young traveler's return to his anxious mother he related marvelous stories of hair-breadth escapes from imminent dangers; and described in glowing sentences the wonderful objects that had delighted his vision.

When Drake was about six years old, his father established a printing office in Elizabethtown, and introduced him to a busy scene. Here the lad acquired much useful knowledge, and became a proficient in the "Art preservative of all arts." At the age of twelve years, he was a rapid and correct compositor. When about fifteen, he held a situation on a Trenton morning newspaper, and was noted for skill and diligence.

The year following he began the publication of the *Mercer Standard*, a literary paper of acknowledged excellence. Later, he started a daily newspaper in Trenton, entitled the *Evening Express*, which was continued by an association of journeymen printers under the title of the *True Democrat*.

For some time the energetic youth was a reporter on the *State Gazette*, and his talents and industry won for him the esteem of Trenton's most eminent citizens. In 1860 he was induced to again engage in the newspaper business, and issued a campaign sheet entitled the *Wide-Awake*, which did good service in the Republican cause, adding largely to Lincoln's vote in Mercer county.

At the age of twenty-one years, Drake was elected an alderman of Trenton, the republicans giving him a handsome majority; and, at the expiration of his term, he was re-elected. In a community noted for its choice of good men for positions of trusts, the election of the young publisher was justly regarded by his friends as an honorable recognition of his virtues and services.

In 1859, Drake organized the "America Hose Company of Trenton," then, as now, one of the most efficient associations for the extinguishment of fires within our knowledge. He was four times elected an engineer of the Trenton fire department, and widely known as an efficient officer.

When news of the fall of Sumter reached Trenton on a bright Sunday morning, its citizens quickly engaged in consultation how best to aid in averting perils that threatened the nation's life. In this emergency many energetic firemen and others urged Drake to organize, drill and lead them to the defence of the national capital. He left press and type forthwith, and devoted all his energies to drilling those who were eager to serve an imperilled country. A vacant store on State street was secured, the stars and stripes were displayed, and fife and drum made things lively were silence had long brooded. Here was organized the first company of "Minute Men" in our patriotic commonwealth. This command, attached to the Third regiment, was one of the first military organizations in Washington—going by way of the Chesapeake, via Annapolis.

With characteristic modesty, Drake refused to take command of the company which he speedily organized, believing that a man of military knowledge should be appointed. He accepted the post of ensign of the regiment, and during the campaign gallantly carried the colors, being the first to unfurl our flag (at the head of the army of invasion) on Virginia soil, the Third New Jersey regiment being the second to cross the Long Bridge the night the lamented Ellsworth was killed.

At the expiration of their term of service, shortly after the battle of Bull Run, Drake and his comrades returned to their homes. But the

patriotism of the Trenton boys would not allow them to be idle when bleeding countrymen called for aid to resist the foe on ensanguined fields, and Drake hastened to join the Ninth New Jersey regiment, deservedly celebrated as sharpshooters.

While serving as first sergeant of Company K, and receiving only a sergeant's pay, Drake for a long time was in command. His knowledge of military matters enabled him to be decidedly useful, while his acknowledged bravery inspired his comrades with courage. He participated in every engagement in which this famous regiment took part, displaying great gallantry and skill in leading his company.

In the terrible battle of Drewry's Bluff, Virginia, May sixteenth, 1864, in which but four out of nineteen officers attached to his regiment escaped unhurt, Drake was taken prisoner, and speedily introduced to the "Libby," where he had little to do except fast and reflect on the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. In common with hundreds of heroic men, he endured hunger with fortitude, slept the sleep of the just on the soft side of a plank, and laughed to scorn the efforts of brutal jailers to disturb his tranquility. True, thoughts of anxious kindred would intrude into his dreams, and were ever present in his waking hours. He was eager to regain his freedom that he might hear tidings of the dear ones at home, and again engage in his country's service.

After enduring sore discomfort for a few weeks in Libby prison, Drake accompanied some hundreds of his fellow captives to Danville, that, in the language of a Confederate officer, he might have an opportunity of observing the picturesque scenery of that portion of the country, and partake of the elegant hospitalities dispensed at the military prison at that salubrious spot.

Fearing, however, that the captives were enjoying too much happiness here, and desirous also that they should visit other interesting points in the sunny south, they were removed to Augusta, to Macon, to Savannah, to Charleston. On their arrival at Charleston things were decidedly lively in the beleagured city. With a patience that never wearied, and a skill that excited marvel, Foster rained shot and shell on the foe within reach of his batteries. While the heavens were lurid with fires of hell, the yellow fever seized on the vitals of many whom bomb and ball failed to injure. In this delectable spot, hundreds of men, whose only crime was that they loved their country, were sent to languish. Thanks to the protection of a gracious Providence, Drake suffered no harm in this hideous prison-pen.

Having passed a portion of the dog-days in the Charleston jail-yard, exposed to imminent peril, Drake was admitted for a brief season to the Marine hospital. But the Confederate authorities deciding to remove six hundred Union officers from the "accursed city of the sea" to Columbia, Drake was among the number ordered on the pleasant excursion.

In the various military prisons in which he had endured misery in varied forms, he was indefatigable in planning means of escape. Taking his life in his hand, he was ever ready to engage in desperate undertakings to regain liberty. Powerless, however, to successfully engage their jailors in a hand to hand struggle, the captive officers sought to baffle their vigilance. What they could not hope to effect by force they resolved to accomplish by stratagem. To this end they organized a corps of sappers and miners, and attempted to dig their way to a change of scene. Tunnels requiring immense labor were excavated by men whose energies were taxed to the limits of human endurance. But when their freedom seemed well nigh assured, trifling accidents or accursed treachery baffled every effort. Watched with sleepless vigilance, the prospect of escaping from an intolerable captivity seemed hopeless to the great majority of Drake's associates. But he never despaired.

After he had been a few months in Dixie, it occurring to him that his manner of life was becoming monotonous, he resolved to change it at the first convenient opportunity.

He did not wait long. On the journey to the state capital, Drake and three of his companions agreed to regain their freedom even at the peril of life. At a favorable point he led the way in a leap for liberty, his comrades jumping from the rapidly moving car directly after. The guards were so astounded by the extraordinary feat, that for a minute, they forgot to fire a parting salute with the rifles which were their inseparable companions. As soon, however, as their excitement allowed, they fired upon the fugitives, and let "slip the dogs of war" in the form of bloodhounds, swift of foot, keen of scent, and as ferocious and untiring as any animal on God's footstool.

Though the officers happily escaped injury in their terrible leap, and were graciously preserved from flying bullets and the awful fangs of the bloodhounds, they soon found themselves environed with formidable difficulties. Hunger, thirst, home-sickness were among the minor ills of their pilgrimage. They were several hundred miles from a place of refuge, in the midst of implacable enemies, without guide or compass. Extensive swamps noted for deadly miasmas, and thorns almost keen as razors, wide and deep streams and mountains whose summits kissed the clouds, lay directly in their path. As they emerged from swollen streams their shivering bodies often attested the coldness of the water. Mountain ravines were threaded by Drake's naked feet, while snow and ice in profusion made his progress inexpressibly painful. His condition here was truly pitiable, the situation one of manifold horrors.

The sufferings of the travelers, under the most favorable circumstances calculated to cause strong men to despond, were greatly aggravated by the intense cold they encountered before they reached

the Union lines. At this critical period of his history Drake's wardrobe consisted of a blouse, pants and red shirt, worn thin and ragged during a period of six months' constant service. While rambling over sunny plains his garments were neither ornamental nor comfortable, being travel-stained and dilapidated. On the bleak mountains they failed to protect his form from an atmosphere that pinched like a vise. He had long been shoeless, and so badly were his feet frozen in climbing one of the highest peaks of the continent that it was feared amputation would be necessary.

The limits allowed for this sketch will not permit us to record many interesting incidents attending Captain Drake's remarkable escape. We can only add that, after being exposed to serious hardships during a period of forty-nine days, he reached Knoxville, Tennessee, November sixteenth, 1864, and was soon surrounded by friends who ministered to his necessities while they listened eagerly to his exciting narrative.

The New York *Tribune*, in publishing the adventures here concisely stated, said: "This escape is considered the most daring and wonderful that has been effected since the commencement of the rebellion."

A brief period was allowed Drake to recover from the exhaustion caused by the miseries of his captivity, when he returned to his regiment, was promoted, doing faithful service until the surrender of the rebel armies.

On the recommendation of General Grant, the secretary of war presented Drake with a congressional medal of honor, which is more highly prized than any other of the cherished badges and decorations in his possession.

On being mustered out of service Drake settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where, in 1868, he started *The Daily Monitor*, which soon attained a large circulation and profitable advertising patronage.

For five years he commanded the Third regiment, National Guard, an organization in whose prosperity the patriotic people of New Jersey took warm interest, and which has been honored with ovations in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Trenton, Cape May and other cities.

For "long and meritorious service" Drake was appointed brigadier-general by brevet, and the honor thus conferred on this gallant soldier greatly gratified his large circle of friends.

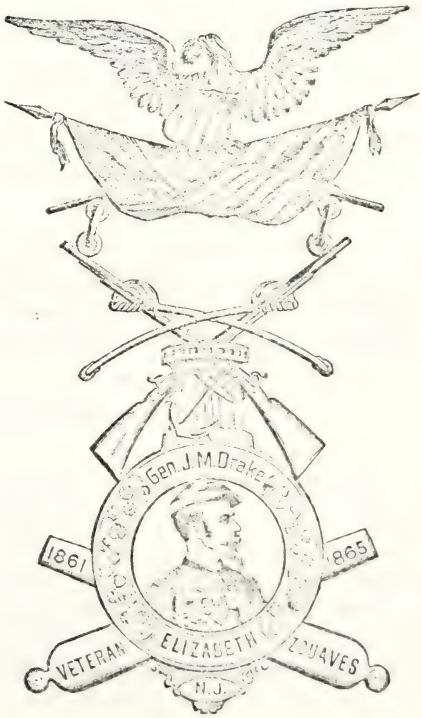
As a disciplinarian and drill-master General Drake possesses qualities of a high order. He was ever held in deserved respect by his men, and the excellent reputation of the Third regiment is in a large measure due to his eminent fitness to command. Few other officers have done as much as he to place the National Guard of New Jersey in its present creditable condition.

General Drake early learned to sympathize with all who suffer

adversity, and his captivity was so intolerable that he thoroughly hates oppressors. He honors his fellows for their sterling qualities, believing that worth makes the man. Few have more warm friends. He has the rare faculty of winning the good opinion of all with whom he associates. As the publisher of a live newspaper he exerts a wide influence, and ever seeks to do good as he has opportunity.

JAMES S. DRAKE.

NOTE.—In 1878 General Drake organized the Veteran Zouaves, a command that quickly sprung to the front rank, and within ten years became famous throughout the United States—for dash, drill and deportment—a number of the Ninth's survivors attaching themselves to it. The Zouaves crossed the American continent in 1886, receiving ovations in all principal places from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their journey of eight thousand miles consumed one month. At Philadelphia on their way home, the Zouaves were stopped for a day by General James Stewart, junior, then chief of police, and entertained by him in princely style. General Stewart was presented with the Zouave bronze badge—a decoration much prized, of which the following is a representation:



IN CAMP ACROSS THE SILENT RIVER.

"On Fame's immortal camping-ground, the shadowy tents are spread,
And honor guards with ceaseless round the bivouac of the dead."

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel Joseph W. Allen, Colonel Abram Zabriskie, Surgeon Frederick S. Weller, Adjutant Edward S. Carrell—4.

LINE.

Captain Joseph T. Henry, Captain Edwin Stevens Harris, Captain Joseph B. Lawrence, Captain Joseph M. McChesney, Captain Charles Hufty, Lieutenant William Z. Walker, Lieutenant Charles B. Springer, Lieutenant Jesse L. Bennett—8.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Hospital Steward John W. Lewis—1.

SERGEANTS.

Robert R. Phillips, Dilwyn R. Cowperthwaite, Silas P. Strong, Eugene M. Hayes, Edward P. Smith, Austin E. Armstrong—6.

CORPORALS.

John W. Hudnut, John R. Scherf, William L. Cisco, Adam Weinrich, Benjamin V. Gale, Benjamin L. Homan, Anthony Rang, Simon Lauterback, William M. Smith, John Hirt, Charles Hoffman, George W. Cawman, Levi Depue, Edward Zorn, Charles P. Smith—15.

MUSICIANS.

Johann Muller, John Albert—2.

PRIVATES.

COMPANY A—John Bader, Andreas Bauer, William Clayton, August Dreher, Thomas Dugan, John J. Eckel, Henry Fredericks, John G. Heilman, Richard Hendrickson, Caleb Hullish, Rudolph Kuhn, Francis Macker, George Marsh, Thomas McLaren, Albert Meiss, Franz Muller, William Muller, Edward C. Neary, William H. Newbern, Herman Noll, John Reamer, Joseph Reiger, John Scully, Charles Schmalstick, Edward Shortell, William H. Silvers, Salter S. Stults, Henry Trilk, Charles Turschman, William W. Webb, John G. Weitzel—31.

COMPANY B—Jacob Bonnett, Charles Bough, Alfred Cook, Ferdinand Disbrow, Charles Dennis, Gustavus Groff, Samuel A. Ewing, James Lidgett, Martin Moore, Thomas B. Moore, Thomas J. Putnam, Christopher Reis, Edward Roe, John Scheible, Charles D. Soper—15.

COMPANY C—John Atkinson, John Bradley, John R. Burton, Louis Chappins, Axel Chiwitz, John M. Clark, James Dougherty, William Fisher, Benjamin B. Garrison, Frederick Gertner, Asa Giles, George Hanno, James Herbert, James Hoffman, Israel Johnson, John O. Kane, Charles Koch, Theodore F. Martin, Thomas McGinn, Reading B. Mitchell, Theodore Myers, Morris Shannon, Peter Taylor, Joseph L. Watson—24.

COMPANY D—Edward G. Ashton, Joseph Atterson, Michael Babst, Ezra Cranmer, Joel H. Gant, Joel Hulse, Abraham T. Johnson, Thomas P. Johnson, Jonathan E. Johnson, Henry Lachat, Caleb H. Mount, Albert S. Nutt, Samuel Osborne, Henry H. Phillips, Herbert W. Polhemus, Alexander Reed, James H. Robinson, William H. Rodgers, Oscar J. Rulay, Ferdinand Schilling, John B. Steelman, John J. Street, Elihu Tindle, Martin Ulrich, John Vantilburg—25.

COMPANY E—George E. Cooper, Tinton Delaney, George B. Dickson, Hiram Gray, Benjamin W. Hunt, George Love, John Lyons, Israel O. Maxwell, John Monsch, Theodore Predmore, Conrad Ribble, Andrew Scheidemantel, James E. Sickles, Lucas Tierce, Ambrosius Weilhardt, Hampton Whitehead, James Williams—17.

COMPANY F—Edward Acton, Isaac V. D. Blackwell, Samuel L. Blake, Franklin Blizzard, Michael Boyle, Wesley Buckalew, John Craig, Robert M. Hall, William Harman, William H. Housell, Isaac Johnson, John Kennedy, Peter T. Lowe, David B. McCready, Harrison R. Nelson, John D. Nymaster, John Osborn, Jonathan Richman, Thomas Sales, Job Seals, John N. Smith, Napoleon G. Smith, William Suydam—23.

COMPANY G—Philip Beck, John J. Corin, Patrick Commeford, Edward Dillon, Michael Dolan, Jefferson L. Deemer, William Frey, Adam Grienich, Joseph Heck, Christian Huber, Henry Loetz, Timothy Mulvey, Henry W. Nutt, Henry Ott, Frederick G. Peach, Charles Schmidt, Robert J. Sloan, Philip Schweitzer, Thomas Thompson, Cornelius Vannest, John J. Waters, John Welsher—22.

COMPANY H—William P. Barron, John Brown, Samuel C. Brown, Timothy Callahan, John E. Cook, Nelson R. Cramer, Ammadee De Forrest, William D. Forgus, Spencer A. Hagerman, Daniel Hollowell, Henry Losey, Joseph Losey, John Miller, John Myers, John W. Osborne, Mulford B. Phillips, Andrew D. Staples, Mahlon Van Gordon, Joseph Warner, William C. Winter—20.

COMPANY I—Charles Brown, William B. Davis, Leo Eckert, Andrew J. Hanley, William G. Hartline, Magnus Hepburn, William H. Hughes,

John E. Johnson, Charles H. Miller, Stephen M. Mosure, Daniel Parr, Augustus Remming, Reuben Segraves, John Sparks, Samuel F. Stauleup, Aaron Vanculen, Josiah Wensell, George G. White, Isaac Zanes—19.

COMPANY K—Luther Davis, Theodore Denman, Isaac Fisher, Elvy Foster, John G. Klotz, Adam Kunder, John S. Parkhurst, Tunis Peer, Henry P. Purcell, Alexander Shreve, John Simmonds, George H. Smith, Henry Space, Moses E. Townley, John Trumbull, John Weder —16.

COMPANY L—Henry Ensle, Charles Green, Michael A. Karl, John Merz—4.

COMPANY M—Ridgway S. Ingling, Alfred Perrine, Stafford Perrine—3.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH SCHNETZER,

Born at Orterreich, Vovarlberg, Germany, March fourteenth, 1825, came to this country in 1854, settling at Boonton, New Jersey. He removed to Trenton in 1856, and when the war broke out was conducting a restaurant known as "Winter Garden." He joined Company G, and was made a sergeant; being wounded in the thigh by a shot at Newbern, he was sent home on recruiting service, and soon after promoted to a lieutenancy. Upon the organization of the Fortieth regiment, he was made a captain. After the war he removed to Newark, where he served on the police force for a while, when he engaged in the hotel business, which he was still conducting in 1889.

REUNIONS.

The first reunion of the Ninth's survivors after the war was held at the armory of the Veteran Zouaves, Elizabeth, New Jersey, February eighth, 1887, every company being represented—over one hundred of the Ninth's heroes present, including Generals Heckman and Stewart. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and after the election of the following officers, the happy company repaired to the banqueting hall, where a rich repast was partaken of:

President—Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman.

Vice-Presidents—Brigadier-General James Stewart, Jr., Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Curlis, Major Thomas B. Appleget, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper, Captain Robert D. Swain, Captain C. W. Castner, Lieutenant Richard J. Berdan, Lieutenant Joseph C. Bowker, Lieutenant William Van Brunt, Private Frederick Scholl, Color-Sergeant George Myers.

Secretary—Captain J. Madison Drake, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Treasurer—Lieutenant William E. Townley, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Soul-stirring addresses were delivered by General Heckman, General Stewart, Captain J. Madison Drake and Colonel Charles Scranton. The latter said:

Mr. President, Officers and Men—Survivors of the Glorious Old Ninth—It gives me very great pleasure to be present with you to-day. When I came in here I had a train of thoughts in my mind for a speech, but the seeing of so many men I had not met to shake hands with for nearly a quarter of a century, have knocked that speech all out of me, and your president has told me I may talk just what I like. To begin then, comrades, I want to say that New Jersey was not behind any of her sister states in rallying for the defense of that flag and the union of these states, "The Jersey blue was always true." New Jersey, glorious little state, sent to the front the very first brigade of four regiments that went from any state, under General Runyon. Other states were sending a regiment at a time. Never shall I forget the work done in a little over two weeks' time. Two of the four regiments had the *regulation blue overcoat.* The cloth was dyed, cut, and made up inside of two weeks. Why, sir, we did what was never done in the world before or since. On the east side of that old arsenal at Trenton we armed and equipped the entire brigade in a single day.

As this first (three months) brigade marched down Pennsylvania avenue, making near a mile in length, they were really the admiration of everybody. We soon got further calls for more men, and the First and Second brigades of four regiments each—eight thousand men—were quickly fitted out and sent to the front, under the gallant Kearny, McAllister, Torbet and other brave commanders. Had I time, I would like to read one or two letters from Governor Olden and General Kearny. I had told the governor I was about to build a barn, but I thought we ought to have a school of instruction formed, and be taking in and drilling more companies for more calls. He said, "Colonel, go home and build your barn," or words to that effect. Here is the letter. And that he didn't think we need to send another soldier. This talk, however, was before the first Bull Run, for by act of congress, approved July twenty-second, 1861, we got an order from the War department, September fifth, 1861, to get up another regiment. This was our glorious Ninth, in whose memory we meet to-day. The regiment was to be a rifle regiment of twelve companies. It was quickly raised. The first company mustered in September thirteenth, and the last October fifteenth, 1861. The regiment began drilling at once at Camp Olden (*mainly* squad and company drills), perfecting its organization, until December fourth, 1861, when it left the state with forty-four officers and one thousand one hundred and fifteen non-commissioned officers and privates; and during its existence as a regiment, there were forwarded to it one thousand four hundred and thirty-one men as recruits, besides twenty-eight men who started, but never got there. [A voice—"What became of them?"] The colonel replied: "Probably they may have dropped into the Delaware, between Camden and Philadelphia." They are lost to memory. They have no record like the rest of you. Thus it is seen that the total number of officers and men from first to last belonging to this glorious old Ninth, was two thousand seven hundred and one. An army in itself—almost, if not quite, equal to the army under Washington at the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. The regiment took part in thirty important engagements, in many of which their losses of killed and wounded were heavy. The roster was a grand one. I recall to mind of the field, staff and line—Heckman, Gillette, Curlis, Hufty, Appleget, Hopper, Abel, Carrell, Coyte, Welsted, Keys, Berdan, Stewart, Castner, Brown, Ritter, Drake, Erb, McChesney, and many other officers. Time to-day will not allow of calling the roll of the brave in full—the living and the dead.

This regiment never surrendered and was never conquered. But alas, to prevent it, many a brave man fell with his face to the foe. Time to-day will also fail me to call the roll of the honored and patriotic dead; yet I cannot look over the names in my mind of Allen, Weller, Henry, Zabriskie, Armstrong and two hundred and fifty others who were killed

in battles, a part of the quarter of a million of men who died in defense of that dear old flag and our Union, besides four hundred and forty-four officers and enlisted men who were wounded, that liberty– civil and religious, and our country might live. Armstrong, who was killed twenty-five years ago to-day, was the first man that I enrolled for the regiment, and was killed shortly after Captain Henry met his death. This regiment should be proud to know that Captain Henry, the first officer from New Jersey to fall in battle was also the first volunteer from New Jersey for the defense of Washington. After Sumter was fired on the eighteenth day of April, 1861, he was an enlisted private in Captain James H. Lane's command to defend the arsenal and government property in and around Washington. This company, and that of Cassius M. Clay's, held Washington secure till the arrival of troops from the Keystone state and Massachusetts, when they were honorably discharged. Here is the honorable discharge, signed by Abraham Lincoln, Simon Cameron, and the officers of the company, expressing the thanks of the nation. I prize this document very highly.

I now come to matters more personal. I know our general is modest, but when I began I asked him if I might do about as I pleased. Many of you do not know how you got hold of your beloved commander. I'll tell you. The regiment was full, strong, powerful, composed of some of the best men from nearly every town in the state. The roster was completed, with the exception of major. You know our first regiments had cleaned the state pretty thoroughly of our home guard drilled men. It seemed as if there were not many left to select from. Governor Olden was anxious. Colonel Allen was diffident and doubtful of his own ability. Both said to me one day. "Colonel, do you think of any one who would make a good major for the Ninth?" I said "Yes, I know a man who as a boy went to Mexico; he has been three months' in this service. I'll bring him down, and I'll guarantee he can put the regiment through any needed evolution." I was on my way home to spend Sabbath with my family. I sent word ahead to Phillipsburg to Captain Heckman to meet me at the depot. Told him what I wanted, and to be ready to go back with me Monday. "If you can do what I have promised you will have a double-breasted coat at once." On the following day, many of you may remember how the captain put you through. At night, Colonel Allen said, "Captain, get your double-breasted ready," and the Governor commissioned him at once. In all this there was a Providence. "There is a divinity which shapes our end." How fortunate Colonel Allen was drowned; and your gallant major was left your commander, and twenty-five years ago to-day he by his cool, intrepid bearing, led you to victory, which gave your regiment a name for gallantry not surpassed by any regiment in the service. I

had intended to refer to the muskets you had for a few days—almost producing mutiny. You were right to rebel. You were raised as a rifle regiment, and finally to settle the matter we got an order from the war department for the Springfield armory to turn out twelve hundred rifled muskets for you. It took just twelve days to fill the order, and your faces presented a different cast. If time allowed, I could read Governor Olden's letters to me in regard to India rubber blankets for you. You had but four hundred, and wanted eight hundred more. How we sent the ladies out to raise the money to buy them. They got it, for nobody could get rid of them so easily as to give. But I am reminded I must stop. Men of the old Ninth—good privates make good officers, and I say here, as I have often said before, that the soldier, corporal or private, who does his duty fully when on the piquet line, or where duty or danger calls, is the peer of a Czar, Napoleon, General Grant, or the greatest captain that ever lived. The one orders, the other executes. But war is costly in money, lives, and morals. Let us cultivate peace, love our homes, do good in every way we can to each other in our own country and elsewhere. If as a nation of people we do this, Canada and Mexico will both gravitate to us by self-interest, without any war for conquest, so that in time we have as many as one hundred States, each governing themselves internally, "as distinct as the billows, but one as the sea," when danger threatens either. Our fathers planned well for any extensions that have or may ever occur, and I fully believe that within less than half a century our flag will be the flag of all the states from the Arctic Ocean to the Panama. The true interests of science, art, religion, education and of mankind will effect it by diplomacy, without war, and then will be realized the poet's dream of the future.

> "No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
> For the whole boundless continent is ours."

It was a joyous gathering, and its rapturous delights can never be forgotten by those who participated in its pleasures. It was midnight ere "taps" were sounded, but all firmly resolved before departing that there should be an annual gathering so long as any are spared to attend it.

THE SECOND REUNION

Was held at Trenton on the thirteenth of September following—nearly two hundred survivors attending. A banquet was served by patriotic ladies of Trenton. The following officers were elected:

President—Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman.

Vice-Presidents—Brigadier-General James Stewart, Jr., Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Curlis, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hufty, Major

Thomas B. Appleget, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper, Captain Robert D. Swain, Lieutenant Henry B. Lanning, Lieutenant William Van Brunt, Lieutenant Richard J. Berdan, Corporal John V. M. Sutphin.

Secretary—Captain J. Madison Drake, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Treasurer—Lieutenant William E. Townley, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

THE THIRD REUNION.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., September 11, 1888.

Adjutant Frederick G. Coyte of the Ninth, an honored resident of Englewood, Bergen county, having been requested by his fellow-citizens to invite the regiment to hold its third reunion in that beautiful town, about one hundred survivors assembled there during the forenoon of to-day.

At noon line was formed by Captain J. Madison Drake, (who had been requested to act as adjutant), when, in the absence of Generals Heckman and Stewart and other superior officers, Major Thomas B. Appleget assumed command.

The Ninth, after exchanging courtesies with Dwight post, G. A. R., headed by Cass's fine band, was escorted through the principal streets to Dwight chapel, in front of which the men were photographed. The streets were lined with patriotic citizens, while many stores and private dwellings were handsomely decorated. Over the store-door of Mr. George W. Springer was a miniature canvas tent, surrounded with bunting, bearing the words: "Welcome, Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers."

Entering the beautiful chapel the men seated themselves, when Rev. Dr. Booth offered prayer, after which Mr. S. M. Riker, ex-sergeant-major of the Eighth New Jersey volunteers, and a gallant soldier during the entire war, delivered the following address:

Fellow-Soldiers and Fellow-Citizens—It is hardly in the power of tongue or pen to suitably perform the duty that is imposed on me to-day. I cannot hope to fully express the welcome that is your due, veterans of the Ninth New Jersey volunteers. At the bidding of the grand army post of Englewood and the citizens' committee who arranged for your entertainment, I will briefly express our appreciation of your presence among us. Many of us remember, when in the dark days of the civil war a regiment passed through a city or town of the north, the receptions which seemed so good to us. After the camp fare of our soldier life, what more eloquent than this bountiful provision, presided over by feminine grace and beauty, which seemed so plainly to say, "We cannot face with you the stern realities of war, but we will do our best to send you off in good heart." And they did. God bless

them for it. Such "send offs" and such sympathy were sweet and helpful, and made us braver and stronger in hours of trial and danger. I suspect something of this kind will be the experience of our brave boys to-day, and this reunion will be memorable, not only for the meeting of old comrades, but for the good cheer that has attended it.

Early in the spring of 1865 a band of paroled Andersonville prisoners reached Jackson, Mississippi, where the marks of Sherman's recent presence were all too plainly seen. Railroad communication with the Union lines at Vicksburg ended there, and a march of thirty-six miles through mud and rain, through swollen streams and forests, seemed a mighty undertaking to those half-starved, half-clothed, half-sick prisoners of war. Some fatal experiences made memorable that journey: men whom the bullet had spared, whom the pestilence had left unharmed, who had battled bravely with the dreary home longings of prison life, were swallowed up by the surging floods that rushed along the places where little streams used to run peacefully down. The second night was spent in an open field about six miles from the Union lines at the crossing of the river. Resuming their journey, stiffened and footsore, jaded and worn, these tired veterans tramped on with lighter step and braver heart because the miles were few though long, as all southern miles were apt to be, to the Big Black river. Toward noon from the head of the line arose a cry, whether of joy or pain one could hardly know. As all eagerly hastened forward one after another took up the cry. It became a shout; caps were tossed in air, strange antics were indulged in. All were looking at something visible over low land adjoining the river—our Nation's flag, whose inarticulate voice spake with authority of liberty, of rest and of home. It is not difficult for many of us here to-day to appreciate that overwhelming joy, that intense enthusiasm. It meant *liberty* to them because they were captives: it meant *home*, for they had not where to lay their heads; it meant *country*, for they were long in a desolate land: it meant *peace*, for they were tossed with tempest and storm: it meant *food*, for they were hungry: it meant *clothing*, for they were naked: it meant *rest*, for they were footsore and weary; it meant *friends*, for they were strangers in a strange land.

We in Englewood have these priceless treasures to-day, because you fought and suffered together with thousands who were true and loyal to their country, their homes and their sires. It seems almost unnecessary to say that your presence is welcome here, for every good we enjoy is in a sense yours as well as ours. On this the day of your reunion we greet you kindly, with heartfelt gratitude to God who has given us such a goodly land; and I would not be true to myself and my convictions of truth should I fail to suggest that these homes and these blessings and this goodly heritage are typical of an enduring home beyond,

where God our Father dwells, and that we should think to-day of the larger and silent army of comrades who are in peaceful dwellings there, who one day not very far off will welcome every veteran who has been true to his God as you all have to your country. "His banner over us and over them is love." May its waving beckon us all on to heaven, rest and home.

Major Appleget, in reply, spoke substantially as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen of Englewood, Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, Gentlemen of the Reception Committee, and Veterans of the Ninth—While I deeply regret the absence of our honored president, General Heckman, whose presence and eloquence would have charmed you, it gives me great pleasure to respond to an address of welcome on this occasion, and I congratulate the committee upon the selection of a representative so well qualified as Captain Riker has shown himself to touch our feelings and awaken our enthusiasm. Apparently the delightful experiences of this day have but just begun, and yet I assure you that the heartiness of our welcome and the generosity with which you have shown yourselves ready to extend to us the hospitalities of your beautiful village have already won our hearts. When we received notice that this reunion was to be held here, there was a universal inquiry "Where is Englewood and why should we go there?" Already we have found many answers to our questions. Because it is one of the most delightful villages of the Palisade group; because its citizens have hearts as big as their hands are ready; because every heart in it beats with gratitude to the veteran and every home in it is decorated in his honor: because it can display more flags, more bunting and more handsome ladies than any town of its size we ever saw; and lastly because it is the home of a veteran whose influence here is shown to be as great as among his comrades, Adjutant Frederick G. Coyte. These are some of the reasons why we now agree that Englewood was just the place for the present meeting. We have important business before us, as well as a further investigation of your beneficence, and I will not longer detain you now than to say that the veterans of the Ninth will ever remember this reception as unsurpassed in any similar experience since the war. In sincerity and gratitude we shall ever pray God's best blessing upon the people of Englewood.

Comrades—It will be remembered that I was appointed at the last meeting to deliver to you an address upon this occasion. The little time that I intend to take for this purpose I will take before more important affairs claim your attention. I hold it a high honor to speak to and for New Jersey soldiers. I am proud of my record as connected with every one of you, and I am proud of our little state. New Jersey was the first state to place a full and organized brigade at the capital

when it was endangered. New Jersey sent to the front enough men to fill eighty-eight full regiments, ten thousand more men than were called for by the government on all calls. Her history and that of her soldiers and statesmen is the history of a firm, effective and self-sacrificing devotion to the flag and to the integrity of the Union. And I am proud of the regiment. To have carried a musket as a private soldier and to have been honored with a commission as a field officer of such a regiment as the old Ninth is glory enough for one lifetime. I am proud of every name upon her rolls, and hold as sacred and holy the ties that bind me to the gallant ones who have gone before and the heroes who remain. Let me mention for the awakening of precious memories and deep regrets the names of those officers who were claimed by death during the war; let us cast a simple flower at least upon the graves of comrades who have crossed the river on detached service.

We can never forget our first commander, Colonel Allen, who sank from our sight beneath the waves of Hatteras; we can only remember his genial, tender care for us, and imagine what devotion he would have shown had not his career so suddenly and so early closed. He was a grand, good man, and when we lost him the Ninth lost a good father and friend. Nor will we ever know how much of help and usefulness was lost to us when our first surgeon, the lamented Weller, was engulfed in the same watery grave. And now I come to mention a name enshrined in every heart; yes, in the hearts of the people of New Jersey, a name honored in foreign lands as well as in Bergen county, the home of his ancestors—Zabriskie, the scholarly, the cultured, the tender, the daring young colonel, Abram Zabriskie. Who did not love him? What more comprehensive proof of his influence over us all can I mention than that well-worn incident; how when the work of re-enlistment was lagging, his simple statement on the parade ground, "My men, I intend to stay with you through the war" was enough to accomplish the result, and the roll of the Ninth regiment of veteran volunteers was filled before the sun set! What laurels withered prematurely when the modest but amiable and gallant Captain Henry sank to his death in the marshes of Roanoke; or when the brave and genial Lieutenant Walker fell on the well-fought field of Newbern! Who shall tell our sorrow when the dashing, intrepid Captain Harris, and the beloved and valiant Captain Carrell were left lying shrouded in the morning mists of Drewry's Bluff, where Zabriskie and the noble Captain Lawrence received their death wounds, and from which Heckman, Drake, Kissam, and Peters, with many another gallant soldier, went into captivity! I do not forget the courteous and soldierly Springer, dying in hospital, nor the brave and amiable "Charlie" Hufty, shot through the heart at second Southwest Creek, nor the gallant McChesney, who carried from Newbern the wound that was to cause his death

when peace had been secured. And since the war "how have the mighty fallen!" Woodhull, Ritter, Burnett, Bonham, Kissam, Brown, Rogers, Zimmerman and Edwards, all these have gone to join the ranks of the honored dead. When I think of them, and of the hundreds of gallant men who followed them to a soldier's death, the words of Colonel Hay seem most appropriate:

"No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of Life be won."

Major Appleget then reviewed the history of the regiment and showed that in all its engagements, from Roanoke to Raleigh, it had furnished chapters of history as exciting, and incidents of personal firmness, daring and strategy as thrilling as any of the more noted events of the war. He paid a glowing tribute to the bravery and gallantry of its commanders, Heckman, Zabriskie and Stewart, and related many incidents, awakening pleasant recollections and exciting the enthusiasm of his hearers. His tribute to the rank and file, their devotion, their bravery and their unflinching allegiance to their regiment and its commanders, as well as the affection which bound them to their officers, was heartly applauded. He closed with a tender allusion to the comrades who had died and received a soldiers' burial or had been left on the field, and said: "These men have made the common names of our country glorious on the pages of history, immortal on the roll of fame."

"Over them now, year following year,
Over their graves the pine cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre call,
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased, but their glory will never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of Peace."

The following letters were read by the secretary:

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., September 10, 1888.

MY DEAR GENERAL DRAKE—Instead of passing an enjoyable evening at your hospitable residence, with General Stewart and your gratefully remembered home circle, I am compelled to send my regrets. I will not be able to go with you to Englewood, but must forego the pleasures of meeting with our comrades at their third re-union. There are times in the experience of us all when our lives are more like birds with broken wings, and we have learned that we do not always attain the object sought; nevertheless, I am greatly disappointed. While you are enjoying the hospitalities of the patriotic citizens of Englewood, your

old comrade will, probably, be sitting in his antique rocker (heirloom of his sainted mother), living a more real life within his thoughts than amid the environments of the home. The evolutions of the parade, the march, the bivouac, the tumult of battle, with its ever-succeeding shout of victory, the flourish of old heroic music, heard a quarter of a century ago, such scenes and sounds, perhaps, will be alive before his senses. You will please say to those who are present, that the ties of affection that bind me to the noble heroes of the grand old Ninth regiment, are indissoluble; and while I hold them in highest admiration for the noble part they performed in the preserving of the Union of the states, they have still before them the noblest work of all—a something within the reach of all. All can help. We stand here, in a grand age, as citizens of the most important country on earth, undeveloped empires within the borders of our vast domain. All manner of giants of evil influence are in possession or taking possession. We are to implant lofty principles of patriotism, instil a love of truth and righteousness, teach habits of sobriety and virtue. Dr. Strong in his great book "Our Country," says truthfully, "Few suppose that these years of peaceful prosperity, in which we are quietly developing a continent, are the pivot years in which is turning the nation's future. And a fewer still imagine that the destinies of mankind, for centuries to come, can be seriously affected, much less determined, by the men of this generation in the United States." But no generation appreciates its place in history.

"Here the tread of princes,
  Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves,
  Where soon shall roll a human sea.
The rudiments of empire here
  Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
  Is rounding into form."

And every man who casts his vote in the fear of God, expresses a pure and patriotic sentiment, founds a school or teaches a little child, gives bent and shape to this empire for which ages have waited.

With kind regards and best wishes for many pleasant reunions of our gallant comrades,

Your comrade in F., C. and L.,

CHARLES A. HECKMAN.

2001 DIAMOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA, September 10, 1888.

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, Secretary—My dear General—Circumstances have arisen which render it utterly impossible for me to be with you to-morrow. I cannot push them aside; I cannot overcome them, and am perforce compelled to accept the situation.

In common with many of our associates I have looked forward to this reunion, and my being deprived from joining you is a sore disappointment to me. Please convey to the boys my fraternal regards, and rest assured I will be with you in thought and feeling, if not in person.

Cordially yours,

JAMES STEWART, JR.

The minutes of the reunion at Trenton having been approved, Lieutenant William E. Townley, treasurer, presented his report, which showed that he had received during the year $161.75; expenditures, $77.49; balance in his hands, including balance September thirteenth, 1887, $10.98, $95.24. The report was certified by the finance committee, Surgeon Gillette, Captain B. W. Hopper and Lieutenant Oscar Van Houten.

The following-named were then chosen as officers:

President—Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman.

Vice-Presidents—Brigadier-General James Stewart, Jr., Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Curlis, Major Thomas B. Appleget, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper, Captain Robert D. Swain, Captain W. B. S. Boudinot, Adjutant Frederick G. Coyte, Lieutenant Richard E. Cogan, Lieutenant Richard J. Berdan, Private Francis Cahill.

Secretary—Captain J. Madison Drake, Elizabeth.

Treasurer—Lieutenant William E. Townley, Elizabeth.

Private John R. Jurgens of Company B, on behalf of Lincoln Circle of Jersey City, extended a cordial invitation to the regiment to hold its next reunion in that city. As it was deemed best to meet in the lower part of the state next year, the invitation, while fully appreciated, was declined with thanks.

Sergeant Preston of Company F, moved that the executive committee be empowered to select the next place of meeting. Agreed to.

Hospital-steward William S. Wade offered a resolution, announcing the death during the year of Lieutenant A. E. Edwards of Company A, and Colonel Charles Scranton, an honorary member of the association, to whose memory he paid tribute.

Captain Hopper moved that the thanks of the association are hereby tendered to our comrade, Adjutant Frederick G. Coyte, to the commander and comrades of Dwight post, G. A. R. in tendering us the honor of an escort, to Cass's band, to the patriotic citizens, and to the ladies who have done so much for our entertainment and pleasure. Adopted by a unanimous vote—the men rising and cheering.

Captain Drake having read a letter from General James Stewart, Junior, in reference to the former's preparation of a history of the Ninth regiment, and the secretary reporting that he had been at work upon the history for over a year, and that his task was nearly completed, Captain W. B. S. Boudinot moved that Captain Drake continue his

"labor of love," and that one thousand copies of the volume be printed. The motion was adopted with enthusiasm, and the following-named appointed a committee on publication:

Surgeon Gillette, Major Appleget and Captain Hopper.

The business having been completed, the survivors repaired to an adjoining hall, where bounteous tables, prepared by the ladies of the place, greeted them.

The Englewood *Times* said of the banquet: "Upon the completion of the business the regiment repaired to the 'armory,' where a fine collation was served, the entertainers and guests together who sat down to the rows of tables, which reached the entire length of the building, numbering not less than two hundred and fifty. Caterer Magner had charge of these preparations, which, with the efficient aid he received from a corps of ladies, the wives, daughters, sisters and cousins of the Englewood grand army men, who waited upon the tables, and whose magic touches were descernible everywhere in the large hall, culminated in successfully carrying out every detail. The praises of the ladies were sounded by every one who enjoyed their painstaking attention, and at the conclusion of the bounteous repast the pent-up appreciation of the partakers of their hospitality relieved itself by rounds of cheers for the fair entertainers. The means which made possible this grand reception were contributed by the generous citizens of Englewood, a fund of over two hundred dollars having been subscribed for the purpose. The prime mover in the whole matter, however, was Lieutenant F. G. Coyte, who is deserving of great credit for his indefatigable labors. Mr. Coyte is the only member of the regiment in Englewood, and early last fall he conceived the idea of bringing his comrades to our town for their next reunion. When the proper time came he unfolded his plan to some of our public-spirited citizens, and the encouragement he received was sufficient to assure its satisfactory fulfillment. Thereupon an invitation was extended his regiment to 'camp' here this year, and then Mr. Coyte's work began. This was some time in July, and since then he has been busy in making arrangements for, and interesting others in the event. How well he has succeeded has been already told, but the committee from Dwight Post, who have acted with him in this matter, are also deserving of mention, namely, Commander W. C. Davies, William Frederick and James H. Demarest. The other members of the post have also done their part in making ready to receive their comrades. Much regret was expressed by many of the veterans at the absence of General Charles A. Heckman, of Phillipsburg, who is president of the organization. General Heckman is very popular with the old members of his regiment. The first vice-president, General James Stewart, present chief of police of Philadelphia, was also absent.

"There was no speech-making in the armory. After the tables had been relieved of some of their burden and all appetites had been satisfied, an effort was made to get some remarks from General J. Madison Drake, of Elizabeth, the secretary of the organization, but he got no further than proposing three cheers for the ladies, which were several times repeated with decided heartiness. Indeed, it would have been impossible amid the confusion of mingled voices for the general or anybody else to have made himself heard had speech-making been attempted, and upon the whole it was perhaps just as well that it was not. Reunions afford old veterans better ways of passing the time by meeting each other and talking over old times, and in the interchange of experiences in the field: and from the general buzz going on it was evident that the opportunity was taken advantage of to the fullest extent. At intervals Cass's band played familiar airs, rendered in a very creditable manner, and between music and social chat the afternoon went by all too quickly for the visitors, according to their own professions. It may here be remarked that all the ladies in the hall wore aprons made of bunting, the stars and stripes, and before leaving to take the 4.52 train for the city, each old veteran used his persuasive powers to carry an apron home with him as a memento of the occasion, and most of them succeeded. Thus was the third reunion of the Ninth New Jersey volunteers celebrated, and Englewood may well feel proud of the leaf which it has just added to the regiment's history."

A CARD.

The undersigned, representing Dwight post, G. A. R., desire to extend their sincere thanks to the people of Englewood for the hearty and generous support they received in the reception to the Ninth New Jersey volunteers on Tuesday last. We are impressed by the fact that the old soldiers have not yet lost their hold on the affections of the masses.

W. C. DAVIES, Commander,
WM. FREDERICK,
JAMES H. DEMAREST,
F. G. COYTE.

OFFICIAL ROSTER OF THE NINTH NEW JERSEY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Joseph W. Allen, col., Sept. 23, '61; drowned at Hatteras Inlet, N. C. (Burnside expedition), Jan. 15, '62; buried at Bordentown, N. J; monument erected by officers of the 9th regt.

Charles A. Heckman, col., Feb. 10, '62; maj. Oct. 3, '61; lieut-col. Dec. 3, '61; col. vice Allen drowned; promoted brig-gen. U. S. vols., Nov. 29, '62; wounded at Young's Crossroads, N. C., July 27, '62; wounded at Port Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; exchanged Aug. 25, '64; dis. May 16, '65.

Abram Zabriskie, col., Jan. 8, '63; adj. Oct. 18, '61; maj. Feb. 10, '62; lieut-col., Dec. 22, '62; col. vice Heckman prom.: died at Chesapeake gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., May 24, '64, of wounds received in action at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; buried at Greenwood cemetery, Jersey City, N. J.

James Stewart, jr.; col., June 15, '64; capt. Co. H, March 9, '62; maj. Dec. 22, '62; lieut.-col. Jan. 8, '63; col. vice Zabriskie died; brig. gen. U. S. vols., March 13, '65; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

James Wilson, lieut.-col., Feb. 10, '62; capt. Co. A, 2d regt. May 22, '61; maj. Dec. 3, '61; lieut.-col. vice Heckman prom.; resigned by request; Nov. 17, '62.

William B. Curlis, lieut.-col. June 15, '64; capt. Co. F, Nov. 9, '61; maj. Jan. 8, '63; lieut.-col. vice Stewart prom.; dis. Feb. 11, '65; disability.

Samuel Hufty, lieut.-col. Feb. 18, '65; capt. Co. I, March 9, '62; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; maj. June 15, '64; lieut.-col. vice Curlis dis.; wounded before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Thomas B. Appleget, maj. March 25, '65; capt. Co. A, May 20, '63; maj. vice Hufty prom.; discharged July 12, '65.

William H. Abel, adjt. Feb. 10, '62; 1st lieut. Co. E, Oct. 22, '61; adjt. vice Zabriskie prom.; prom. capt. Co. E, Dec. 23, '62: A. A. G. Gen. Heckman; dis. May 16, '65.

Edward S. Carrell, adjt., Dec. 23, '62; 2d lieut. Co. H, March 9, '62; adjt. vice Abel prom.; prom. capt. Co. G, April 13, '64; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64.

Frederick G. Coyte, adjt. April 13, '64; 2d lieut. Co. E, Aug. 1, '63; adjt. vice Carrell prom.; resigned Sept. 24, '64, disability; wounded at Winton, N. C., July 26, '63.

Edward W. Welsted, adjt. Sept. 28, '64; 1st lieut. Co. E, May 24, '63; adjt. vice Coyte resigned; dis. July 12, '65.

Samuel Keys, qr. mr. Sept. 23, '61; qr. mr. 9th corps from 1862 to 1864; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Richard J. Berdan, qr. mr. Feb. 10, '65; 2d lieut. Co. C, Aug. 29, '64; qr. mr. vice Keys mustered out; dis. July 12, '65.

Frederick S. Weller, surgeon, Oct. 3, '61; drowned at Hatteras Inlet, N. C. (Burnside expedition), Jan. 15, '62.

Addison W. Woodhull, surgeon, Feb. 6, '62; asst. surg. 5th regt. Aug. 23, '61; surg. vice Weller drowned; dis. Feb. 7, '65.

Fidelio B. Gillette, surg. Feb. 8, '65 ; asst. surg. Aug. 20, '62 ; surg. vice Woodhull mustered out ; dis. July 12, '65.
Lewis Braun, asst. surg. Oct. 3, '61 ; resigned March 20, '62.
John M. Davies, asst. surg. May 1, '62 ; 1st serg. Co. M, March 9, '62 ; asst. surg. vice Braun resigned ; dis. May 10, '65.
Thomas Drumm, chaplain, Oct. 3, '61 ; resigned Oct. 15, '62.
John J. Carrell, chaplain, Dec. 27, '62 ; chaplain vice Drumm resigned ; resigned March 31, '64.
Gilbert Lane, chaplain, July 28, '64 ; chaplain vice Carrell resigned ; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

William A. Gulick, serg. maj. Sept. 23, '61 ; dis. at Newbern, N. C., April 25, '62 ; disability.
Charles F. Bonney, serg. maj. Sept. 20, '61 ; private Co. E ; serg. maj. May 1, '62 ; prom. 2d lieut. Co. E, Dec. 23, '62.
Henry M. VanSchaick, sergt. maj. Sept. 20, '61 ; private Co. E ; serg. maj. Dec. 24, '62 ; re-en. Nov. 30, '63 ; dis. July 12, '65.
John Bamford, qr. mr. serg. Oct. 8, '61 ; prom. 2d lieut. Co. H, 3d N. J. cav. regt. Dec. 19, '63.
Oscar VanHouten, qr. mr. serg. Sept. 20, '61 ; private Co. E ; qr. mr. serg. Dec. 24, '63 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; 2d lieut. Co. E, April 13, '64 ; not mustered ; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith Bilderback, com. serg., Oct. 8, '61 ; private Co. I ; com. serj. Oct. 8, '61 ; prom. 2d lieut. Co. F, 34th N. J. reg., Oct. 27, '63.
Charles Shepherd, com. sergt. Oct. 8, '61 ; private Co. I ; com. serg. Jan. 1, '64 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
John N. Johnson, drum maj. Oct. 8, '61 ; private Co. I ; drum maj. Oct. 8, '61 ; dis. Oct. 18, '62.
Edward Wamsley, prin. mus., Sept. 20, '61 ; bugler Co. E ; prin. mus. Feb. 10, '62 ; dis. Oct. 18, '62.
Isaac W. Eayre, wag. mas., Sept. 25 '61 ; dis. at Newport Barracks, Newbern, N. C., July 29, '62 ; disability.
John W. Lewis, hos. stew., Oct. 8, '61 ; died of typhoid fever at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 7, '62.
William S. Wade, hos. stew., Sept. 17, '61 ; private Co. A ; hos. stew. Sept. 1, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.

BAND.—The law authorizing bands to be attached to each regiment having been repealed the band, enlisted Oct. 20, '61, was mustered out at Newport barracks, Newbern, N. C., Aug. 31, '62, under act of congress, promulgated in general orders, No. 91, act 10, sec. 5, war department, A. G. O., Washington, D. C., July 29, 1862 : Peter Gahm, leader ; John Gahm, George Gahm, Peter L. Starner, Benjamin Lavere, John Mohler, Godfried Kontenstetter, Jacob Yost, William Saxon, John Yaicht, Albert Searing.

COMPANY A.

Frederick Rumpf, capt.; Oct. 22, '61 ; resigned Dec. 6, '61.
Charles Hayes, capt.; Dec. 7, '61 ; 1st lieut. Oct. 22, '61 ; capt. vice Rumpf resigned ; mustered out as supernumerary Nov. 18, '62.
Joseph M. McChesney, capt.; Nov. 15, '61 ; transferred from Co. M ; prom. col. 1st regt. N. C. Union vols., Feb. 20, '63 ; died at Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 14, '65, of wounds.
Thomas B. Appleget, capt.; May 20, '63 ; 1st lieut. Co. M, May 16, '62 ; trans. from Co. M ; capt. vice McChesney prom.; prom. maj. March 25, '65.
Lucius C. Bonham, capt.; May 22, '65 ; corp. Sept. 17, '61 ; trans. from Co. M ; serg. June 15, '63 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; 2d lieut. Co. H, Sept. 10, '64 ; 1st lieut. March 16, '65 ; capt. vice Appleget prom.; dis. July 12, '65.

Frederick Felger, 1st lieut.; Dec. 7, '61; 2d lieut. Oct. 22, '61; 1st lieut. vice Hayes prom.; mustered out as supernumerary Nov. 18, '62.

John E. McDougall, 1st lieut.; June 19, '63; 2d lieut. Co. M, May 16, '62; 1st lieut. vice Appleget prom.; A. D. C., Heckman's staff; dis. Feb. 28, '65.

Daniel Whitney, 1st lieut.; June 22, '65; 2d lieut. Co. I, Feb. 11, '65; 1st lieut. vice Bonham prom.; dis. July 12, '65.

Edward Wilburn, 2d lieut; Dec. 7, '61; private Sept. 13, '61; sergt. Sept. 24, '61; 1st sergt. Nov. 1, '61; 2d lieut. vice Felger prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. L, March 9, '62.

William Z. Walker, 2d lieut.; March 9, '62; 2d lieut. vice Wilburn prom.; killed at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.

George Muller, 2d lieut.; May 16, '62; serg. Sept. 17, '61; 2d lieut. vice Walker killed; mustered out as supernumerary Nov. 18, '62.

Charles W. Grover, 2d lieut. June 19, '63; 1st serg. Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; 2d lieut. vice Muller mustered out; resigned Oct. 30, '64.

Arunah D. Applegate, 2d lieut.; Nov. 8, '64; sergt. Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; 1st sergt. Jan. 18, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 2d lieut. vice Grover resigned; resigned May 13, '65.

Reuben V. P. Wood, 2d lieut.; May 22, '65; corp. Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; sergt. Sept. 18, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Jan. 1, '65; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 9, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Cornelius B. Hoagland, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; wagoner, Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; corp. July 1, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; sergt. Nov. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

James Cox, sergt; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; corp. Jan. 13, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Symmes H. Stillwell, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

David C. Clayton, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; corp. April 24, '62; trans. from Co. M; sergt. Sept. 6, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

John Witcraft, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; corp. Sept. 18, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Bernard Nulty, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John G. Mount, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Sept. 22, '64.

Nelson Baricklow, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; corp. Dec. 3, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Richard Selby, corp.; Sept. 17, '62; trans. from Co. M; corp. June 13, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Mahlon DeCamp, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

William H. Bendy, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Nov. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles Flower, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. Dec. 8, 64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Richard Snediker, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

August Noll, corp.; Feb. 12, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. I; corp. Dec. 8, '64; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 9, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Henry C. Fisher, corp.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; corp. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Frederick Scholl, corp.; Nov. 21, 61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Louis Probst, corp.; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. M; corp. Sept. 22, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Robert Emory, corp.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Dec. 8, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

George O. Davis, corp.; April 8, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. I; corp. June 28, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

James Warren, corp.; Mar. 17, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; corp. June 28, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

William Hinton, musician; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

James Matthews, wagoner; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Appleget, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, '64; dis. at New York Aug. 10, '65.

Arlow, Robert; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; dis. Oct. 15, '64.

Baird, John; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Baker, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Barnbury, Patrick; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 7, '65.

Barrett, John F.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Bauer, Jacob; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Beckett, Hiram D.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.

Beever, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Black, George; Oct. 6, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Bowman, Edgar A.; Feb. 11, '64; recruit; dis. at Mansfield gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C.; wounded at Wise's Fork, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. June 10, '65.

Bright, Frank; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Brockman, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Brown, David; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Brown, George; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Brown, Henry; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Broughton, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Buckley, Nathan; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

Carman, Luke K.; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Chew, William; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.

Clevenger, Edward; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Sept. 17, '64.

Compton, Franklin; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

Conklin, Claudius; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Conway, John; Sept. 20, '61; trans. from Co. C; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; accidentally wounded by pistol ball at Greensboro, N. C., May 3, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Cook, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Cox, Samuel F.; Sept. 17, '61; bugler Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; private; brigade postmaster; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Dawson, John E.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.

Demain, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Denenger, Christian; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Dietrich, Ernest; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Dimond, James; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Dixon, George; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Doughty, Benjamin F.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Douglass, Robert J.; Mar. 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 31, '65.
Dunomore, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Eckhardt, Louis; Oct. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Ells, Hugo; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
English, Henry B.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
English, Samuel W.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Essex, Harry; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Evers, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Sept. 17, '64.
Finlayson, Donald; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Fitzmyer, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Foster, Samuel B.; Mar. 9, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Fredericks, David; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Garry, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at David's Island, New York Harbor, July 17, '65; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 5, '64.
Gibson, Henry; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Gold, James; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Graham, Robert; Mar. 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Grinsley, George T.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Butler's Bridge, N. C., Dec. 11, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Habig, Francis; Mar. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Habig, Leander; Mar. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Haggerty, William R.; Mar. 7, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Hancock, Thomas S.; Mar. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Haines, Charles G.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hart, George S.; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hass, Daniel; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Henlow, James; Sept. 22, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. June 14, '65.
Henry, Isaac; Mar. 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Hoagland, Calvin; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hoelzel, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Inmeyer, Robert; Sept. 29, '64; substitute; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 7, '65.
Ives, Milton J.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Jackson, Thomas A.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Jemison, Joseph J.; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Johnson, John H.; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Jones, Peter; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 9, '65.
Kelly, John E.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Kellum, Josiah; Mar. 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Kenny, James; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Loring, John A.; Mar. 31, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Lindquest, Sion; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Lutz, Joel E.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Martin, James H.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
McAlney, William; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
McDowell, Thomas; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Messeroll, Charles; Sept. 17, '61; corp. Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; private Jan. 13, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Messeroll, Isaac B.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Miller, August; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Muller, Charles; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. July 12, '65.
Nicholson, John; Sept. 30, '64; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
O'Donnell, John; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Osborne, Abram W.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Parker, John; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Parker, Richard; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Perrine, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Perry, John; Feb. 26, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Petty, Charles; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded and captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Platt, Horace; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Plondke, Julius; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. M; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Prochaska, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Roxberry, Joseph; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Sheidrick, Theodore; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Shields, George; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K.; dis. July 12, '65.
Simmerman, Abram; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Slover, Abram; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Smith, Amzi W.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Smith, George A.; Sept. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. M.; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Smith, Henry; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Smith, Jasper S.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Snediker, Howard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Snyder, Marshall; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Souders, George; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Stout, William K.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 9, '65.
Stults, Simeon; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Sept. 22, '64.
Sullivan, Francis; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Suydam, Jacob; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Thomas, James; April 6, '65; 1 yr; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Vannaman, William; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Vannise, Andrew M.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Voigt, Christian; Sept. 28, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Dec. 7, 64.
Volz, John; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wade, William S.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; prom. hospital steward Sept. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Wenner, John; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Wessels, Jacob H.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Wheeland, Francis; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
White, William; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Willetts, Jonathan; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Williams, William H.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; captured at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Witcraft, Albert; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Wolfe, Henry; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Wolfe, John; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Yader, James; March 22, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. G; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

Charles W. Conover, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. June 12, '63, to accept com. as 2d lieut. Co. D, 1st regt. N. C. Union vols.
Albert E. Edwards; sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. Sept. 20, '63, to accept com. as 2d lieut. 1st regt. N. C. Union vols.
Anthony Hannapel, corp.; Sept. 6, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62, disability.
Leopold Konst, bugler; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Anderson, John; Sept. 29, '63; recruit; dis. April 9, '64, to accept com. as 1st lieut. 2d U. S. col. art.
Bauman, Edward; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., July 19, '62, disability.
Bellair, Alexander; Sept. 28, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 18, '62, disability.
Beyer, Matthias; Nov. 10, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Braun, Theodore; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., July 22, '62, disability.
Burgard, Daniel; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., May 30, '63, disability; trans. from Co. L.
Conover, Leonard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. from Co. M; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 23, '64, disability.

Dering, Henry; Sept. 28, '61; dis. at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va., May 19, '63, disability.
Dorr, Charles; Oct. 1, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Oct. 22, '61, disability.
Dunn, Andrew B.; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 28, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Eberly, John; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, '62, disability.
Eckert, John; Nov. 12, '61: dis. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, '62, disability.
Ernst, Jacob; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, '62, disability.
Foley, John; Feb. 12, '64; recruit; dis. at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J., April 2, '64, disability.
Frank, George; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability
Fricke, Henry, Oct. 5, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 26, '62, disability.
Fuchs, Martin; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, '62, disability.
Gasser, Peter; Oct. 1, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Geist, William; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., April 23, '62, disability.
Giles, Enoch; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Stanley gen. hosp. May 12, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Goss, Charles; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Heller, John; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62, disability; transferred from Co. M.
Hermes, Peter; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Oct. 19, '61, disability.
Hockenjoss, Gottlieb; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., June 9, '62, disability.
Hopp, John; Aug. 20, '62: dis. at Newport News, Va., Nov. 19, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Hunt, William A.; Sept. 17, '61; dis at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Jordan, Conrad; Oct. 26, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Jung, Valentine; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Jurgens, Martin: Sept. 30, '61: dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 23, '62, disability; trans. from Co. L.
Kirmick, Anton: Oct. 5, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Knobel, Matthias: Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., July 19, '62, disability.
Kraeter, Frederick; Oct. 1, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Krauss, Herman; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Kuhn, William; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Muller, John; Oct. 9, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Nittinger, Benjamin; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62, disability.
Quigley, Daniel A.; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Newport News, Va., Nov. 19, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.
Rappe, William; Sept. 13, '61; dis at Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, '62, disability.
Rudolph, Augustus; Oct. 9, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63, disability; trans. from Co. M.

Schill, Martin; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 26, '62, disability.
Schultz, Andrew; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, Newbern, N. C., Sept. 7, '62, disability.
Schwinghammer, Anthony; Sept. 13, '61; discharged at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 21, '62, disability.
Spitznagle, Felix; Oct. 1, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Stand, Sebastian; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Sept. 7, '62, disability.
Yeager, Benjamin; March 7, '62; recruit; dis. Feb. 25, '65, wounds received at Walthall, Va.; leg amputated.

TRANSFERRED.

Albert W. Meiss, sergt.; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Michael Kunkle, sergt.; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Frederick Brand, sergt.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Thomas C. Burke, sergt.; Sept. 16, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 15, '65; dis. therefrom as 1st sergt. July 21, '65; corp. Sept. 17, 61; trans. from Co. M; sergt. July 1, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
John Gehring, corp.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Robert G. Gerth, corp.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Adolph Street, corp.; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
John Hoffman, corp.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Andrew Scheidemantel, corp.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Valentine Keiler, corp.; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Frederick Brander, corp.; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
William Miles, corp.; Sept. 11, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Ambrosius Weilhardt, bugler; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Francis Hage, musician; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Charles Fuchs, musician; Aug. 25, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 16, '72.
Allgeyer, Philip; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Babst, Michael; Oct. 11, '61; trans. to Co. D.
Ball, Henry J.; Aug. 26, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Bechler, Knox; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Benner, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62; trans. from Co. M.
Biehl, Ernest; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62; trans. from Co. M.
Bonnet, Jacob; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Braun, George; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Cook, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Deiber, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Degelmann, John; Sept. 26, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Eble, Jacob; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Frederick, Adam; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Fricke, William; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 18, '62.
Gaessler, Valentine; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Garton, Charles H.; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Gause, Lewis H.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Gestenmier, Michael; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Giles, Isaac; Jan. 31, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Graeber, Jacob; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. E, Nov. 17, '62.
Grienich, Adam; Oct. 9, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 17, '62.
Gulick, Edward R.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to S. R. S., March 25, '64.
Haas, Joseph; Nov. 21, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Harris, William; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to vet. reserve corps, Sept. 1, '63; dis. therefrom Nov. 10, '65; trans. from Co. M.

Heck, Joseph; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Helmer, Francis; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to band, 5th regt. N. J. vols., Oct. 31, '61.
Hennion, George W; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Hilde, Charles; Sept. 28, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Hoff, John; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Hoffman, John; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Hoyer, Gottleib; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. L, Nov. 17, '62.
Hubner, Charles; Oct. 1, '61; wounded at Goldsboro bridge, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps, Sept. 1, '63; dis. Oct. 17, '64; trans. from Co. M; arm amputated.
Kaiser, Harris; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Klotz, John G.; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Koenig, John M.; Oct. 19, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Kunder, Adam; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Kuntz, Joseph; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Kurtze, William; Oct. 17, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Lages, John H.; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Lampe, Albrecht; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Long, Benjamin; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Luderson, William; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Lynch, James; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. K, Nov. 18, '62.
Mathes, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps. Sept. 1, '63; dis. Oct. 24, '64; trans. from Co. M.
McGintay, Michael; Sept. 17, '61; trans to. vet. res. corps, Sept. 1, '63; dis. March 18, '64; trans. from Co. M.
Neirman, Joseph; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Perrine, George; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 21, '64; trans. from Co. M.
Price, Joseph; Jan. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Rolfe, George N.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 21, '64; trans. from Co. M.
Reis, Albert; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. L, Nov. 18, '62.
Scheible, John; Oct. 1, '61; trans. to Co. B, Nov. 17, '62.
Schleicher, Henry; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Schweitzer, Philip; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Sepp, Charles; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 28, '62.
Siegel, John; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Strinning, Frederick; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 18, '62.
Stopleman, Richard; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Stussy, Jacob; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 21, '64; trans. from Co. M.
Thiele, John; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. G, Nov. 18, '62.
Thier, Peter; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Traudt, Ernest; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Trautwein, John; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Ulrich, Martin; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Vanderveer, David G.; March 1, '64; recruit; trans. to S. R. S., March 24, '64.
Westerman, Ferdinand; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Woodsides, Fenwick A.; Sept. 2, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Zimmerlin, John; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Zipfel, Matthias; Aug. 6, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.

DIED.

John R. Scherf, corp.; Sept. 14, '61; died on board brig "Dragoon" near Newbern, N. C., March 21, '62.

John Albert, bugler; Sept. 18, '61; taken prisoner at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; exchanged July 17, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64: recorded at Pension Dept. as killed at Free-Bridge, Va., June 16, '64; trans. to Co. L; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Bader, John; Sept. 25, '62; recruit; drowned at Newbern, N. C., July 10, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 7; trans. from Co. M.

Bauer, Andreas; Sept. 30, '61; died at div. No. 1 gen. hos., Annapolis, Md., Dec. 7, '64; paroled prisoner; buried at Annapolis, Md.; trans. from Co. M.: re-en. Dec. 20, '63.

Clayton, William; Sept. 17, '61; missing in action at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at Florence, S. C., Nov. 18, '64; trans. from Co. M.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Dreher, August; Sept. 30, '61; died of jaundice at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 5; trans. from Co. M.

Dugan, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; died of typhoid fever at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., April 30, '65; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 15; trans. from Co. M.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Eckel, John J; Oct. 26, '61; died at Roanoke, N. C., Feb. 27, '62, of wounds received in action at Roanoke Island, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 102.

Fredericks, Henry; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; died of typhoid fever at Greensboro, N. C., June 20, '65; trans. from Co. K.

Heilman, John G.; July 16, '62; recruit: died of consumption at Mower U. S. army gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 7, '64; buried at Philadelphia, Pa.; trans. from Co. M.

Hendrickson, Richard; March 2, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64: died of pneumonia at Div. No. 1, U. S. army gen. hosp., Annapolis, Md., Jan. 3, '65; paroled prisoner; buried at Annapolis, Md.

Hulfish Caleb; Sept. 17, '61; died at field hosp. 18th corps, near Petersburg, Va., July 12, '64, of wounds received before Petersburg, Va.; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va.; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Kuhn, Rudolph; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa, at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 9, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,085; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Macker, Francis; Sept. 13, '61; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, '64; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Marsh, George: Aug. 20, '62; recruit; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64: trans. from Co. M.

McLarren, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; killed at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; trans. from Co. M.

Meiss, Albert: Sept. 13, '61; died of typhoid fever at Roanoke, N. C., Mar. 16, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 128.

Muller, Franz; Sept. 13, '61; died Feb. 8, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; both legs amputated.

Muller, William; Oct. 8, '61; died March 19, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 161.

Neary, Edward C.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; died of typhoid fever at division hosp., Greensboro, N. C., May 31, '65; buried at Raleigh nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 23, grave 4.

Newbern, William H.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr; recruit; died at Finley U. S. army gen. hos., Washington, D. C., June 8, '65; trans. from Co. K.

Noll, Herman, Sept. 18, '61; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 9, '64; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, '64; died of dysentery at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 25, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 6,789; trans. from Co. M.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Reamer, John; Sept. 17, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; killed before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; trans. from Co. M.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Rieger, Joseph; Sept. 13, '61; died at Chesapeake gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., May 15, '64, of wounds received in action at Swift Creek, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 3, sec. D, grave 12; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Scully, John; Sept. 17, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; died at field hosp. 18th A. C., July 9, '64, of wounds received before Petersburg, Va.; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. D, div. 4, grave 76; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Schmalstick, Charles; Sept. 25, '61; died of chronic diarrhœa at Fortress Monroe, Va., July 18, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 4, sec. B, grave 3; trans. from Co. M.

Shortell, Edward; Sept. 17, '61; died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 27, '64; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 1; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Dec. 20, '63.

Silvers, William H.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; died of disease at field hosp. near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 1, '64; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. D, div. 4, grave 26.

Stults, Salter S.; June 5, '62; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at Charleston, S. C., Oct. '64; prisoner of war; trans. from Co. M.

Trilk, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; died at Andersonville, Ga., Sept., '64; trans. from Co. M.

Turschman, Charles; Sept. 13, '61; died April 2, '62, while on furlough, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.

Webb, William W.; Sept. 17, '61; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at Richmond, Va., May 22, '64, of wounds received in action; buried at nat. cemetery, Richmond, Va.; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Weitzel, John G.; Sept. 18, '61; killed in action at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.

DESERTED.

Charles Henrick, sergt.; Sept. 13, '61; deserted July 7, '62, at Newport barracks, N. C.

Lewis Peterman, wagoner; Oct. 11, '61; deserted Jan. 8, '62, at Annapolis, Md.

Barrett, Joseph; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; deserted Feb. 14, '64, while on vet. furlough; trans. from Co. M; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Clark, William; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted May 28, '65, at Yanceyville, N. C.

Crawford, James; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted June 4, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Flynn, Thomas; Sept. 16, '64; 1 yr; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Hart, William; Sept. 22, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Heydecker, Henry; Sept. 24, '61; recruit; deserted Dec. 3, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Keegan, William; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted April 10, '65, en route to regt.

King, William A.; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; deserted Aug. 27, '62, en route to regt.

Kirsmire, Michael; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; deserted Aug. 27, '62, en route to reg.

Lautenbach, Christian; Oct. 8, '61; recruit; deserted Dec. 3, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Malew, Patrick; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Marsh, John; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; deserted Aug. 27, '62, en route to regt.

Mulligan, John; Sept. 17, '61; deserted June 18, '63, at Trenton, N. J., while on furlough; trans. from Co. M.

Musket, Hermann; Oct. 11, '61; deserted Nov. 28, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Muttenzer, Xaver; Sept. 13, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Pelar, John; Sept. 13, '61; deserted Sept. 13, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Reidmuller, Louis; Oct. 1, '61; deserted Oct. 11, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Scanlin, John; March 14, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted June 20, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.; trans. from Co. G.

Thompson, Charles W.; March 17, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; deserted Aug, 23, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

FINAL RECORD UNKNOWN.

Zink, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. M.

COMPANY B.

Cornelius W. Castner, capt.; Oct. 22, '61; resigned Oct. 11, '62.

Charles H. Sofield, capt.; Oct. 11, '62; 2d lieut. Oct. 22, '61; 1st lieut. May 16, '62; capt. vice Castner resigned; resigned April 10, '64.

Thomas W. Burnett, capt.; April 13, '64; 1st sergt. Sept. 18, '61; 2d lieut., June 11, '62; 1st lieut. Dec. 29, '62; capt. vice Sofield resigned; dis. July 12, '65.

Luzerne Bartholomew, 1st lieut.; Oct. 22, '61; resigned April 30, '62.

Lewis D. Sheppard, 1st lieut; April 13, '64; 2d lieut. Co. F, Jan. 8, '63; 1st lieut. vice Burnett prom.; prom. capt. Co. F, Feb. 10, '65.

John Bennett, 1st lieut.; April 10, '65; corp. Sept. 18, '61; sergt. June 11, '62; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; 2d lieut. March 16, '65; 1st lieut. vice Sheppard prom.; dis. July 12, '65.

Ethelbert E. Hubbs, 2d lieut.; Dec. 29, '62; sergt. Sept. 18, '62; 1st sergt. June 11, '62; 2d lieut. vice Burnett prom.; resigned Dec. 8, '63.

James Loughlin, 2d lieut.; Dec. 8, '63; sergt. Sept. 18, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; 1st sergt. Dec. 29, '62; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; 2d lieut. vice Hubbs resigned; prom. 1st lieut. Co. G, Aug. 29, '64.

Richard E. Cogan, 2d lieut.; Sept. 10, '64; private Aug. 8, '62; corp. April 1, '63; 2d lieut. vice Loughlin prom.; 1st lieut. March 16, '65; not mustered; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Manning Youmans, 1st sergt.; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; corp. Feb. 20, '63; wounded at Winton, N. C., July 26, '63; sergt. March 26, '64; 1st sergt. May 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Frank Jerome, 1st sergt.; May 20, '64; recruit; 1st sergt. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Theodore DeHart, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Sept. 18, '61; sergt. Oct. 16, '63; taken prisoner on piquet April 7, '62; paroled in '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

George E. Larter, sergt.; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; corp. May 28, '63; private July 1, '64; corp. Dec. 31, '64; sergt. Feb. 11, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Moses C. Blakeny, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Sept. 18, '61; taken prisoner on piquet April 7, '62; paroled Feb., '63; sergt. May 28, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Alexander Hunt, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Nov. 28, '62; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; sergt. Dec. 31, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Adolph Street, sergt.; Sept. 25, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. March 1, '64; sergt. May 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Edward F. Bond, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Dec. 1, '62; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; sergt. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

William Rule, corp.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Nov. 28, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John C. Youngs, corp.; Oct. 4, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. March 1, '64; wounded at Gardner's bridge, N. C., Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John Lowton, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. July 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Abraham Dock, corp.; Oct. 30, '61; wounded at Young's Cross Roads, N. C., July 27, '63; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; corp. Dec. 31, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Ebenezer Hall, corp.; Sept. 27, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; corp. Feb. 11, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Seth R. Hubbard, corp.; Sept. 28, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Francis A. Kenyon, corp.; Feb. 12, '64; recruit; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John Bender, corp.; Jan. 1, '62; recruit; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John H. Lages, corp.; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; corp. Feb. 11, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Charles Lamair, corp.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. May 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
James Prall, musician, Oct. 2, '61; re-en. Jan 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Francis Hage, musician; Sept. 18, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Isaac Dock, wagoner; Oct. 2, '61; wagoner, March, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Acker, Francis; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Anderson, Thomas; Sept. 27, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Barnes, Stephen A.; Jan. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. at New York city, Aug. 11, '65.
Barth, Joseph; Jan. 5, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bauer, Michael; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Mower U. S. army gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., July 13, '65.
Bemspach, Michael; Oct 1, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. G; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Bickel, Jacob; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bonet, August; May 9, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bradford, David C.; Sept. 18, '61; sergt. Sept. 18, '61; private May 2, '63; taken prisoner on piquet April 7, '62; paroled in '63; dis. May 6, '65.
Brown, Charles E.; Mar. 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Brown, Thomas H.; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Buckley, Daniel; Feb. 1, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Burns, James; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Burns, John J.; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Cahill, Francis; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Caldwell, Thomas; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Carolan, Patrick; Oct. 6, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Chew, Eli; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Church, George W.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; dis. at New York city, Aug. 11, '65.
Clerkin, John; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Clayton, Beverly; Feb. 11, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Coburn, Charles A.; Sept. 18, '61; deserted April '63; returned to duty July 27, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Coeyman, Joseph O.; Oct. 19, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Cosgrove, Daniel; Oct. 18, '61; taken prisoner on piquet April 7, '62; paroled in '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Crawford, James; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Danberry, John; Sept. 18, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Deady, John; Sept. 18, '61; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 19, '65.
Dennis, Daniel; Sept. 18, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Denton, Charles C.; Feb. 24, '65; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Egan, Thomas; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Faughy, John; Jan. 5, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Gardner, Thomas C.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Garrabrant, Edward; March 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Garrabrant, Minard; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Garrison, Menzies; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Gestenmier, Michael; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Giles, Runyon V.; Jan. 13, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Givenwein, George; May 20, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Gould, Richard N.; Sept. 18, '61; wounded at Havelock, N. C., '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Greathead, William; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Gray, David V. D.; Sept. 18, '61; on detached service; dis. at Norfolk, Va., Sept. 22, '64.
Haas, Joseph; Nov. 21, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; two wounds before Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hagerty, Daniel; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Hall, Reuben; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hamman, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Harrigan, William D.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Headley, Henry; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Sept. 26, '64.
Heary, James P.; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Hennion, George W.; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Herbert, Charles; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hilde, Charles; Sept. 28, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Hoff, John; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at McDougal gen. hosp., New York Harbor, July 19, '65.
Hopkins, Simeon F.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Howell, William; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Hughes, Theodore V.; Sept. 18, '61; taken prisoner on piquet, April 7, '62; paroled in '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Jacobs, Theodore; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
James, Thomas; Jan. 28, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Jayne, John S.; Sept. 28, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Johnson, William (1); Dec. 3, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., July 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Johnson, William (2); Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Jones, John P.; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Jurgens, John R.; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Krum, Karl; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Lare, William H.; Oct. 4, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Lawless, Peter; Sept. 24, '61; dis. Sept. 30, '64.
Lloyd, John; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 10, '65.
Lowton, George; March 8, '64; recruit; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McAndrew, Allen; Jan. 12, '64; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 2, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McClay, James; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 31, '64.
McCollom, James; Jan. 3, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
McKloskey, Peter; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Monahan, Thomas; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Moore, William H.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; dis. Sept. 6, '65.
Morris, William; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded and taken prisoner on piquet April 7, '62; wounded twice July 6, '63, and again at Drewy's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Nevius, Benjamin F.; Jan. 5, '62; recruit; dis. Jan. 5, '65.
Newton, James; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
O'Rourke, Michael; May 9, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Osborne, Charles C.; Jan. 16, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Owens, Francis; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Palmer, Benjamin F.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Paul, George; Jan. 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Perry, James A.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Pierman, Garret V.; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Pierson, Wesley; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Prager, Frederick N.; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Putnam, Isaac F.; Sept. 5, '62; recruit; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 8, '65.
Riley, Owen; Jan. 19, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Roeser, Louis; Jan. 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Ryno, Henry C.; Aug. 23, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., July 14, 65.
Shaw, Errick C.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Sheehan, John; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Sherry, Peter; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 10, '65.
Skillman, Joakim; Sept. 18, '61; absent without leave from Jan. 8, '62, to Aug. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, George; Sept. 2, '62; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va.; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Smith, John H.; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Stout, John S.; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Stryker, William H.; Oct. 1, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, 65.
Taylor, William J.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Thompson, Walter S.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; dis. at Jarvis gen. hosp., Baltimore, Md., June 26, '65.
Thompson, William; Jan. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Tutenberg, Henry M.; Sept. 18, '61; taken prisoner on piquet, April 7, '62; deserted Nov. 1, '62; returned to duty Sept. 1, '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
VanBrunt, Alfred; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Vanbuskirk, James; Sept. 18, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; taken prisoner in front of Petersburg while acting as a scout, July 10, '64; paroled March, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Vanderhoef, Robert B.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Sept. 18, '61; private Dec. '63; wounded at Batchelder's creek, N. C., while defending a telegraph station; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Virtue, Thomas W.; Aug. 4, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Voorhees, John H.; Oct. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Wagner, Jacob; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
White, Robert H.; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Sept. 18, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; private April 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Williams, Charles E.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

James M. Dunham, sergt.; Sept. 18, 61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Isaac L. Gordon, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Morehead City, Nov. 17, '62.
John L. Pierson, corp.; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 28, '63; disability.
John Lawrence, corp; Oct. 6, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 18, '62; disability.
Acker, Philip; Oct. 1, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 8, '62; wounds received at Newbern, N. C.
Benjamin, John F.; Sept. 28, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 19, '63; disability.
Bloodgood, Phineas F.; Oct. 12, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Oct. 23, '62; accidentally wounded.
Bolton, Levi; Aug. 19, '62; recruit; dis. at Newport News, Va., Nov. 20, '63; disability.
Booream, Edgar J.; Oct. 12, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 2, '61; disability.
Boudinot, William B.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 2, '61; disability.
Breese, Henry; Oct. 14, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '63; disability.
Buckley, Thomas; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
Butterworth, Jonathan; Sept. 18, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 30, '63; disability.
Casler, John W.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 30, '63; disability.
Danberry, Henry M.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Oct. 18, '62; wounds received at Newbern, N. C.
Danberry, William; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Annapolis, Md., Jan. 22, '63; paroled prisoner.
Dow, William Edward; Sept. 28, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 4, '62; disability.
Dye, Walter; Sept. 2, '61; dis. at Newport News, Va., Nov. 20, '63; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '63.
Fowler, Joseph W.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
Hoffman, John; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 12, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Irwin, Charles; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 23, '62; disability.
Knowles, David G.; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 23, '62; disability.
Labone, Wallace W.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.
Lally, Patrick; Sept. 27, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 1, '63; disability.
Montalvo, Frank; Feb. 11, '64; recruit; dis. at Ward U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Oct. 10, '64; disability.

Nichols, Sylvester; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Penny, Jonathan R.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 7, '63. disability.
Reynolds, James; Sept. 26, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
Silcox, Bergen; Sept. 24, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Newport News, Va., Nov. 19, '63; disability.
Voorhees, John C.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 23, '62; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Avery, Edward F.; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Barker, Chauncey W.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Brown, John B.; March 17, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Casey, James; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Conover, Ananias M.; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Cunningham, Lawrence; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Day, Samuel; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
DeForrest, Charles; Feb. 23, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Dingler, Marcus; Feb. 4, 64; recruit; trans. to Co G.
Doldy, John M.; Feb 5, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Donnelly, William H.; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Driscoll, Timothy; April 3, '65; 1yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Dunn, William; Feb. 3, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Dye, Isaac S.; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt., Oct. 21, '61.
Eckert, Valentine; June 19, '62; recruit; trans. to vet. res. corps, June 24, '64; discharged June 19, '65.
English, Owen; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Garretson, Dumont; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt.
Garrison, John C; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Harrison, Ralph; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Houghton, Michael; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt.
Jackson, Matthew; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt.
Jordan, John L.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Meyers, John; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 21, '64.
Moss, Aaron; Jan. 19, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Randall, William; Jan. 31, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Reinhart, Henry; Jan. 31, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Shardlow, William; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt.
Sweeze, Warren W.; Sept, 18, '61; wounded on piquet April 7, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 21, '64.
Thompson, Thomas; July 23, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Vandervoort, Virgil; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Vandeventer, John; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. C, 4th regt.
Walters, Gustavus; Feb. 1, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Weatherby, Charles; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Youmans, William G.; Feb. 17, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.

DIED.

Silas P. Strong, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; supposed dead; corp. Sept. 18, '61; sergt. Nov. 18, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Eugene M. Hayes, sergt.; Sept. 18, '61; drowned at the foot of Barclay street, New York, Oct. 24, '63, while on furlough; corp. Sept. 18, '61; sergt. Dec. 29, '62.
William L. Cisco, corp.; Nov. 19, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, '64, supposed dead; corp. Oct. 16, '63; re-en. Nov. 26, '63.
Bonnet, Jacob; Sept. 25, '61; died of brain fever at Chesapeake gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., June 24, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 6, sec. D, grave 33; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Nov. 26, '63.

Bough, Charles; Sept. 18, '61; died at Div. No. 1 gen. hosp., Annapolis, Md., Dec. 17, '64; paroled prisoner; buried at Annapolis, Md,; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Cook, Alfred; Feb; 26, '64; recruit; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64.

Dennis, Charles; Sept. 18, '61; killed before Petersburg, Va, July 10, '64; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. D, sec. C, grave 66; re-en. Nov. 26, '63.

Disbrow, Ferdinand; Oct. 16, '61; died at hosp., Roanoke, N. C., March 19, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 13.

Ewing, Samuel A.; Feb. 1, '64; recruit; died at gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., July 8, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Groff, Gustavus; Oct. 9, '63; recruit; died of gunshot wounds at Richmond, Va., June 6, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Lidgett, James; Jan. 28, '64; recruit; died of heart disease at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65; buried at Raleigh nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 23, grave 7; trans. from Co. K.

Moore, Martin; Oct. 1, '61; died at hosp., Newbern, N. C., April 21, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 71.

Moore, Thomas B.; Dec. 29, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64, supposed dead; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Putnam, Thomas J.; Aug. 8, '62; recruit; died at field hosp., near Petersburg, Va., July 14, '64, of wounds received before Petersburg, Va.; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. E, div. 1, grave 150.

Reis, Christopher; Sept. 18, '61; accidentally shot at Williamston, N. C., Nov. 3, '62; buried at Plymouth, N. C.

Roe, Edward; Sept. 18, '61; died of consumption on transport "Cossack," on the passage from Roanoke Island to Newbern, N. C., April 13, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 95.

Scheible, John; Oct. 1, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; died of typhoid fever and diarrhœa at Whitehall U. S. army gen. hosp., near Bristol, Pa., Jan. 21, '65; buried at Bristol, Pa.; re-en. Jan. 5, '64; trans. from Co. A.

Soper, Charles D.; Sept. 18, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 19, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 34.

DESERTED.

Edward Currie, corp.; Sept. 28, '61; deserted Sept. 5, '63, at New Brunswick, N. J., while on furlough.

Abrams, Cornell S.; Sept. 28, '61; deserted Nov. 11, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Benjamin, Selah; Sept. 18, '61; deserted Dec., '62, at Newbern, N. C.

Birney, Thomas; Oct. 12, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; deserted Aug. 8, '62, while on furlough.

Brennan, William; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted June 18, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Clark, Charles; March 18, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Collins, William; Sept. 26, '61; deserted Oct. 1, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Daley, Michael; Oct. 15, '61; deserted Oct. 28, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Demot, George; Sept. 18, '61; deserted Sept. 18, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Devitt, William; Jan. 19, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 6, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Dugan, Michael; Aug. 25, '62; recruit; deserted Aug. 25, '62, at Trenton, N. J.

Dye, Walter J.; Sept. 18, '61; deserted Oct. 2, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Gibney, Joseph B.; Sept. 18, '61; deserted while on furlough; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Harrison, James; Jan. 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 6, '65.
Kelly, James; Aug. 29, '62; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
King, C. Irwin; Sept. 18, '61; deserted Sept. 18, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Meyer, Edward; Aug. 26, '63; recruit; deserted Sept. 7, '63, en route to regt.
Miller, Edward; Jan. 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted June 2, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Munslow, Isaac P. H.; Oct. 1, '61; deserted Nov. 2, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Murphy, James; Sept. 24, '61; taken prisoner on piquet in '62; deserted while on furlough.
Murray, George F.; Sept. 5, '62; recruit; deserted Sept. 5, '62, at Trenton, N. J.
Nicholson, John T.; Aug. 25, '62; recruit; deserted April 20, '64.
Numan, William H.; Oct. 12, '61; deserted Nov. 6, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Owens, Patrick; Oct. 10, '62; recruit; deserted Oct. 20, '62, at Trenton, N. J.
Shafer, Robert; April 22, '64; recruit; deserted July 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
Wheeler, Frederick H.; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

FINAL RECORD UNKNOWN.

Carter, John H.; Sept. 26, '61.
Kinkle, Charles; Nov. 17, '64; 1 yr.; recruit.
Meagher, Peter; Sept. 18, '61; re-en. Nov. 26, '63; sick at gen. hosp., Hampton, Va., June 8, '64.
O'Conner, Daniel; Sept. 23, '63; recruit; paroled at N. E. Ferry, N. C. March 3, '65.

COMPANY C.

Charles B. Hopkinson, capt.; Oct. 22, '61; resigned March 26, '63.
Edwin S. Harris, capt.; March 27, '63; 1st lieut. Oct. 22, '61; capt. vice Hopkinson resigned; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64.
A. Benson Brown, capt.; Aug. 29, '64; 1st sergt. Sept. 10, '61; 2d lieut. March 9, '62; 1st lieut. March 27, '63; capt. vice Harris killed; resigned Jan. 21, '65, to accept appointment as capt. 11th regt. vet. res. corps.
James Loughlin, capt.; Feb. 18, '65; 1st lieut. Co. G, Aug. 29, '64; capt. vice Brown resigned; dis. July 12, '65.
William D. Rogers, 1st lieut.; Aug. 29, '64; sergt. Sept. 10, '61; 1st sergt.; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; 2d lieut. March 27, '63; 1st lieut. vice Brown prom.; resigned June 5, '65.
Edward H. Green, 1st lieut.; June 22, '65; 2d lieut. Co. D, Jan. 14, '65; 1st lieut. vice Rogers resigned; dis. July 12, '65.
Joel W. Clift, 2d lieut.; Oct. 22, '61; resigned Feb. 14, '62.
Richard J. Berdan, 2d lieut.; Aug. 29, '64; 1st sergt. Co. E; 2d lieut. vice Rogers prom.; prom. qr. mr. Feb. 10, '65.
Henry Hopper, 2d lieut.; Feb. 10 '65; 1st sergt. Co. E; 2d lieut. vice Berdan prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. E, April 22, '65.
William Van Brunt, 2d lieut.; April 1, '65; corp. Sept. 10, '61; sergt. March 1, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; 1st sergt.; prom. 2d lieut. vice Hopper prom.; dis. July 12, '65.
William W. Hooper, 1st sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. March 5, '62; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Sept. 9, '64; 1st sergt. May 14, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles H. Thompson, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Henry C. Cooper, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; corp. Jan. 16, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Sept. 9, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Edward H. Estlack, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Jan. 16, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; sergt. Dec. 3, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John Garrigan, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Jan. 16, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
David D. Burch, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 3, '64; sergt. May 14, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John H. A. Jacobus, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Jan. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Theodore J. Hibbs, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 19, '64.
Frederick Dotson, corp.; April 13, '64; recruit; corp. Sept. 9, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John Corcoran, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Richard Williams, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 3, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Samuel Voegtlen, corp.; July 6, '63; recruit; corp. Dec. 3, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
James F. McKelvy, corp.; March 8, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; corp. May 14, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Andrew B. Cline, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Goldsboro bridge, N. C.; dis. at Harewood gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., Sept. 29, '64.
Christian Knespel, musician; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Patrick H. McDonald, musician; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Henry Voorhees, wagoner; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Anglo, Charles P.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Avery, Edward F.; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Bakley, Jesse; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bakely, Joseph W.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Ball, William; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bauman, Conrad; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Blackfan, John W.; Sept. 10, '61; asst. surg. 1st. N. J. cav. March 16, '63.
Bonnefoy, Antoine; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Brick, Edward W.; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Brown, Charles; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 31, '65.
Brown, Henry L.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Brown, John B.; March 17, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Budding, Charles; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bush, William; March 22, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Cambern, Benjamin B.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 22, '65.
Cambern, Francis E.; March 7, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Clevinger, Henry A.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Corson, Samuel D.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Craige, Josiah F.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Crane, Morris C.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Cunningham, Jerome B.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Dennis, Isaiah; Feb. 19, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Dennis, John W.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Doolin, John S.; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Drake, Jacob V.; Feb. 17, '64; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 9, '65.
Elsden, George; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Flock, John, Jr.; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Forbes, Lorenzo; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Garrison, Jeremiah; April 13, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Garrison, John C.; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Garwood, Abraham; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Geroe, Daniel B.; Oct. 21, '61; trans. from Co. L; wagoner Oct. 21, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Giles, Isaac; Jan. 31, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. July 12, '65.
Gould, George C.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Sept. 10, '61; private July 31, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Hand, Enoch W.; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Harrison, Ralph; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Hendrickson, Daniel; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Heritage, Job; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; deserted July 1, '62; returned to duty May 31, '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Heritage, Richard; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Hesley, Jacob; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hoffman, John J.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65
Houk, George; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hoyer, Gottlieb; Oct. 21, '61; trans. from Co. L; served in band; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Johnson, William F., Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 5, '65.
Johnson, William M.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Kumpst, Leopold; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Lanagan, William N.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Ledden, Nathan D.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Ledden, Samuel; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Leming, Charles; Sept. 10, '61; wounded on piquet at Newport, N. C., '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Lewis, Henry; Feb. 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Lightkep, Andrew M.; March 31, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Long, John D.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 22, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Long, William; Aug. 4, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Major, Timothy; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Manning, Benjamin; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McCoullough, Francis; March 3, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

McFerron, Henry; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Meyers, William; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Miller, Charles; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Morrison, William M.; Sept. 10, '61; sergt. Sept. 10, '61; re-en. April 6, '64; private; dis. July 12, '65.
Moore, William H.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; wounded at Wise's Fork, N. C., May 10, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Mosher, Isaac; March 24, '64; recruit; dis. at New York May 30, '65.
Murphy, John; March 5, '64; recruit; dis. at New York May 27, '65.
Norcross, Samuel V., Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Osborne, Lewis; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Page, Samuel; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Pflaum, Herman; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Poppy, John E.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Powlmore, Pierson P.; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 24, '65.
Riker, Thomas; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Roberts, Isaac H.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; paroled prisoner; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 19, '65.
Rogers, Elmer Q. C.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Rose, Alfred; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Sackville, Joseph; Feb. 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.
Scherz, John; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Schmidt, Charles; Jan. 18, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Schmitz, Joseph; Oct. 21, '61; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Simmons, Frederick; March 16, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, David R.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Spalding, Augustus; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. Aug. 7, '65.
Spintil, Theodore; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Stagg, William W.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Stockley, James H.; Feb. 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Stout, William H.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Strudell, Charles; July 6, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Taylor, Theodore O.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Tenetus, Herman; Oct. 21, '61; trans. from Co. L; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Thorn, Westley; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Sept. 10, '61; private Jan. 16, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Todd, Benjamin H.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Tooker, Samuel; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Trout, William R.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Vanhise, Charles; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Sept. 21, '64.
Voegtlen, Jacob; July 7, '63; recruit; deserted June 19, '64; returned to duty Aug. 27, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Weigle, William; Feb. 23, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Wendell, William M.; Sept. 10, '61; corp. Sept. 10, '61; private Jan. 16, '63; dis. Sept. 20, '64.
Wood, Thomas J.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Worth, Sydney; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

Bakely, George M.; Sept. 10, '61; sentenced by G. C. M. to confinement at Fort Macon, N. C.; dishonorably dis. to date July 12, '65; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Barber, Charles W.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Nov. 25, '62, to join reg. army.
Binder, Gustav; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 20, '64; disability; trans. from Co. L; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62.
Brawer, David; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Dec. 15, '64, wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Va.; trans. from Co. D.
Carter, David J.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 31, '62; disability.
Cline, Joseph; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Goldsboro bridge, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Clinton, Benjamin; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., July 21, '62, wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.
Donaldson, Sylvanus; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 31, '62; disability.
Hiers, John H.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Epiphany hosp., Washington, D. C., Aug. 11, '62; disability.
Hurnburg, Christian; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., March 18, '63, wounds received in action at Kinston, N. C.; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. L.
Hutton, Thomas; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., March 18, '63; disability.
Kaiser, John; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 17, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Kirchguessner, Peter; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Fortress Monroe, Va., May 24, '63, wounds received in action; trans. from Co. L.
Klaproth, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 4, '63, disability; trans. from Co. L.
Kramer, John; May 30, '62; recruit; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Lowe, Augustus; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 25, '62; disability; trans. from Co. L.
McCoy, Barney; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 21, '63; disability.
Muller, John, (2); Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 21, '62; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Nelson, George; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, '62; disability.
Oberst, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Pratsh, Thomas; Sept. 20, '61; trans. from Co. L; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; served in band.
Rodney, Adam; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
Rudrauff, Charles C.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Stokes, James R.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 12, '62; disability.
Werner, Herman; March 1, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. L; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 4, '63; disability.
Williams, Joseph H.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 31, '62; disability.
Zane, William C.; Sept. 10, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Beyer, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 26, '62; trans. from Co. L.
Bohr, Nicholas; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Bradford, Jacob S.; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Cameron, John; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.

Collins, Isaac; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Conway, John; Sept. 10, '61; trans. to Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Dennis, Charles; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; transferred to Co. D.
Drost, Cornelius; Sept. 10, '61; trans. to Co. F; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Gleisner, Benjamin; May 11, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Habig, Francis; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Habig, Leander; March 24, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Hancock, Thomas S.; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Henry, Isaac; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Hiser, Christopher; Sept. 10, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 22, '64.
Keller, John; Sept. 10, '61; trans. to Co. D; sergt. Sept. 10, '61; private Feb. 25, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Kirchner, August; March 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Koenig, Albert; March 1, '62; recruit; trans. to vet. res. corps; trans. from Co. L; dis. Oct. 21, '64.
Lauer, Sebastian; Dec. 28, '61; trans. to Co. K; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Measey, William; Feb. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Moore, Samuel B.; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Mosher, Thompson; March 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
O'Brien, Bernard; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Quinn, John; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Rogers, Albin; March 18, '65; 1 yr; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Sales, William; March 30, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Smith, Joseph M.; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Springer, Frederick; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Tumith, James; Dec. 21, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. F.

DIED.

Dilwyn R. Cowperthwaite, 1st sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; died at U. S. army gen. hos., Hampton, Va., July 15, '64, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Edward P. Smith, sergt.; Sept. 10, '61; killed before Petersburg, Va., May 24, '64; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. A, sec. F, grave 5; corp. Sept. 10, '61; sergt. Aug. 8, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Adam Weinrich, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 7, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 4,998; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; corp. Jan. 16, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; trans. from Co. L.
John W. Hudnut, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; supposed dead; corp. Aug. 8, 63; re-en. Dec. 20, '63.
Atkinson, John; Sept. 10, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 3, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 91.
Bradley, John; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at post hosp., Greensboro, N. C., July 5, '65; buried at Raleigh nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 23, grave 8.
Burton, John R.; Sept. 10, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va,, May 16, '64; recorded at war dept. as died of diarrhœa at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 15, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Beaufort, S. C.
Chappins, Louis; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at Petersburg, Va., Sept. 10, '65; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. C, sec. H, grave 80.
Chiwitz, Axel; Sept. 30, '61; died of fever at Carolina City, N. C., June 3, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 40; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. L.
Clark, John M.; Jan. 17, '65; recruit; died of typhoid fever at Mansfield gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., April 17, '65; trans. from Co. I.

Dougherty, James; Sept. 10, '61; died of dysentery at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 3, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 4,650; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Fisher, William; Aug. 25, '63; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 24, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 6,737.

Garrison, Benjamin B.; May 21, '63; recruit; died of typhoid fever at hosp., 3d div., 23d A. C., Greensboro, N. C., May 17, '65; buried at Raleigh nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 23, grave 6.

Gertner, Frederick; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; died in rebel prison, Charleston, S. C., Oct. 15, '64.

Giles, Asa; Feb. 23, '64; recruit; died of disease at draft rendezvous, Camp Perrine, Trenton, N. J., March 15, '64.

Hanno, George; April 4, '64; recruit; died of pneumonia at hosp., City Point, Va., July 21, '64; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. E, div. 4, grave 2.

Herbert, James; Sept. 10, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62.

Hoffman, James; Sept. 10, '61; died at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 2, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Johnson, Israel; Sept. 10, '61; killed at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62.

Kane, John O.; Feb. 9, '64; recruit; died of typhoid fever at Carver U. S. army gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., June 25, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Koch, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; died in rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C., Jan. 1, '65.

Martin, Theodore F.; Sept. 10, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C, May 31, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 67.

McGinn, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 1, '64; buried at Beaufort, S. C.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; trans. from Co. I.

Mitchell, Reading B.; Sept. 10, '61; drowned in the Neuse river, N. C., March 13, '62.

Myers, Theodore; Sept. 10, '61; died of disease at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 26, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 100.

Shannon, Morris; June 11, '63; recruit; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 15, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,807.

Taylor, Peter; Nov. 30, '63; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 9, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,112.

Watson, Joseph L.; Sept. 10, '61; died of black tongue at Newbern, N. C., April 10, 62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 63.

DESERTED.

Ely, Daniel E.; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; deserted Dec. 28, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.; trans. from Co. D.

Kaiser, Charles; Oct. 21, '61; deserted Dec. 19, '64, at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; trans. from Co. L.

Pool, Alfred; Sept. 8, '63; recruit; deserted May 23, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Taylor, John; March 18, '65; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Vandervoort, Virgil; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; deserted April 15, '65, at Raleigh, N. C.; trans. from Co. B.

FINAL RECORD UNKNOWN.

Isaac L. S. Clark, corp.; Sept. 10, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; absent, sick in hosp. since June 19, '65.

Kelly, Francis; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; absent on furlough June 19, '65.

COMPANY D.

Thomas W. Middleton, capt.; Oct. 22, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; resigned Sept. 11, '62.

Edgar Kissam, capt.; Dec. 23, '62; 2d lieut. Oct. 22, '61; 1st lieut. Sept. 5, '62; capt. vice Middleton resigned; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Feb. 17, '65; disability.

Amos H. Evans, capt.; April 22, '65; 1st. lieut. Co. E, Sept. 28, 64; capt. vice Kissam dis.; dis. July 12, '65.

George G. Irons, 1st lieut.; Oct. 22, '61; resigned Aug. 27, '62.

Charles Hufty, 1st lieut.; Dec. 23, '62; 1st sergt. Nov. 1, '61; 2d lieut. Sept. 5, '62; 1st lieut. vice Kissam prom.; capt. Co. I, July 3, '64.

Joseph C. Bowker, 1st lieut.; July 3, '64; 2d lieut. Co. I, Dec. 29, '62; 1st lieut. vice Hufty prom.; dis. July 12, '65.

Andrew J. Elberson, 2d lieut.; Dec. 25, '62; sergt. Sept. 23, '61; 1st sergt. Sept. 1, '62; 2d lieut. vice Hufty prom.; resigned May 30, '63.

J. Madison Drake, 2d lieut.; June 3, '63; 1st sergt. Co. K; 2d lieut. vice Elberson, resigned; 1st lieut. Co. K, April 13, '64; capt. Co. K, Feb. 8, '65.

Edward H. Green, 2d lieut.; Jan. 14, '65; 1st sergt. Co. I; 2d lieut. vice Drake prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. C, June 22, '65.

Jesse R. Hulsart, 1st sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; 1st sergt. Dec. 24, '62; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Redin N. Penn, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; sergt. Dec. 24, '62; re-en. Jan 18, '64; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Job L. Cranmer, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Goldsboro bridge, N. C., Dec. 17, '62, and at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; sergt. Dec. 24, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Thomas Hazelton, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Dec. 24, '62; sergt. Jan. 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Nicholas S. Champion, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; 2d lieut. June 22, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

Gilbert H. Heyers, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Jan. 1, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded before Petersburg, Va., July 1, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 27, '65.

William H. Sharp, corp.; Nov. 1, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Jan. 27, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

David Riley, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Jan. 27, '64; wounded and taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; paroled prisoner; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 23, '65.

David C. Hankins, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. July 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Benjamin A. Rogers, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. July 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

John Errickson, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John Oakerson, corp.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Joseph Johnson, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. June 20, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John Siegel, corp.; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Charles Sepp, corp.; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; corp. May 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Napoleon B. Fithian, musician; Sept. 23, '61; wounded before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 24, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

William B. Conklin, musician; Sept. 23, '61; mus. Nov. 15, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
William H. Peck, wagoner; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 25, '65.
Archer, Charles; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Armstrong, William; Sept. 9, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. G; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Beatty, George; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Bechler, Knox; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Beebe, William H.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Bohr, Nicholas; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Bowers, Paul; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Brindley, Samuel; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Brown, William; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Bunnell, William H.; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Cambren, Henry A.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Cameron, John; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Chafey, Charles P.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Clark, James; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded before Petersburg, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 23, '65.
Clark, Peter; March 8, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Clayhill, Henry; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.
Clayton, John A.; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Clayton, John M.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Collins, Isaac; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Crane, Eugene A.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Crossley, Robert; May 24, '64; 100 days; trans. from Co. H, 37th regt. Nov. 9, '64, to make good time lost by desertion; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 10, '65.
Day, Samuel; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Dennis, Charles; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Dennis, William; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Driscoll, Timothy; April 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Errickson, Fuller B.; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Errickson, Horace G.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Fagan, Francis; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Franck, Emile; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Fuchs, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. E; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; paroled prisoner; dis. at Annapolis, Md., July 13, '65.
Gant, Hance H.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Gant, Stephen R.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Garton, Charles H.; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. July 12, '65.

Geimer, Simon; May 5, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Goodfellow, Samuel; June 12, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Gregory, William H.; Nov. 1, '61; dis. Nov. 4, '64.
Grover, Cornelius; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hankins, Samuel W.; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Heider, William; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Hulse, James; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Hulse, Samuel; Feb. 23, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hyers, Garret V.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Inman, Isaac M.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded before Petersburg, Va., July 1, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Inman, Oliver P.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Irons, Wallace; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 5, '65.
Jeffrey, Noah E.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Johnson, Abraham J.; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; dis. at Norfolk, Va., May 27, '65.
Johnson, Charles A.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 31, '65.
Joslin, Thomas C.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Keller, John; Sept. 10, '61; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Kirchner, August; March 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Ladow, Benjamin F.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Levey, Charles M.; Sept. 23, '61; 1st sergt. Sept. 23, '61; sergt. Nov. 1, '61; private Dec. 23, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Loveless, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Sept. 22, '64.
Mailey, Frank E.; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Matthews, James F.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 7, '65.
Martin, William W.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 14, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McIlvaine, William; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
McKelvy, David; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Sept. 8, '62; returned to duty Oct. 27, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McKelvy, John S.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
McKelvy, John W.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Neal, James; March 2, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Norcross, Isaiah; March 2, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Oakerson, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Parmer, James; Sept. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Penn, Samuel R.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Pettit, James M.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Phillips, Charles; May 31, '64; 100 days; trans. from Co. E, 37th regt., Nov. 8, '64, to make good time lost by desertion; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 27, '65.
Robinson, Charles P.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Roll, Charles W.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Savage, Edwin W.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Schleicher, Henry; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 11, '65.
Shinn, Ezekiel; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Simpkins, Walker; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Simpson, James; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, Joseph M.; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Spencer, Thomas; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

Springer, Frederick; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Terry, David; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Thier, Peter; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. A; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Tilton, Charles L.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Traudt, Ernest; Aug. 15, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 22, '65.
Truax, Charles W.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Truax, William L.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Vantilburg, Edgar; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Walter, Jacob; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Westcott, Daniel; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Wilbur, Ivins; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Wilkins, Jesse M.; Sept. 23, '61; sergt. Sept. 23, '61; private Jan. 1, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Wirtz, Jacob; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Zimmerlin, John; Sept. 23, '61; trans. from Co. A; corp. Jan. 1, '63; re-en. Jan 18, '64; private; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

Joseph W. Cranner, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Aug. 9, '64; wounds received; corp. Sept. 5, '62.
Barclay, John W.; Nov. 1, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Beatty, George; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Benner, George; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 17, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Biehl, Ernest; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; dis. at DeCamp gen. hosp., David's Island, New York harbor, Sept. 6, '65; wounds received before Petersburg, Va.; leg amputated; trans. from Co. A.
Brindley, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Oct. 23, '61; disability.
Clayton, William B.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Cornelius, John; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Annapolis, Md., March 3, '62; disability.
Craft, Hiram; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability; sergt. Sept. 23, '61; private Dec. 24, '62.
Hartranft, Henry A.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army; trans. from Co. I.
Hurley, William H.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C.; March 14, '62; dis. at Hilton Head, S. C., March 17, '63; disability.
Inman, Oliver P.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 17, '63; disability.
Jenny, Jacob; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., July 19, '62; disability.
Johnson, Barzillai; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Stanley gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., May 12, '63; disability.
Johnson, John; March 9, '64; recruit; dis. at New York city, April 14, '65; disability.
Jones, Benjamin W.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 23, '62; disability.
Norcross, Wesley B.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Randolph, Thomas S.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 26, '63; disability.

Robinson, James H.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Feb. 9, '63; disability.
Trautwein, John; Sept. 25, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Feb. 11, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Truax, James; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 23, '62; disability.
Worth, George R.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 6, '62; wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.
Zipfel, Matthias; Aug. 6, '62; recruit; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Newbern, June 10, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.

TRANSFERRED.

James Johnston, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 2, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64.
Applegate, Edwin; March 8, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Beatty, Francis E.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to U. S. navy, May 3, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Brandt, Charles; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 24, '64.
Brawer, David; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Bush, William; March 22, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Cambren, Benjamin B.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Cambren, Charles P.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, April 26, '64; dis. Sept. 24, '64.
Cambren, Francis E.; March 7, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Carr, William P.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Carter, David S.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Chadwick, John R.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to U. S. navy, April 25, '64; dis. Oct. 11, '64.
Clevinger, Henry A.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Councellor, Henry; March 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Craft, William H.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Ellem, Joseph C.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 2, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64.
Ely, Daniel E.; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Gaston, Samuel B.; Feb. 9, '64; recruit; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 15, '65; dis. March 1, '65.
Hewitt, Henry; Sept. 23, 61; trans. to U. S. navy, May 3, '64; dis. Sept. 4, '65; corp. Dec. 24, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; private.
Johnson, David A.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 24, '64.
Johnson, William F.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
McDonald, James; Feb. 15, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
McKelvy, James F.; March 8, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Moore, William H.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Nierman, Joseph; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. K; trans. from Co. A.
Norcross, Samuel V.; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Nutt, Henry W.; Feb. 13, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Osborne, Abram W.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Osborne, Benjamin; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Perrine, John W.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 2, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64.
Reynolds, Tylee; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Rogers, George W.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 24, '64; corp. Sept. 23, '61; private Jan. 1, '63.
Steelman, Andrew J.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Tracy, Patrick; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Westerman, Ferdinand; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Sept. 1, '63; dis. Sept. 13, '64; trans. from Co. A.
Worth, Sydney; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. C.

DIED.

Jesse L. Bennett, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at Andersonville, Ga., Feb. 25, '65; corp. Sept. 23, '61; sergt. Dec. 24, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; 2d lieut. April 13, '64; died before muster.

Charles P. Smith, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; killed before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 15, '64; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. A, sec. F, grave 6; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Benjamin V. Gale, corp.; March 1, '62; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 15, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,900; corp. Dec. 24, '62.

Benjamin L. Homan, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; recorded at war dept. as died at Andersonville, Ga., Feb. 25, '65; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. Dec. 20, '63.

Ashton, Edward G.; Sept. 23, '61; died of typhoid fever at Carolina City, N. C., Sept. 15, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 39.

Atterson, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; died at gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., May 1, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.

Babst, Michael; Oct. 11, '61; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 15, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,692; trans. from A.

Cranmer, Ezra; Sept. 23, 61; died of typhoid fever at gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., April 12, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 10.

Gant, Joel H.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 22, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 6,449.

Hulse, Joel; Sept. 23, '61; died at Balfour gen. hosp., Portsmouth, Va., March 8, '64, of wounds received at Deep Creek, Va.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Johnson, Abraham T.; Sept. 23, 61; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Dec. 26, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 12,344; re-en. Dec. 20, '63.

Johnson, Jonathan E.; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Fortress Monroe, Va., Aug. 29, '64.

Johnson, Thomas P.; March 10, '64; recruit; died of congestive fever at Fortress Monroe, Va., April 7, '64.

Lachat, Henry; Sept. 23, '61; killed at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.

Mount, Caleb H.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 9, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 8,332; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Nutt, Albert S.; Sept. 23, '61; killed at Deep Creek, Va., March 1, '64; buried at Getty's station, Va.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Osborne, Samuel; Sept. 23, 61; died of consumption at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 4, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 93.

Phillips, Henry H.; Sept. 23, '61; died at gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Feb. 14, '63, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 119.

Polhemus, Herbert W.; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at rebel prison, Charleston, S. C., Sept. 23, '64.

Reed, Alexander; Sept. 23, '61; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 9, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 8,282; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Robinson, James H.; March 9, '64; recruit; died at 18th A. C. hosp., Aug. 19, '64, of wounds received before Petersburg, Va.; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. D, div. 4, grave 165.

Rodgers, William H.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; died of typhoid fever at Kinston, N. C., March 29, '65.

Rulay, Oscar J.; Sept. 23, '61; died of anasarca at gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., July 16, '62.

Schilling, Ferdinand; Aug. 25, '62; recruit; died of diarrhœa at gen. hosp., City Point, Va., July 27, '64; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. D, div. 4, grave 178; trans. from Co. E.

Steelman, John B.; Sept. 23, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., April 16, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 12.

Street, John J.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 1, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 7,565.

Tindle, Elihu; July 17, '62; recruit; died of typhoid fever at hosp., White House, Va., June 21, '61.

Ulrich, Martin; Sept. 13, '61; died of chronic diarrhœa at Fortress Monroe, Va., Oct. 9, '64; trans. from Co. A.

Vantilburg, John; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; missing at Southwest Creek, N. C., March 7, '65; supposed dead.

DESERTED.

Ackerman, Jerry; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Sept. 24, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Cavanagh, Joseph; April 5, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 6, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Collins, George; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; deserted June 14, '64, at Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Crammer, Isaac; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Nov. 1, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Engles, George H.; Aug. 20, '63; recruit; deserted Sept. 7, '63, en route to regt.

Gray, John; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Horner, William; Sept. 23, '61; deserted May 27, '63, at Carolina City, N. C.

Imley, Orlando; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Nov. 1, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Johnson, William; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Nov. 1, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Webb, Daniel; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; deserted Aug. 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

COMPANY E.

Uriah DeHart, captain; Oct. 22, '61; resigned by request Dec. 8, '62.

William H. Abel, captain; Dec. 23, '62; 1st lieut. Oct. 22, '61; adjt. Feb. 10, '62; capt. vice DeHart resigned; prom. capt. and A. A. G., U. S. vols., March 11, '63.

Benjamin W. Hopper, captain; May 24, '63; sergt. Sept. 20, '61; 2d lieut. May 16, '62; 1st lieut. Dec. 23, '62; capt. vice Abel prom.; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 14 and 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Albert B. Beach, 1st lieut.; May 16, '62; 2d lieut. Oct. 22, '61; 1st lieut. vice Abel prom.; dismissed Dec. 24, '62.

Edward W. Welsted, 1st lieut.; May 24, '63; private Co. H; 1st. lieut. vice Hopper prom.; prom. adj. Sept. 28, '64.

Amos H. Evans, 1st lieut.; Sept. 28, 64; 2d lieut. Co. F, April 13, '64; 1st lieut. vice Welsted prom.; taken prisoner at Southwest Creek, N. C., April 1, '65; prom. capt. Co. D, April 22, '65.

Henry Hopper, 1st lieut.; April 22, '65; private Sept. 20, '61; corp. Dec. 24, '62; sergt. Nov. 7, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; 2d lieut. Co. C, Feb. 10, '65; 1st lieut. vice Evans prom; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles F. Bonney, 2d lieut.; Dec. 23, '62; sergt. maj. May 1, '62; 2d lieut. vice B. W. Hopper prom.; resigned June 22, '63.

Frederick G. Coyte, 2d lieut.; Aug. 1, '63; sergt. 20, '61; 1st sergt. Feb. 19, '63; 2d lieut. vice Bonney resigned; prom. adjt. April 13, '64.
George L. Bryant, 2d lieut.; Aug. 1, '64; 1st sergt. Co. K; 2d lieut. vice Coyte prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. G, April 1, '65.
James B. Goldsmith, 1st sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; prom. 2d lieut. Bat. E, 1st regt. N. J. art., Sept. 8, '63.
Richard J. Berdan, 1st sergt.; Segt. 20, '61; corp. Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Whitehall, Dec. 16, '62; sergt. Feb. 20, '63; 1st sergt. Nov. 9, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; prom. 2d lieut. Co. C, Aug. 29, '64.
Collins B. Ware, 1st sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. May 29, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; 1st sergt. March 1, '65; 2d lieut. Co. C, April 22, '65; not mustered: dis. July 12, '65.
Edo M. King, sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 8, '64.
David J. Senior, sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Sept. 20, '61; sergt. Oct. 8, '63; dis. at Fortress Monroe, Va., Sept. 22, '64.
Charles G. Banta, sergt.; Jan. 19, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; sergt. Dec. 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Isaac June, sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Dec. 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Tilghman A. Barron, sergt.; Feb. 20, '64; trans. from Co. H; sergt. March 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Thomas G. Fredenburg, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Ira Weaver, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Feb. 20, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
John Prentiss, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Oct. 8, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Richard Post, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Oct. 8, '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
William L. Munson, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Nov. 7, '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Charles T. Barron, corp.; Feb. 19, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; corp. May 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
William Sales, corp.; March 30, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. C; corp. May 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
William Castmore, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John N. Carlough, corp; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
James Stinard, corp.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Andrew J. Steelman, corp.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. B; corp. March 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John Gilfeather, corp.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Dec. 7, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C.; dis. June 14, '65.
Joseph Murphy, corp.; Sept. 29, '64; 1yr.; substitute; corp. Dec. 7, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
John H. Smith, corp.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Dec. 7, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Edward Walmsley, bugler; Sept. 20, '61; prom. prin. mus. Feb. 10, '62.
William H. King, musician; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Edward C. Tuttle, musician; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Henry Raber, wagoner; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Ackerman, David D.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Amerman, William P.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Andrews, Henry; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Applegate, Edwin; March 8, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 28, '65.
Applegate, Nathan S.; Jan. 30, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Barker, Chauncey W.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.

Bixby, Thomas; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Bowen, Josiah E.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Brannan, William K.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Breslin, Morris (1); Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Breslin, Morris (2); Feb. 22, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Brooks, Abraham; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Brown, James; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Brown, James C.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro. N. C., June 14, '65.
Brown, William J.; Oct. 1. '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Bush, Abraham A.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Nov. 30, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 4, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Campbell, James; Aug. 23, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Canar, William; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Cass, Richard; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Castmore, Charles R.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Ward U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 31, '65.
Cody, Morris; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Cole, Alanson; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Collins, Joseph; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Cummings, Lorenzo D.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Decker, Andrew; Aug. 22, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Decker, George M.; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, '65.
DeForrest, Charles; Feb. 23, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Dent, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Dunkerly, Enoch; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Elmer, Joseph N.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Emory, Aaron S.; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., June 24, '65.
Emory, William; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Farley, Owen; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Feasler, Joseph; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Fricke, William; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 4, '68; dis. July 12, '65.
Gilham, George M.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Gilliam, Joseph M.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Gordon, John C.; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Goss, Jacob; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. June 14, '65.
Graeber, Jacob; Sept. 18, '61; trans. from Co. A; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Gunther, George; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Halliwell, Thomas J.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Hardy, Thomas B.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, 65.
Hearon, Samuel; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Hewitt, Frank; April 6, '65; 1 yr., recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hickman, James; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; private May 8, '63; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Higgins, Albert; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
High, John; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Hines, Aaron P.; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Hufftellin, John D.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Jenkins, Fayette; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Jennings, John D.; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Oct. 8, '63; private; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Johnson, James; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Jordan, John L.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Keefe, Daniel E.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Keefe, John; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Keiler, Valentine; Sept. 25, '61; corp. Sept. 25, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Keisler, Jacob; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Keisler, Simpson; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Kenny, Peter; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Kerrigan, Patrick; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Kint, David; Aug. 22, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Lee, George F.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Lenox, John H.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Lind, Adam; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Lynch, Patrick; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Lyons, Manning; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Maines, William B.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Marshall, Frederick; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Mather, William; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Maxwell, Henry; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
McClay, James; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
McDonald, John; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
McDonald, Robert; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Meiss, Albert W.; Sept. 25, '61; sergt. Sept. 25, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. from Co. A; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Moss, Aaron; Jan. 19, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Nan, Joseph; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Newhause, Charles; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Newman, Jacob; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; paroled prisoner; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Norman, William P.; Sept. 20, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Nichols, Henry; March 12, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
O'Brien, James; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Owens, Thomas; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Parker, William; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Peterson, Elihu H.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Pflum, John M.; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Pharo, Michael; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 3, '65.
Plesch, Otto; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Politz, Edward; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Powers, Patrick; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Prentiss, William; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Whiteball, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Ralfe, Jacob; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Nov. 27, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; private; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Randall, William; Jan. 31, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. B; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; died July 18, '65, after dis., July 12, '65; buried at Raleigh nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 23, grave 5.
Rankin, James; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Reed, Nathaniel; March 7, '64; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 22, '64; dis. June 9, '65.
Reed, William (1); Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Reinhart, Henry; Jan. 31, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Rice, Arthur; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis; July 12, '65.
Robbins, William; Sept. 30, '64; drafted; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Russell, Richard M.; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Salifka, Otto; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Sasson, Robert A.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Saville, John; Oct. 1, '64; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Sawyer, William; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Sayfried, John; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Scheick, Henry; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Schnable, Otto; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Simmons, George M.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Sindle, John; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Skill, John; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Sloan, Benjamin; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; July 12, '65.

Small, Henry H.; March 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, John; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, John P.; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Somers, William H.; Sept. 20, '61; taken prisoner at Wise's Fork, N. C., March 8, '65; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Speer, Peter G.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Steelman, Jonathan S.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Taggart, William S.; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Tierce, John; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Van Houten, Oscar; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Sept. 20, '61; private Dec. 24, '62; prom. qr. mr. sergt. Dec. 24, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
VanRiper, William T.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Nov. 30, '63; deserted June 21, '64; returned to duty Aug. 25, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
VanSchaick, Henry M.; Sept. 20, '61; prom. sergt. maj. Dec. 24, '62; dis. July 12, '65.
Wagoner, Joseph; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wainwright, Taylor; Jan. 5, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Wallace, Charles D.; Feb. 4, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 13, '65.
Walters, Gustavus; Feb. 1, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; taken prisoner at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. July 12, 65.
Ward, Elias M.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 1, '65.
Weatherby, Charles F.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Westbrook, Daniel E.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Whitmore, Jacob; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Winters, John; Sept. 20, '61; corp. Dec. 24, '62; private Nov. 29, '63; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Wood, Robert; Sept. 20, '61; sergt. Sept. 20, '61; private Feb. 19, '63; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 7, '64, and at Petersburg, Va., June 24, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

DISCHARGED.

George Meyers, color-sergt.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., May 12, '65; disability; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Silas Suydam, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 18, '62; disability.
Samuel S. Crowell, wagoner; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 7, '63; disability.
Brown, John B.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Burris, Robert A.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62; disability.
Castmore, Samuel; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., April 4, '63; disability.
Cole, James G.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Cole, Simon H.; Aug 14, '62; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Dec. 9, '62; disability.
Degelmann, John; Sept. 26, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Jan. 14, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Dufford, Benjamin V.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '62; disability.
Eble, Jacob; Sept. 18, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.

Gehring, John; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 15, '63; disability; corp. Sept. 13, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A.
Havens, Horace; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 29, '63; disability.
Hendershot, Obadiah; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Oct. 1, '61; disability.
Huff, John O.; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 30, '64; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Feb. 11, '65; disability; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Kimball, David; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 31, '63; disability.
King, Michael; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 31, '63; disability.
Lappin, Patrick; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 21, '62; disability.
Lemons, William; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., May 15, '65; wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; corp. Dec. 24, '62; private July 31, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
McClelland, James; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 28, '63; disability.
Morrell, Isaac; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 24, '63; disability.
Pergenkemper, Francis; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '62; disability.
Reid, William (2); Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., March 18, '64; disability.
Riker, William B.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Oct. 21, '61; disability.
Ryerson, Cornelius; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '62; disability.
Smith, Robert M.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 29, '63; disability.
Valentine, David; Sept. 20, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Newport News, Va., Jan. 15, '64; arm amputated.
Van Etten, Joseph; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 19, '62; disability.
Voorhees, Uriah D.; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability; corp. Sept. 20, '61; private Dec. 24, '62.

TRANSFERRED.

Ferdinand Schilling, musician; Aug. 25, '62; recruit; trans. as private to Co. D, Nov. 18, '62.
Alvord, Edward L.; Feb. 8, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Barnes, Stephen A.; Jan. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Burritt, Ely; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Burritt, John C. S.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Clayhill, Henry; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Conrad, Lewis; March 9, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Doldy, John M.; Feb. 5, '64; recruit; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps. Sept. 30, '64; dis. June 19, '65; trans. from Co. B.
Fuchs, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. D; trans. from Co. A.
Little, Joseph; Dec. 26, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Morgan, David; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Morgan, John; Aug. 31, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Post, Hulmuth; Sept. 20, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Oct. 20, '64.
Rose, Abraham H.; Sept. 20, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps. March 31, '64; dis. May 5, '64, to re-en.
Sackville, Joseph; Feb. 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.

Sheridan, John; Dec. 21, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Van Gordon, Alexander M.; Jan. 7, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Ward, Martin; Sept. 20, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps. Sept. 30, '64; dis. Aug. 7, '65; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Wolf, Joseph; Jan. 20, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.

DIED.

Cooper, George E.; Sept. 20, '61; died on battlefield May 16, '64, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; re-en. Nov. 30, '63.
Delaney, Tinton; Sept. 20, '61; died of hemorrhage of bowels at Craven st. hosp., Newbern, N. C., April 29, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 16.
Dickson, George B.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; died at gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23, '64, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; buried at Philadelphia, Pa.; trans. from Co. H.
Gray, Hiram; Sept. 20, '61; killed before Petersburg, Va., June 25, '64; re-en. Nov. 30, '63.
Hunt, Benjamin W.; Sept. 20, '61; died at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 23, '61.
Love, George; Sept. 20, '61; died at Newton, N. J., Feb. 27, '64, while on vet. furlough; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Lyons, John; Sept. 20, '61; died of typhoid fever on hosp. ship. at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., March 4, '62.
Maxwell, Israel O.; Sept. 20, '61; died of typhoid fever on hosp. ship, at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., Feb. 22, '62.
Monsch, John; Sept. 20, '61; killed at Walthall, Va., May 7, '64; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. F, div. 1, grave 34; corp. Sept. 20, '61; private July 3, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Predmore, Theodore; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at Balfour gen. hosp., Portsmouth, Va., Aug. 2, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 6, sec. D, grave 37.
Ribble, Conrad; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; died of typhoid pneumonia at Fortress Monroe, Va., Sept. 24, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 8, sec. E, grave 50; trans. from Co. H.
Scheidemantel, Andrew; Sept. 13, '61; died of apoplexy at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Oct. 18, '63, buried at Fairmount cemetery, Newark, N. J.; corp. Sept. 13, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A.
Sickles, James E.; Sept. 20, '61; died at gen. hosp., Hampton, Va., June 1, '64, of wounds received at Walthall, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 7, sec. C, grave 13; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Tierce, Lucas; Sept. 20, '61; died of black tongue fever at Craven gen. hosp., Newbern, N. C., April 17, '62.
Weilhardt, Ambrosius; Sept. 13, '61; died Oct. 19, '63; supposed to have fallen overboard from transport "Albany," en route from Newbern, N. C., to Newport News, Va.; bugler Sept. 13, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A.
Whitehead, Hampton; Sept. 20, '61; died at Brickyard hosp., Newbern, N. C., March 17, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.
Williams, James; Sept. 20, '61; died at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 26, '64; also reported dis. Dec. 7, '64.

DESERTED.

Buckalew, Wesley; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Burke, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Jan. 9, '65, at Carolina City, N. C.
Butler, William; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Jan. 9, '65, at Carolina City, N. C.
Campbell, Henry; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Dec. 27, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

Chapman, Thomas; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Oct. 20, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

Griffin, William; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Dec. 27, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

Haling, Robert; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Nov. 6, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

Haverty, John; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Johnson, Pierson; Sept. 21, '61; deserted Oct. 20, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Kent, James; Sept. 20, '61; deserted July 10, '65, at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Moore, William; Sept. 20, '61; deserted March 7, '64, on vet. furlough; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Norfolk, Alexander; Feb. 8, '64; recruit; deserted at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.

Osborne, John H.; Sept. 24, '61; deserted Oct. 20, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Roberts, Richard; April 5, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted June 30, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Rogers, Robert; Sept. 24, '61; deserted October 20, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Slaven, James; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted March 28, '65, at Fort Macon, N. C.

Smith, James F.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Nov. 6, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

Street, Charles H.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Nov. 20, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

FINAL RECORD UNKNOWN.

Ellison, William; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Dec. 7, '64; private April 30, '65; prisoner of war.

COMPANY F.

William B. Curlis, capt.; Nov. 9, '61; prom. maj. Jan. 8, '63.

Augustus Thompson, capt.; Jan. 8, '63; 1st lieut. Nov. 9, '61; capt. vice Curlis prom.; dis. Feb. 9, '65.

Lewis D. Sheppard, capt.; Feb. 10, '65; sergt. Oct. 24, '61; 1st sergt. May 16, '62; 2d lieut. Jan. 8, '63; 1st lieut. Co. B, April 13, '61; capt. vice Thompson dis.; dis. July 12, '65.

Morris C. Runyon, 1st lieut.; Jan. 8, '63; 1st sergt. Sept. 23, '61; 2d lieut. May 16, '62; 1st lieut. vice Thompson prom; prom. capt. Co. G, Nov. 4, '64.

Joseph Wright, 1st lieut.; Nov. 27, '64; 2d lieut. Co. K, March 11, '64; 1st lieut. vice Runyon prom.; dis. May 15, '64, for wounds received.

James V. Gibson, 2d lieut.; Nov. 9, '61; resigned April 27, '62.

Amos H. Evans, 2d lieut.; April 13, '64; sergt. Oct. 19, '61; 1st sergt. Feb. 10, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; 2d lieut. vice Sheppard prom; prom. 1st lieut. Co. E, Sept. 28, '64.

Henry B. Lanning, 2d lieut.; Sept. 28, '64; private Nov. 1, '61; corp. Sept. 29, '62; sergt. April 25, '63; re-en. Dec. 29, '63; 2d lieut. vice Evans prom.; 1st lieut. July 20, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

Robert G. Sheppard, 1st sergt.; Oct. 24, '61; corp. July 5, '62; sergt. April 25, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Jan. 18, '64; 2d lieut. July 20, '65; not mustered.

George S. Titus, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; sergt. July 1, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 3, '65.

William L. Van Dewater, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Charles M. Preston, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Oct. 24, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. April 23, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

William J. Parker, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 23, '61; private March 9, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt.; dis. July 12, '65.
Edward Carlen, sergt.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Jan. 1, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John V. M. Sutphin, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. March 9, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62, and wounded at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 25, '65.
Justus Woodhull, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. April 7, '63; re-en. Jan. 23, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
John McGregor, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. April 25, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Jacob E. Dalrymple, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. May 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Reuben H. Leaming, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Jonathan R. Reading, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Watson F. Larue, corp.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 21, '64; corp. May 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Philip Cyphers, corp.; Feb. 6, '64; recruit; corp. May 1, '65; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Thomas Horn, corp.; Aug. 16, '62; recruit; corp. April 25, '63; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Barton Higgins, musician; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; mus. Dec. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
James Wood, musician; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Joseph P. Scudder, wagoner; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Alkire, Samuel; Feb. 18, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at gen. hosp., Point Lookout, Md., June 7, '65.
Ames, Joseph S.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Bailey, Garrett T.; Sept. 22, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Bailey, Isaac P.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Baner, James; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Benjamin, Frederick H.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Oct. 17, '61; private March 9, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Benton, William; Feb. 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Blake, James; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Boyd, Charles; Aug. 29, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Bradford, Jacob S.; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C.; dis. July 12, '65.
Brown, Aaron A.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Buckalew, Charles A.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Burritt, Ely; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. at Ward U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., June 17, '65.
Burritt, John C. S.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. E.; dis. July 12, '65.
Burroughs, Clark N.; Sept. 23, '61; sergt. Nov. 18, '61; private April 25, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Cain, Bernard; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Carr, William P.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Carter, David S.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. D.
Clark, John; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Clawson, Thomas J.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Conover, Ananias M.; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. at gen. hosp., June 8, '65.
Conover, George R.; Aug. 29, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. June 14, '65.
Cooley, Samuel; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Craft, William H.; March 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. D.; dis. July 12, '65.
Cronce, Leonard F.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Cronce, Peter R.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Drost, John V. D.; March 8, '64; recruit; deserted June 2, '64; returned to duty; dis. July 12, '65.
Emmons, George H.; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Dec. 1, '61; returned to duty Aug. 6, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Fagan, Bernard; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Fitzgerald, Charles M.; Feb. 29, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
French, John E.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, '65; dis. at New York Aug. 12, '65.
Gallagher, Hugh; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Geary, Charles; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Gray, Matthew; Jan. 28, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Harbert, David S.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. from Co. K; dis. at Mower hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., June 23, '65.
Hellinger, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hendershot, Philip; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Hoagland, Asa P.; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Hopkins, Henry W.; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Nov. 13, '61; private Jan. 20, '63; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. at Lovell gen. hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I., July 8, '65.
Hughes, Simeon; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Huth, Sebastian; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Johnson, David; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Johnson, James; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65; died at Danville, Va., July 13, '65, of typhoid fever.
Kays, Oscar; Dec. 31, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
King, Robert; Feb. 9, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Kitchen, Robert H.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 14, '64; dis. at New York, May 25, '65.
Kline, William S.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Knowles, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Koch, Jacob; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Lafont, Pierre; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Larue, Paul; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Leiseygang, Albert; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Little, Isaac; March 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Little, Joseph; Dec. 26, '63; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.
Lombart, Louis; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Long, Benjamin; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. July 12, '65.
Lowe, Henry O.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Lowe, John M.; March 8, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Matlock, George W.; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.

Metz, William M.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Mills, Samuel R.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Mansfield gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., June 8, '65.
Mitchell, Charles W.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Morrison, Benjamin; Sept. 1, '63; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 24, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Murat, Edward; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Osborne, Benjamin; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 15, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Price, Joseph; Jan. 26, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. July 12, '65.
Rooks, Jacob J.; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Salley, Benjamin Y.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Sergeant, Alexander; March 8, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Sheridan, John; Dec. 21, '63; recruit; trans. from Co. E; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, '64; dis. May 26, '65.
Smith, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Spangenberg, Alanson L.; Dec. 26, '63; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Steel, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Suydam, Sydney B.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Sylvester, George; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Thomas, Albert R.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Thompson, Joseph; Sept. 23, 61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Jan. 5, '65.
Thompson, William J.; Sept. 20, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Tindall, John W.; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Tooker, Theodore W.; Sept. 23, 61; dis. Oct. 26, '64.
Tumith, James; Dec. 21, '63; recruit; trans. from Co. C.; dis. July 12, '65.
Vanacker, William; Aug. 11, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Vandewater, Alexander; Sept. 23, '61; corp. Sept. 27, '61; private March 9, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Veach, John P.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Veit, Jacob; Sept. 23, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Voorhees, Hiram G.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Wakefield, Ralph; Dec. 1, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Waters, Daniel; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Waters, John; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; July 12, '65.
Weaver, George V. H.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '64.
Whittaker, Jesse E.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Williams, David; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

David S. Bailey, corp.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
Aubick, Augustus; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Baldwin, Ralph L.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 18, '62; disability.
Blackwell, Clayton E.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 22, '62; disability.
Chance, Edwin; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., May 10, '62; wounds received at Newbern, N. C.

Drost, Cornelius; Sept. 20, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., David's Island, New York Harbor, Aug. 15, '65; disability; trans. from Co. C.
Ford, Charles M.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., June 19, '63; disability.
Hendershot, Obadiah; Dec. 29, '63; dis. at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J., April 2, '64; disability.
Hough, Lewis S.; Dec. 28, '63; recruit; dis. at McClellan gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., June 26, '65; disability.
Hulsizer, John W.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 30, '64; dis. at hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 16, '65; disability.
Hurtt, Charles M.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Oct. 19, '61; minority.
Kitchen, John; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., May 29, '65; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64, and Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, '64.
McLarkin, Hugh; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 10, '62; accidentally wounded.
Mitchell, James; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., May 23, '63; disability.
Sailor, Joseph; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Oct. 12, '61; disability.
Simpkins, Henry; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Nov. 25, '62, to join regular army.
Smith, Jonathan; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 22, '62; disability.
Smith, William G.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 18, '62; disability.
Titus, Timothy; Jan. 26, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa., June 28, '65; disability.
Van Fleet, James O.; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Van Syckle, John; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 30, '63; disability.
Webster, Samuel; Sept. 23, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 18, '63; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Basch, Franz; May 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Bierman, William; June 9, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Burns, Adam; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. to Co. G.
Creed, William E.; March 4, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Deemer, Jefferson L.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Everts, Herman; July 23, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Fessol, Frederick; June 6, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Finan, James; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps. Jan. 20, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64.
Hall, George J.; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps. Jan. 20, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64.
Hendershot, William; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps.; dis. Oct. 10, '64.
James, Thomas; Jan. 28, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Keenan, Henry; Dec. 22, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Mailoff, James; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps.; dis. Oct. 3, '64.
McCausland, John A.; Dec. 26, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
McCormick, James; March 31, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Meir, William; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. to Co. G.
Mullniex, William; March 15, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Nauman, Gustav; July 26, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Oldham, John; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Osborne, Lewis; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Quinse, Frederick; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. to Co. G.

Robertson, Henry H.; March 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Seeger, Adam; June 23, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Somet, Edwin H.; June 6, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Stewart, Edward C.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Stryker, Andrew; March 15, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64, trans. to vet. res. corps. March 15, '65; dis. Sept. 1, '65.
Vannest, Henry V. D.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps. Jan. 20, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64; corp. Oct. 23, '61; private Aug. 13, '62.

DIED.

Acton, Edward; Sept. 23, '61; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64.
Blackwell, Isaac V. D.; Sept. 23, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 74.
Blake, Samuel L.; Sept. 23, '61; died at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 19, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 73.
Blizzard, Franklin; Sept. 23, '61; died at gen. hosp., Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 29, '64; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 38.
Boyle, Michael; Sept. 23, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., March 15, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 96.
Buckalew, Wesley; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at Ward U. S. gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., June 20, '64; buried at Cypress Hill cemetery, Long Island, N. Y., grave 1,228.
Craig, John; Sept. 23, '61; died of fever at Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 24, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 124.
Hall, Robert M.; Sept. 23, '61; died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 19, '64; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 126; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Harman, William; Sept. 23, '61; died at gen. hosp. Hampton, Va., Aug. 20, '64, of wounds received at Walthall, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 19, sec. E, grave 39; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Housell, William H.; Sept. 23, '61; died of fever at Newbern, N. C., May 27, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 129.
Johnson, Isaac; Sept. 23, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; supposed dead; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Kennedy, John; Sept. 23, '61; died of fever at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 8, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 6.
Lowe, Peter T.; March 8, '64; recruit; died in rebel prison at Richmond, Va., July 16, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Richmond, Va.
McCready, David B.; Sept. 23, '61; died of fever at Newbern, N. C., July 17, '62; buried at Newbern, nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 121.
Nelson, Harrison R.; Sept. 24, '61; died of fever at Newbern, N. C., May 4, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 65.
Nymaster, John D.; Sept. 23, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Osborne, John; Sept. 23, '61; died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 12, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Richman, Jonathan; Sept. 23, '61; died of fever on board hosp. transport "Dragoon," at Newbern, N. C., March 23, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 75.
Sales, Thomas; March 4, '64; recruit; died at Walthall Junction, Va., May 6, '64, of wounds received at Walthall, Va.; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. F, div. 1, grave 63.

Seals, Job; Sept. 23, '61; died at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 19, '62, of wounds received at Whitehall, N. C.
Smith, John N.; Sept. 23, '61; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Smith, Napoleon G.; Feb. 17, '64; recruit; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at or near Andersonville, Ga., Sept., '64.
Suydam, William; Sept. 23, '61; died at gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., June 16, '64, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 23, sec. E, grave 52.

DESERTED.

Auten, Abram M.; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Dec. 3, '61, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Brestler, Frederick; Dec. 10, '62; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Carson, Samuel H.; Feb. 10, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Couchman, James; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 9, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Darling, Charles; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 9, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Dunn, William; Feb. 3, '65; recruit; deserted July 9, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.; trans. from Co. B.
McNeal, John; Sept. 23, '61; deserted Nov. 7, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Sheridan, John (2); Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Nov. 18, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.

COMPANY G.

John Peter Ritter, capt.; Nov. 9, '61; burned his feet in crossing burning bridge at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; resigned April 4, '64; disability.
Edward S. Carrell, capt.; April 13, '64; adjt. Dec. 23, '62; capt. vice Ritter resigned; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64.
Morris C. Runyon, capt.; Nov. 4, '64; 1st lieut. Co. F, Jan. 8, '63; capt. vice Carrell killed; dis. July 12, '65.
William Zimmerman, 1st lieut.; Nov. 9, '61; resigned Dec. 28, '62.
Frederick Hobart, 1st lieut.; Dec. 29, '62; 1st sergt. Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 2, '62; 2d lieut. July 1, '62; 1st lieut. vice Zimmerman resigned; dis. Oct. 19, '64, wounds received at Walthall, Va.; capt. Aug. 29, '64; not mustered.
James Loughlin, 1st lieut.; Aug. 29, '64; 2d lieut. Co. B, Dec. 8, '63; 1st lieut. vice Hobart dis.; prom. capt. Co. C, Feb. 18, '65.
George L. Bryant, 1st lieut.; April 1, '65; 2d lieut. Co. E, Aug. 1, '64; 1st lieut. vice Loughlin prom.; dis. July 12, '65.
William H. Benton, 2d lieut.; Nov. 9, '61; resigned March 9, '62.
John Heckman, 2d lieut.; March 9, '62; resigned June 24, '62.
Joseph A. Schnetzer, 2d lieut.; Dec. 29, '62; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; 2d lieut. vice Hobart prom.; resigned April 6, '64; dis. for prom. Dec. 29, '62.
George Peters, 2d lieut.; April 12, '64; corp. Sept. 30, '61; 1st sergt. Aug. 28, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 2d. lieut. vice Schnetzer resigned; dis. July 12, '65.
Philip Meyer, 1st sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; 1st sergt. April 13, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Charles Zimmerman, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; sergt. July 30, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. July 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
John H. Fatti, sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; ex. May 6, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Robert Dickey, sergt.; Feb. 28, '62; recruit; corp. July 1, '63; re-en. March 14, '64; sergt. April 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
William Zimmerman, jr., sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; corp. July 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. June 15, '65; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 12, '65.

Philip Eckerson, sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. June 15, '65; sergt. July 1, '65. dis. July 12, '65,

Frederick Brand, sergt.; Sept. 13, '61; sergt. Sept. 13, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A; sergt. Jan. 16, '63; dis. Sept. 24, '64.

Amos H. Gardner, sergt.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Nov. 1, '64; sergt. March 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Charles B. Garthwaite, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Theodore Stubner, corp.; Aug. 6, '62; recruit; corp. Nov. 1, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

William H. Johnson, corp.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. Nov. 1, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Daniel Kennedy, corp.; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. May 24, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Matthew Hill, corp.; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; corp. April 26, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Martin Sanders, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. May 24, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Theodore Terrell, corp.; Aug. 29, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; corp. June 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

John M. Holston, corp.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

David Reed, corp.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Henry Beauman, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Francis Davis, corp.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; corp. June 20, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

George W. Whitney, corp.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; corp. July 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Paul Engle, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. July 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John McDonald, corp.; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; corp. July 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Morris Welch, musician; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

James H. Agen, wagoner; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 30, '64.

Charles W. Ward, wagoner; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Ball, Henry J.; Aug. 26, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Basch, Franz; May 20, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. May 22, '65.

Beri, Lewis; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Bierman, August; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Brander, Frederick; Sept. 18, '61; corp. Sept. 18, '61; private Nov. 18, '62; trans. from Co. A; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; dis. Oct. 15, '64.

Braun, George; Sept. 18, '61; trans. from Co. A; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Brook, Beaumont; Feb. 8, '62; recruit; re-en. March 14, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Burns, Adam; Feb. 25, '65; drafted; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.

Byrne, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Chizzola, Achille; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Conover, Jacob; Aug. 16, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Connolly, Michael; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Conrad, Lewis; March 9, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.
Corson, Joseph; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Covert, Louces C.; March 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, 65.
Cutler, Charles; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 22, '65.
Dalton, John; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Dimler, David; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Dingler, Marcus; Feb. 4, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Donnelly, William; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. May 4, '65.
Dyer, Edward; Aug. 13, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; wounded at Wise's Fork, N. C., March 10, '65; dis. at hosp., Newark, N. J., June 27, '65.
Eckhardt, Henry; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Evans, Racey; Oct. 31, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Everts, Herman; July 23, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Fahrer, Henry; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Fanorn, Henry; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Ford, Thomas; Oct. 31, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Fritz, John; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Frederick, Adam; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. May 4, 65.
Frederick, William; Aug. 13, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Gause, Lewis H.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. May 4, '65.
Glaser, Jacob; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; discharged at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Gleisner, Benjamin; May 11, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. May 4, '65.
Godfrey, William; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Graff, Peter; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Hamilton, James; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Hamlin, George; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Hegel, Paul; Feb. 10, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 12, '65.
Herning, John; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Hinds, Pulaski; Sept. 30, '61; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; private Aug. 28, '62; served in signal corps, U. S. army; died of yellow fever at Roanoke Island, N. C., October 18, '64; dis. Oct. 7, '64.
Johnson, John; April 10, 65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Keenan, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Keinkerscht, Adolphus; Feb. 24, '64; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Kerchgesner, Leopold; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Kline, Jacob; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Koch, George; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Kratz, Jacob; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Lang, Albert; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

Lang, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Lee, Patrick; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Ludwig, Ludwig; June 30, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Mahoney, Stephen; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
McCandless, David; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
McCree, James; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
McJohn, Edward; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. Aug. 10, '65.
McMullin, James; Feb. 28, '62; recruit; re-en. March 14, '64; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; paroled prisoner; dis. at gen. hosp., Annapolis, Md., June 19, '65.
Meir, William; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Michon, Alfred; Sept. 29, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Moore, Joseph C.; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Morgan, Henry; Sept. 23, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Muller, John; Sept. 23, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Murray, John; March 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Murray, Samuel; Sept. 30, '61; wagoner; Sept. 30, '61; private Jan. 1, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Nauman, Gustav; July 26, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 22, '65.
Newhoffer, Sebastian; Sept. 30, '61; corp. Sept. 30, '62; private June 27, '63; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Newschafer, George; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Quinn, John; March 20, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Quinse, Frederick; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Raymond, John A.; Aug. 4, '62; recruit; dis. at Richmond, Va., Aug. 3, '65.
Reuss, Lenipold; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Rhubart, George; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Rien, Lorenze; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at gen. hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I., July 15, '65.
Riley, James; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Newbern, June 22, '65.
Ritchie, Valentine; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Rogers, Albin; March 18, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Rosenbauer, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; accidentally wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 12, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Rudinger, Benjamin; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Scheimer, George; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Schilier, Francis; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Shields, Michael; Dec. 5, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Skunk, Jacob; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, George (1); Aug. 15, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Smith, George (2); April 10, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Somet, Edwin H.; June 6, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Sonst, Philip; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

Stalford, William F.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Steward, Edward C.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. F; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Stites, Amos B.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Nov. 29, '64.
Struble, John H.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Supple, Maurice; Sept. 30, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Terrell, William; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Treen, John M.; March 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 4, '65.
Violet, Lewis; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wall, James; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Ward, William; Oct. 30, '61; corp. July 1, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; private Feb. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.
Weisler, Andrew; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wentz, John; Aug. 23, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Williams, James H.; Feb. 18, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Wilson, Charles; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Wurgler, Rudolph; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 31, '65.
Zane, Isaac B.; Jan. 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. H.; dis. May 4, '65.
Zurfall, Augustus; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

Charles A. Faczek, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., March 11, '63; disability.
George O. Tylee, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 17, '62; disability.
Stephen Beatty, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; deserted Aug. 18, '62, at Newbern, N. C.; returned to duty; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Feb. 28, '63.
Ash, George; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Brondsteller, William Sr.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 17, '62; disability.
Brondsteller, William Jr.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Jan. 31, '64; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; leg amputated.
Dickert, Adam; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 13, '63; disability.
Fitzpatrick, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 18, '63; disability.
Gaessler, Valentine; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 15, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Hand, James; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 5, '65; minor.
Hurst, Symbinanus; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., March 15, '64; disability.
Knapp, John; Aug. 28, '62; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., May 26, '64; disability.
Kunkle, Michael; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 26, '63; disability; sergt. Sept. 25, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A.

McBride, Patrick; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., March 1, '63; disability.
Miles, William; Sept. 11, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Dec. 12, '63; disability; corp. Sept. 11, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A.
Moran, Patrick; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 24, '63; disability.
Porepp, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Morehead City, Nov. 21, '62; disability.
Rannard, John; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., April 1, '63; disability.
Riley, Terence; Oct. 31, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 10, '62; disability.
Rowe, Matthew; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., March 11, '63; disability.
Saland, John P.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 17, '62; disability.
Sauerbrunn, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Scheller, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Seeger, Adam; June 23, '62; recruit; dis. at Hilton Head, S. C., May 11, '63; disability; trans. from Co. E.
Seidel, George; Dec. 31, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 15, '65; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Simon, Samuel; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Sponheimer, Philip; March 8, '64; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 4, '65; wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Thiele, John; Sept. 25, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Williamson, Victor; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 22, '63; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Armstrong, William; Sept. 9, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Bemspach, Michael; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Bierman, William; June 9, '62; recruit; trans. to vet. res. corps, Oct. 10, '64; dis. June 14, '65; trans. from Co. F.
Bolton, Levi; Aug. 19, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Bopp, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; 1 yr.; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 30, '64.
Coyle, Thomas; March 15, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Doty, Samuel K.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 30, '64.
Ebert, Sebald; May 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Fessol, Frederick; June 6, '62; recruit; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Oct. 27, '64; trans. from Co. F.
Happ, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, July 1, '63; dis. Sept. 29, '64.
Knaben, Henry; Sept. 30, 61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 20, '64; dis. Sept. 30, '64.
Lee, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Oct. 1, '64.
Luderson, William; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps, Sept. 1, 63; dis. July 7, '65; trans. from Co. A.
Manderville, James; Feb. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
McGinn, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Scanlin, John; March 14, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Schardien, Valentine; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Sept. 30, '64.

Sayre, James E.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Yader, James; March 22, 65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.

DIED.

Antony Raug, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 20, '64, while pris. of war; buried at nat. cemetery, Beaufort, S. C.; re-en. Feb. 29, '64.

Simon Lauterback, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; died at Petersburg, Va., May 26, '64, of wounds received at Walthall, Va.; pris. of war; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. D, sec. B, grave 15; corp. Aug. 18, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

William M. Smith, corp.; Sept. 30, 61; died of yellow fever at Mansfield gen. hosp., Morehead City, N. C., Oct. 10, '64; mus. Sept. 30, '61; corp. March 30, '63.

Johann Muller, musician; Sept. 30, '61; died of intermittent fever at Florence, S. C., Feb. 13, '65; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Beck, Philip; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; died of typhoid fever at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 5, '62.

Commeford, Patrick; Sept. 30, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., Jan. 4, '63, of wounds received at Whitehall, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cem., N. C., sec. 12, grave 35.

Corin, John J.; March 16, '64; recruit; died of chronic insanity at government asylum for the insane, Washington, D. C., May 22, '71.

Deemer, Jefferson L.; Feb. 22, '64; recruit; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 1, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 7,469; trans. from Co. F.

Dillon, Edward; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 30, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 7,304; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Dolan, Michael; Sept. 30, '61; killed at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.

Frey, William; March 17, '64; recruit; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 11, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,327.

Grienich, Adam; Oct. 9, '61; died at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 16, '64; trans. from Co. A.

Heck, Joseph; Sept. 25, '61; died of typhoid fever at Andersonville, Ga., July 23, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 3,819; trans. from Co. A.

Huber, Christian; Sept. 10, '62; recruit; shot by rebel sentinel while stepping on dead line at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 5, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 4,744.

Loetz, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., Jan. 31, '63, of wounds received at Whitehall, N. C.; leg amputated.

Mulvey, Timothy; Sept. 30, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., March 29, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.

Nutt, Henry W.; Feb. 13, '64; recruit; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 12, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Cold Harbor, Va., sec. C; trans. from Co. D.

Ott, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62.

Peach, Frederick G.; Feb. 8, '64; recruit; died June 7, '64, of wounds received in action; buried at Point Lookout, Md.

Schmidt, Charles; Aug. 7, '63; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 30, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 10,052.

Schweitzer, Philip; Sept. 13, '61; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 13, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 8,687; trans. from Co. A.

Sloan, Robert J.; Sept. 30, '61; killed before Petersburg, Va., July 1, '64; buried at Poplar Grove nat. cemetery, Va., div. D, sec. C, grave 65; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Thompson, Thomas; July 23, '63; recruit; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; trans. from Co. B.

Vannest, Cornelius; Oct. 31, '61; died at 18th A. C. hosp., May 8, '64, of wounds received at Waithall, Va.; buried at City Point nat. cemetery, Va., sec. F, div. 1, grave 102; corp. June 27, '62; private June 27, '63.

Waters, John J.; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 11, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga.

Welsher, John; Sept. 30, '61; died of dropsy at Beaufort, N. C., Jan. 5, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 118.

DESERTED.

Bauer, John; Feb. 10, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Crowley, Thomas; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; deserted Aug. 18, '62, while on furlough.

Downs, Patrick; Sept. 30, '61; deserted March 7, '64, while on vet. furlough; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

Gallagher, James; Aug. 17, '63; recruit; deserted Sept. 7, '63, en route to regt.

Kelly, Charles; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; deserted Feb. 29, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.

Kenley, Joseph; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

King, James; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Oct. 10, '64, at Bogue Sound, N. C.

Lang, Charles; Oct. 4, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted en route to regt.

Lenahan, William; April 8, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted June 29, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

McCarty, John; Oct. 1, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Oct. 10, '64, at Bogue Sound, N. C.

McCloskey, John; Sept. 30, '61; deserted Jan. 5, '62, at Annapolis, Md.

Miller, Jacob; Nov. 19, '63; recruit; deserted May 7, '64, at Trenton.

Oliver, Edward; Sept. 23, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Regenthall, William; Sept. 30, '61; deserted Nov. 19, '61, at Trenton.

Schafer, John; March 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.

Schoen, John; Oct. 19, '63; recruit; deserted Oct. 24, '64, at Bogue Sound, N. C.

Schuldes, Joseph; Sept. 30, '61; deserted May 30, '64, at DeCamp gen. hosp., David's Island, New York harbor; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.

Siebert, John; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; deserted March 22, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.

Stockman, Edward; Sept. 30, '61; deserted Nov. 7, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Whittemore, John; Sept. 30, '61; deserted Nov. 3, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

Wurst, Frederick, Sept. 30, '61; deserted Nov. 19, '61, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.

COMPANY H.

Joseph J. Henry, capt.; Nov. 11, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62.

James Stewart, Jr., capt.; March 9, '62; 1st lieut. Nov. 11, '61; capt. vice Henry killed; prom. maj. Dec. 22, '62.

Joseph B. Lawrence, capt.; Dec. 23, '62; 2d lieut. Nov. 11, '61; 1st lieut. March 9, '62; capt. vice Stewart prom.; died at Chesapeake gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., May 31, '64, of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Edward S. Pullen, capt.; Aug. 29, '64; corp. Oct. 3, '61; sergt. Feb. 1, '62; 1st sergt. March 1, '62; 1st lieut. Dec. 23, '62; capt. vice Lawrence died; dis. July 12, '65.

Jacob L. Hawk; 1st lieut.; Aug. 24, '64; sergt. Oct. 3, '61; 2d lieut. Dec. 23, '62; 1st lieut. vice Pullen prom.; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. July 12, '65.

Edward S. Carrell, 2d lieut.; March 9, '62; sergt. Oct. 3, '61; 2d lieut. vice Lawrence prom.; prom. adjt. Dec. 23, '62.

Lucius C. Bonham, 2d lieut.; Sept. 10, '64; sergt. Co. A; 2d lieut. vice Hawk prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. A, March 16, '65.

John W. Creveling, 1st sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Oct. 3, '61; sergt. Nov. 1, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Jan. 1, '65; 2d lieut. May 22, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

George W. Miller, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Nov. 1, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; sergt. Sept. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Jacob L. Yeomans, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Nov. 1, '62; re-en. March 25, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; sergt. Dec. 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

John Donnelly, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Nov. 1, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

William Van Gordon, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Sept. 1, '64; sergt. June 14, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Andrew W. Little, sergt.; Aug. 7, '62; recruit; corp. Nov. 1, '62; sergt. Jan. 1, '63; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

William H. Ward, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. March 1, '62; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; sergt. Jan. 1, '63; dis. Oct. 15, '64.

William W. Clarke, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Jan. 12, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at New York Aug. 11, '65.

Jacob Meyer, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Jan. 19, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Marshall Howell, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. Sept. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Henry F. Keenan, corp.; Dec. 22, '63; recruit; trans. from Co. F; corp. Dec. 10, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Samuel R. Buckley, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Oct. 3, '61; private Dec. 17, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Edward Clayton, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Francis Donnelly, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Jan. 12, '63; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

John F. Sutphin, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 10, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Samuel Y. Shipman, corp.; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; corp. June 14, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Jacob Schieck, musician; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 24, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Marcus M. Fiske, musician; Oct. 3, '61; musician Dec. 1, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

William H. Decker, wagoner; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wagoner Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Aumick, John L.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Becht, John; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

Beck, Henry; Dec. 27, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Bennett, Eben B.; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Berry, John J.; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 24, '65.

Bertrand, Albert; Sept. 30, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; trans. from Co. L; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Bettinger, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62, and also at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

Brown, Charles M.; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.

Butler, Edward; Sept. 26, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Butler, John F.; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Cahill, Patrick; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Cannon, James; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Cartright, Samuel; Jan. 14, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Casey, James; March 16, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Cole, Samuel W.; May 16, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Colfer, James; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Cooley, Elisha; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Cougle, James; Sept. 26, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Courtright, Thomas G.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; dis. at Jarvis gen. hosp., Baltimore, Md., June 19, '65.
Crossman, William H.; May 13, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Deishler, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Devoe, Frederick M.; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Deyer, Charles; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Duncan, Alfred L.; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Oct. 3, '61; private Nov. 18, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, '64; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 11, '65.
Edmonds, John; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Eier, Daniel; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L.; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, 64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Frank, John; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Garris, Jason; March 27, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Lovell gen. hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I., July 12, '65.
Gilbeck, John; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Grady, Thomas; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Graham, James; Dec. 28, '63; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Gumpert, Max; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Haggerty, Isaac W.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hamilton, Lycidias; Oct. 3, '61; corp. Oct. 3, '61; private Jan. 1, '63; dis. Oct. 13, '64.
Hart, John F.; Sept. 3, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Hawthorn, James A.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Hoffman, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Houck, Allen G.; Oct. 3, '61; mus. Oct. 3, '61; private Nov. 1, '62; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Hummer, William; Sept. 26, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C.; June 14, '65.
Hussey, Michael; Dec. 3, '63; recruit; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 9, '64; dis. at Fortress Monroe, Va., June 8, '65.
Idesson, William; March 4, '63; recruit; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 10, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Johnson, David S.; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Kearley, Charles; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.

Ketcham, William G.; Oct. 3, '61 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Keyser, Adam P.; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Oct. 3, '64.
King, John H.; March 7, '62 ; recruit ; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62 ; re-en. March 8, '64 ; 2d lieut. Co. A, 35th regt. Sept. 16, '64 ; not mustered ; dis. July 12, '65.
Levers, Edward ; Oct. 3, 61 ; corp. March 1, '62 ; private Jan. 1, '63 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Levers, John ; Oct. 3, '61 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Littell, Cornelius P.; Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62 ; sergt. Oct. 3, '61 ; private Dec. 1, '62 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Loftus, John Jr.; Oct. 3, '61 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Losey, Casper ; Jan. 1, '64 ; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Lott, Augustus ; Oct. 3, '61 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; taken prisoner at Butler's Bridge, N. C., Dec. 14, '64 ; dis. June 14, '65 ; paroled prisoner.
McCausland, John A.; Dec. 26, '63 ; recruit ; trans. from Co. F ; dis. July 12, '65.
McCush, Robert ; Aug. 29, '64 ; 1 yr.; substitute ; trans. from Co. D, 5th regt.; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '64.
McGraw, Jeremiah ; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Metzler, John ; April 13, '65 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; trans. from Co. I ; dis. July 12, '65.
Miers, Isaac M.; Oct. 3, '61 ; mus. Oct. 3, '61 ; private Nov. 1, '62 ; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Moore, John ; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Moore, William ; Jan. 25, '65 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Neycomer, Conrad R.; Sept. 30, '61 ; recruit ; trans. from Co. L ; wounded and taken prisoner at Southwest Creek, N. C., Dec. 13, '62 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Oldham, John ; March 7, '65 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; trans. from Co. F ; dis. July, 12, '65.
Ozenbaugh, Jacob ; Jan. 1, '64 ; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Parker, George W.; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Powers, Henry C.; Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62 ; re-en. Nov. 25, '63 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Reichard, Harrison ; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Scanlan, Morris ; Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62 ; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Schaeffer, John F.; Oct. 3, '61 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Scherf, Ludwick A.; Sept. 3, '62 ; recruit ; trans. from Co. L ; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62 ; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Schwartz, John ; Sept. 30, '61 ; trans. from Co. L ; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Shoemaker, Daniel W.; Oct. 3, '61 ; corp. Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62 ; private Jan. 1, '63 ; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Smalley, Edward ; Jan. 2, '64 ; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, Jerome ; May 24, '64 ; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, John G.; Oct. 3, '61 ; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Smith, William G ; Sept. 20, '64 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Stapleman, Richard ; April 12, '65 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; trans. from Co. A ; dis. July 12, '65.
Stout, George A.; Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.
Strinning, Frederick ; Aug. 20, '62 ; recruit ; trans. from Co. A ; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Surrey, William ; April 6, '65 ; 1 yr.; recruit ; dis. July 12, '65.
Taylor, John P.; Oct. 3, '61 ; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62 ; accidentally shot, Jan. 19, '63 ; re-en. Jan. 18, '64 ; dis. July 12, '65.

Valentine, Abraham H.; June 10, '62; recruit; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Van Gordon, Jonas S.; Jan. 7, '64; recruit; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Van Norman, John B.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec 8, '64.
Warman, William H. H.; May 11, '64; recruit; July 12, '65.
Wax, Paul; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
Weaver, Richard; May 24, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Welsted, Edward W.; Aug 22, '62; recruit; prom. 1st lieut. Co. E, May 24, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Wheeler, George F.; May 16, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Wolverton, Charles A.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Dec 7, '64.
Woodruff, James; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Worthington, Elijah; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Worthington, Samuel; Oct. 3, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; severely kicked in the face by a horse at Petersburg, Va., June 13, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

Francis M. McCue, 1st. sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Roanoke Island, N. C., June 23, '62; disability.
George W. Taylor, 1st sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Alexandria, Va., Aug. 23, '61; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va.; right arm amputated; corp. Dec. 10, '61; sergt. March 1, '62; 1st sergt.; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Augustus Boyd, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 19, '62; disability.
John E. Matthews, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Charles P. Levers, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 15, '63; disability; corp. Dec. 1, '61.
John Dickey, wagoner; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 19, '62; disability.
Aumick, Jacob; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 8, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.
Aumick, William; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Sept. 8, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.
Barrigan, James; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Bettinger, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 28, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Brem, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. at Carolina City, May 28, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Comer, Wesley; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 28, '63; disability.
Cook, Harvey; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, '61; disability.
Duncan, Daniel L.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 22, '62; disability.
Durand, Joseph; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Fisher, Joseph; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., May 2, '64; disability.
Gillis, Frederick; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Hartzell, Benjamin; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 18, '63; disability.
Higgins, Michael; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Hoffman, James; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.

Hubbs, George; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Johnson, William H.; Oct. 3, '61; dishonorably dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 1, '61.
Ribble, George F (1); Oct. 3, 61; dis. at Washington, D. C., June 20, '64; disability; deserted May 6, '62; returned to duty.
Rink, John; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 14, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Schaffer, Bergard; Sept. 3, '62; recruit; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Nov. 20, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Scofield, Edward; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Nov. 20, '62, to join regular army.
Snover, Zebedee; Jan. 1, '64; recruit; dis. at Willet's Point, N. Y., Aug. 6, '64; disability.
Sylvester, Reuben F.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Vancampen, Jacob S.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Carolina City, May 14, '63; disability.
Van Gordon, Alexander M.; Jan. 7, '64; recruit; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; dis. at DeCamp gen. hosp., New York harbor, Sept. 23, '65; disability; trans. from Co. E.
Witherill, Jeffrey W.; Oct. 3, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 22, '62; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Barron, Charles T.; Feb. 19, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Barron, Tilghman A.; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Burns, Thomas; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Oct. 3, '64.
Cortwright, George; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Decker, George M.; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Deiber, Charles; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps, Sept. 30, '64; dis. July 6, '65; trans. from Co. A.
Dickson, George B.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Emory, Aaron S.; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Emory, William; Feb. 20, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Garrison, Philip S.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Hadley, Jacob; Oct. 3, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Dec. 28, '63.
Hardy, Thomas B.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Harrison, Jeremiah; Oct. 3, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. Oct. 3, '64.
Klapproth, Charles; March 9, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Koch, George; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Koenig, William; March 1, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps; dis. March 4, '65; trans. from Co. L.
Matthews, James F.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
McGhie, James; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Muller, John; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Nast, Rudolph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Dec. 28, '63; trans. from Co. L.
Norton, Joseph; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Pittenger, Henry; Oct. 3, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 20, '65; dis. Aug. 2, '65; reen. Jan. 18, '64.
Ribble, Conrad; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Rodenbough, Irvin; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Ryno, Henry C.; Aug. 23, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Shuller, Andrew J.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Spangenberg, Andrew G.; Jan. 1, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 20, '65; dis. Oct. 25, '65.
Speakman, William; Feb. 5, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.

Tinsman, Sylvester J.; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Vanaman, Charles; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Van Gordon, Amos J.; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Van Gordon, James; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Warford, William; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Wilgus, Joseph R.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 11, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 8, '65; dis. Sept. 1, '65; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Zane, Isaac B.; Jan. 13, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. G.

DIED.

Robert R. Phillips, 1st sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; died of diarrhœa at Charleston, S. C., Dec. 9, '64; prisoner of war; buried at nat. cemetery, Beaufort, S. C.; corp. Oct. 3, '61; sergt. Feb. 1, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt.
Austin E. Armstrong, sergt.; Oct. 3, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62.
John Hirt, corp.; Oct. 3, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; corp. Jan. 12, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Barron, William P.; Feb. 19, '64; recruit; died of spotted fever at Trenton, N. J., March 29, '64.
Brown, John; Oct. 3, '61; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64.
Brown, Samuel C.; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Roanoke Island, N. C., April 10, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 43.
Callahan, Timothy; Oct. 3, '61; killed at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64.
Cook, John E.; Oct. 3, '61; died of inflammation of lungs at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., Jan. 23, '62.
Cramer, Nelson R.; Oct. 3, '61; died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 3, '64; buried at Newbern, N. C.
DeForest, Ammadee; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 25, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 44.
Forgus, William D.; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Roanoke Island, N. C., March 4, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 99.
Hagerman, Spencer A.; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., April 17, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 62.
Hollowell, Daniel; Oct. 3, '61; died at Campbell gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., July, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va.
Losey, Henry; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; died of intermittent fever at regt. hosp., Carolina City, N. C., Nov. 18, '64.
Losey, Joseph; Feb. 27, '64; recruit; died of spotted fever at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J., March 10, '64.
Miller, John; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., March 5, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 42.
Meyers, John; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Goldsboro Bridge, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; killed at Swift Creek, Va., May 10, '64; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Dec. 20, '63.
Osborne, John W.; Jan. 4, '64; died of scurvy at Andersonville, Ga., Oct. 7, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 10,463.
Phillips, Mulford B.; Oct. 3, '61; died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 16, '64; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 2.
Staples, Andrew D.; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., April 20, '62.
Van Gordon, Mahlon; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; died of chronic diarrhœa at gen. hosp., Portsmouth, Va., July 30, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 10, sec. A, grave 13.

Warner, Joseph; Oct. 3, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, April 5, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 98.
Winter, William C.; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; died of spotted fever at Camp Perrine, Trenton, N. J., April 11, '64.

DESERTED.

Alston, Charles; Oct. 3, '61; deserted March 14, '62, at Newbern, N. C.
Barnes, Thomas; Oct. 21, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted Nov. 12, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Bean, Peter B.; Oct. 3, '61; deserted May 27, '65, at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Bosenbury, Joseph; Aug. 22, '62; recruit; deserted March 16, '64, at Trenton, N. J.
Burns, Thomas (2); May 24, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Cooper, Thomas; Oct. 3, '61; deserted Nov. 1, '62, at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J.
Coyle, Thomas; March 15, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 4, '65; trans. from Co. G.
Daws, John; March 26, '63; recruit; deserted Feb. 18, '65, at Carolina City, N. C.
King, George; Jan. 13, '65; recruit; deserted April 9, '65, at Goldsboro, N. C.
Mullniex, William; March 15, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted July 4, '65; trans. from Co. F.
Poulmore, Pierson V.; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Ribble, George F. (2); Aug. 19, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Terrell, Daniel H.; Jan. 21, '64; recruit; deserted Aug. 29, '64, at Grant gen. hosp., Willet's Point, New York harbor.
Van Gordon, Abraham; Oct. 3, '61; deserted March 30, '62; returned to duty Nov. 2, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; deserted Dec. 19, '64, at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.
Van Gordon, Jacob A.; Jan. 1, '64; recruit; deserted Dec. 11, '64, at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.
Wilson, James; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; deserted April 27, '64, en route to regt.

COMPANY I.

Henry F. Chew, capt.; Nov. 12, '61; resigned March 9, '62.
Samuel Hufty, capt.; March 9, '62; 1st lieut. Nov. 29, '61; capt. vice Chew resigned; prom. maj. June 15, '64.
Charles Hufty, capt.; July 3, '64; 1st lieut. Co. D, Dec. 23, '62; capt. vice Samuel Hufty prom.; died at hosp., Newbern, N. C., March 14, '65, of wounds received at South West Creek, N. C.; buried at Mt. Vernon cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa.
David Kille, capt.; June 22, '65; corp. Oct. 8, '61; sergt. March 10, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. July 1, '64; 2d lieut. July 3, '64; 1st lieut. Feb. 18, '64; capt. vice Hufty died.
Charles M. Pinkard, 1st Lieut.; March 9, '62; 2d lieut. Nov. 29, '61; 1st lieut. vice Hufty promoted; resigned Dec. 28, '62.
Robert D. Swain, 1st lieut.; Dec. 29, '62; 1st sergt. Oct. 8, '61; 2d lieut. Aug. 15, '62; 1st lieut. vice Pinkard resigned; prom. capt. Co. K, Feb. 10, '65.
Charles B. Springer, 2d lieut.; March 9, '62; sergt. Oct. 8, '61; 2d lieut. vice Pinkard prom.; died of bilious fever at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., July 31, '62; buried at Pedricktown, N. J.
Joseph C. Bowker, 2d lieut.; Dec. 29, '62; sergt. Oct. 8, '61; 1st sergt.; 2d lieut. vice Swain prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. D, July 3, '64.
Daniel Whitney, 2d lieut.; Feb. 18, '65; corp. Oct. 8, '61; sergt. Sept. 1, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Feb. 6, '65; 2d lieut. vice Kille prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. A, June 22, '65.

Edward H. Green, 1st sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; sergt. March 9, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Aug. 1, '64; prom. 2d lieut. Co. D, Jan. 14, '65.

Charles P. Goodwin, 1st sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; corp. Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; sergt. May 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. April 1, '65; 2d lieut. June 22, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

Mark L. Carney, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; corp. Aug. 25, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles Keene, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; and at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. July 1, '64; sergt. Feb. 6, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Lewis Murphy, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; corp. Feb. 6, '65; sergt. April 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John C. Smith, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; corp. May 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt. June 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John S. Hampton, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Aug. 1, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Joseph Wolf, corp.; Jan. 20, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. E; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, '64; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Eugene Sullivan, corp.; March 9, '64; recruit; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

John B. Mitchell, corp.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; corp. April 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

James W. Daniels, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. March 28, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Lewis S. Mickel, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. June 1, '65; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Abram M. Dickinson, corp.; Feb. 29, '64; recruit; corp. June 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles Beyer, musician; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. C; re-en. Dec. 26, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

Asa K. Harbert, musician; Oct. 8, '61; mus. March 1, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

William H. Tonkin, wagoner; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Albertson, Charles; Jan. 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Hart's Island, New York harbor, May 23, '65.

Alvord, Edward L.; Feb. 8, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.

Anderson, Joshua; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

Babser, Frederick; March 1, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Ballinger, Joshua; Sept. 2, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Bennett, John; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Bilderback, Smith; Oct. 8, '61; prom. com. sergt. Oct. 8, '61.

Brady, John; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Whitehall Dec. 16, '62; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 9, '64, and at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Butcher, Samuel T.; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Cawman, Albert C.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Clark, James V.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.

Cliff, John L.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.

Cordrey, Enoch; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Cortwright, George: Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, '65.
Creed, William E.; March 4, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Crist, John P.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Davis, John M.; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Ebert, Philip; Sept. 30, '61; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. L; dis. Feb. 23, '65.
Eifert, Henry; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; and near Kinston, N. C., Dec. 15, '62; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Elkinton, James M.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Estilow, Benjamin; Feb. 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Fagan, Francis; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Floyd, William; Sept. 2, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Green, Robert; Dec. 29, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Haines, Joshua D.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Harper, William A.; Sept. 14, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Harris, James J.; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Harris, William H.; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Hilyard, John W.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Irelan, Enoch; Feb. 14, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Johnson, John N.; Oct. 8, '61; prom. drum major, Oct. 8, '61.
Kauffman, Andrew; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Kelcher, Daniel; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Kell, Nathan; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Kiger, Thomas H.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Klapproth, Charles; March 9, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Layman, Samuel M.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 10, '64, and taken prisoner at Butler's Ridge, N. C., Dec. 12, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., June 22, '65; paroled prisoner.
Loper, Henry; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, March 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Lott, George H.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Lumis, Thomas W.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Madara, Ezekiel; March 10, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Madara, Joseph; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Manderville, James; Feb. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. G; dis. July 12, '65.
Mattson, James P.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at U. S. army gen. hosp., Hampton, Va., Oct. 8, '64.
McCormick, James; March 31, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
McDonald, James; Feb. 15, '65; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
McGhie, James; Feb. 3, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, '65.
McLaughlin, William; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Measey, William; Feb. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.

Mifflin, Albert C.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Miller, David T.; Dec. 28, '63, recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Miller, John; Sept. 30, '61; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. L; re-en. April 6, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Morgan, David; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Morgan, John; Aug. 31, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. E; dis. July 12, '65.
Mosher, Thompson; March 24, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., July 31, '65.
Mulford, Charles D.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Muller, John; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. at New York, Sept. 29, '65.
Myers, Daniel; Sept. 2, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Newkirk, George M.; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Newkirk, John; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Nonamaker, William H.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 5, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
O'Brien, Bernard; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.
Ostertag, John; May 28, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. L; dis. June 3, '65.
Park, Stephen C.; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Parsons, Thomas; Oct. 8, '61; trans. to regular army Nov. 18, '62; returned to Co.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Patton, John A.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Perkins, Samuel; Feb. 14, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Pierce, Eli B.; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Pittman, Reuben R.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Reis, Albert; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Reitz, Francis; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. from Co. K; dis. July 12, '65.
Reynolds, Tyree; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; wounded at Cherry Grove, Va., April 14, '64; trans. from Co. D; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., June 27, '65.
Rodenbough, Irvin; Feb. 25, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, '65.
Schmidt, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Schnabel, Charles; Feb. 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Schroeder, Henry (or Frederick); April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Shepherd, Charles; Oct. 8, '61; prom. com. sergt. Jan. 1, '62.
Shoemaker, Arthur F.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. at gen. hosp., Troy, N. Y., June 24, '65.
Shull, Jonathan; Oct. 8, '61; corp. Oct. 8, '61; private March 10, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Singwald, Francis H.; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Somers, James W.; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Sparks, William C.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62, and wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; corp. Nov. 19, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; private June 27, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Strawn, Francis E.; Aug. 31, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Stretch, William B.; Sept. 2, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Strickland, Amos; Sept. 5, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. C, 12th regt.; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Taylor, John E.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Taylor, Samuel B.; Oct. 8, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Thompson, William; Feb. 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Mansfield gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., June 21, '65.
Townsend, George W.; Oct. 8, 61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Vannaman, Charles; Feb. 24, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. H; dis. July 12, '65.
Vining, Smith H.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. March 31, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Warford, William; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Weber, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Webster, George L.; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Weitzell, Conrad; Aug. 30, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Welch, John; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Wellendorf, Christian; Sept. 30, '61; trans. from Co. L; wounded near Kinston, N. C., Dec. 15, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Woodsides, Fenwick A.; Sept. 2, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at gen. hosp., Portsmouth Grove, R. I.; trans. from Co. A; dis. July 15, '65.
Woolbert, Edward S.; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Youmans, William G.; Feb. 17, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B.; dis. July 12, '65.

DISCHARGED.

James W. Tash, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 24, '63; disability.
Charles G. Lorch, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
William P. Birch, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 17, '63.
Robert Alcorn, bugler; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 25, '62; disability.
Robert P. Craig, musician; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Bramble, Hugh; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Corliss, William P.; Oct. 8, 61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 24, '63; disability.
Felney, Frederick; Oct. 8, 61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Garrison, Philip S.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., May 13, '65; disability; trans. from Co. H.
Gill, Benjamin; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Harbison, John W.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 24, '63; disability.
Harvey, John H.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Ireland, Richmond; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Lester, Samuel; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., March 18, '63; general debility.
Loper, William B.; Oct. 8, 61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.
Matlock, Edmund L.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Douglass U. S. A. gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, '62; disability.
Messick, Charles B.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '62, to join regular army.

Oatanger, Christian; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at White Oak, N. C., Feb. 26, '62; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 24, '63: disability.
Reeves, Isaac; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at St. Helena Island, S. C., March 24, '63; disability.
Ross, Jacob; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. Nov. 20, '62, to join regular army.
Rothenholfer, George; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Hammond gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., March 18, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Schmidt, Philip; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. at Hilton Head, S. C., May 9, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Scholz, Henry; July 21, '62; recruit; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. at Hilton Head, S. C., May 7, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Shuller, Andrew J.; Jan. 27, '64; recruit; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., May 27, '65; disability; trans. from Co. H.
Steibertz, Herman; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Sept. 11, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Stoll, Leonard; June 16, '62; recruit; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 17, '63; disability; trans. from Co. L.
Taylor, Charles; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 23, '62; disability.
Tinsman, Sylvester J.; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Feb. 17, '65; disability; trans. from Co. H.
Warfle, John; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 17, '62.
Wensell, David; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., April 7, '63; disability.
West, Joseph; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, Feb. 8, '62; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Williams, William; Oct. 8, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., May 17, '62; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Edward D. Mattson, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps, April 26, '64; dis. as 1st sergt. Oct. 7, '64.
Samuel B. Harbison, sergt.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 31, '65; dis. Aug. 1, '65; corp. March 10, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; sergt.
John Schweible, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; wounded at Wairhall, Va., May 7, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 31, '65; dis. Aug. 2, '65; trans. from Co. L; corp. Jan. 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Beckett, Hiram D.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Blackman, Malachi; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Clark, John M.; Jan. 17, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Davis, George O.; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Dilmore, Benjamin H.; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. K.
Dubois, Josiah; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 31, '65; dis. Aug. 2, '65; corp. Jan. 1, '63; private Nov. 7, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Essex, Harry; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Fagan, Bernard; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Grady, Thomas; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Graham, James; Dec. 28, '63; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Gumpert, Max; April 13, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Hartranft, Henry A.; Oct. 8, '61; trans. to Co. D.
Hawthorn, James A.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Kearley, Charles; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Mailey, Frank E.; March 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Matlock, George W.; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
McClay, James; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.

McDonald, John; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
McDonald, Robert; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
McFerron, Henry; Feb. 4, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Metzler, John; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Miller, August; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Noll, August; Feb. 12, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Turnbull, George L.; Oct. 8, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 22, '64; dis. Oct. 8, '64.
Van Gordon, Amos J.; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 31, '65; dis. Aug. 2, '65; trans. from Co. H.
Van Gordon, James; Feb. 15, '64; recruit; wounded at Swift Creek, Va., May 10, '64; dis. Dec. 10, '64, at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J.; trans. from Co. H.
Wax, Paul; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.

DIED.

Charles Hoffman, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at White Oak, N. C., July 26, '62; died at Cold Harbor, Va., June 5, '64, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va.; corp. May 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
George W. Cowman, corp.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; corp. Oct. 8, '61; private March 10, '62; corp. May 1, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Brown, Charles; Oct. 8, '61; died of pneumonia at Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 16, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 37.
Davis, William B.; Oct. 8, '61; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Eckert, Leo; Sept. 30, '61; died of diarrhœa at Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 11, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 123; trans. from Co. L.
Hanley, Andrew J.; Oct. 8, '61; taken prisoner at Butler's Bridge, N. C., Dec. 12, '64; died at Salisbury, N. C., Feb. 22, '65; buried at Nat. cemetery, Salisbury, N. C.; prisoner of war; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Hartline, William G.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; died of jaundice at Beaufort, N. C., Feb. 3, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 120.
Hepburn, Magnus; Oct. 8, '61; died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 16, '64; buried at Old cemetery, Newbern, N. C.; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Hughes, William H.; March 1, '64; recruit; died of congestive fever at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J., March 12, '64.
Johnson, John E.; Oct. 8, '61; died at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 15, '62, of wounds received at Kinston, N. C.
Miller, Charles H.; Oct. 8, '61; died of sun-stroke at Fortress Monroe, Va., Aug. 23, '64; buried at Salem, N. J.; sergt. Oct. 8, '61; private March 10, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Mosure, Stephen M.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Cold Harbor, Va., sec. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Parr, Daniel; Jan. 30, '64; recruit; died at Drewry's Bluff, Va., of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 8, sec. C, grave 6.
Remming, Augustus; Oct. 8, '61; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Segraves, Reuben; Oct. 8, '61; died at camp near Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 2, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 70.
Sparks, John; Oct. 8, '61; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died at Florence, S. C., Nov. 15, '64; prisoner of war; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Stalcup, Samuel F.; Oct. 8, '61; killed at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62.

Vanculen, Aaron; Oct. 8, '61; died of diarrhœa at Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 22, '63; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 69.
Wensell, Josiah; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
White, George G.; Oct. 8, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., April 18, '62.
Zanes, Isaac; Oct. 8, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newport Barracks, N. C., May 3, '62.

DESERTED.

Davis, Edward H.; Oct. 8, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; deserted Aug. 18, '62, while on furlough.
Evans, George B.; Dec. 28, '63; recruit; deserted Jan. 2, '64, at Trenton.
Fannin, Thomas; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted June 15, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Gorman, John; March 14, '64; recruit; deserted March 23, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Kingston, John; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
O'Neil, James; Feb. 6, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Powell, John; Oct. 8, '61; deserted Sept. 9, '62, at Christopher st. gen. hosp., Philadelphia, Pa.
Speakman, William; Feb. 5, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; deserted April 29, '65, at Hampton gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va.
Walker, John; Sept. 30, '61; deserted Sept. 9, '63, while on furlough; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. L.

COMPANY K.

Elias J. Drake, capt.; Nov. 13, '61; resigned by request March 25, '62.
William B. S. Boudinot, capt.; May 16, '62; 1st lieut. Nov. 13, '61; capt. vice Drake resigned; resigned Feb. 17, '64.
Jonathan Townley, capt.; March 11, '64; 2d lieut. Nov. 13, '61; 1st lieut. Co. M, March 9, '62; trans. from Co. M; capt. vice Boudinot resigned; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62, and at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Feb. 4, '65.
Robert D. Swain, capt.; Feb. 10, '65; 1st lieut. Co. I, Dec. 29, '62; capt. vice Townley mustered out; dis. July 12, '65.
J. Madison Drake, 1st lieut.; April 13, '64; sergt. Oct. 15, '61; 1st sergt. May 16, '62; 2d lieut. Co. D, June 3, '63; 1st lieut. vice Townley prom.; capt. Feb. 8, '65; not mustered; received medal of honor from congress, March 1, '73, for bravery and gallant services in the field, '61–'65—in southern prison-pens from May 16, '64, to Oct. 6, '64; escaped from Charleston, S. C., Oct. 6, '64; reached Union lines, Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 19, '64; wounded at Winton, N. C., July 26, '63; dis. April 1, '65.
William E. Townley, 1st lieut.; May 22, '65; private Oct. 15, '61; corp. May 8, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Dec. 8, '64; 2d lieut. Nov. 27, '64; 1st lieut., vice Drake mustered out; dis. July 12, '65.
Edward S. Moffat, 2d lieut.; March 9, '62; 1st sergt. Oct. 15, '61; 2d lieut. vice Jonathan Townley prom.; resigned Jan. 26, '64, to accept commission in signal corps, U. S. army; dis. April 11, '65.
Joseph Wright, 2d lieut.; March 11, '64; sergt. Oct. 15, '61; 1st sergt. June 3, '63; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; 2d lieut. vice Moffat resigned; prom. 1st lieut. Co. F, Nov. 27, '64; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.
George L. Bryant, 1st sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. Oct. 15, '61; sergt. July 11, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. April 15, '64; prom. 2d lieut. Co. E, Aug. 1, '64.
John E. Price, 1st sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; sergt. Oct. 15, '61; 1st sergt. Sept. 1, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
James W. Green, 1st. sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. Oct. 15, '61; sergt. July 11, '63; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; 1st sergt. Jan. 1, '65; 2d lieut. May 22, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

Robert S. Williams, sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. Feb. 9, '62; sergt. June 3, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Samuel B. Moore, sergt.; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. C; sergt. Dec. 8, '64; com. 2d lieut. Co. B, June 22, '65; not mustered; dis. July 12, '65.

William R. Knapp, sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. Nov. 25, '63; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; sergt. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Joseph F. Ewing, sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. July 1, '64; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

William F. Ford, sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; corp. Jan. 18, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; private March 10, '64; corp. Jan. 1, '65; sergt. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Joseph Q. Stearns, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Edmund T. Craig, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. Dec. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 15, '64.

David S. C. Higgins, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. May 26, '63; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

William J. Doran, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; corp. July 13, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Allen Clark, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Samuel J. Dilkes, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Gardiner's Bridge, N. C., Dec. 9, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Samuel N. Terrell, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; wounded at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 24, '64; corp. July 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Jeremiah Crowell, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; corp. June 15, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Charles Hinton, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Dec. 8, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

James H. Brown, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. July 12, '65.

Jeremiah C. Decker, corp.; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; corp. Jan. 1, '65; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Joseph Norton, corp.; Feb. 24, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. H; corp. Nov. 1, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Sebastian Lauer, musician; Dec. 28, '61; trans. from Co. C; dis. July 12, '65.

Sebald Ebert, musician; May 20, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. G; mus. June 30, '63; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 5, '65.

John R. Lemon, wagoner; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.

Anderson, John; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; regt. armorer; dis. July 12, '65.

Ash, George W.; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Bankson, Bernard; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

Becker, August; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

Berry, Alexander H.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 25, '65.

Blackman, Malachi; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.

Bryant, John J.; Feb. 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Cadmus, Aaron S.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; deserted May 7, '64; returned to duty Aug. 15, '64; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.

Campbell, Lewis; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Carrigan, James; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.

Cass, Matthias; Dec. 24, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

Castlow, Bernard; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Ceasar, Christian; Feb. 25, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.

Cleveland, Edmund J.; Aug. 9, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.

Condelly, Edward; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Condelly, Patrick; March 14, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.

Conroy, John; Oct. 15, 61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Cook, Henry; Oct. 15, '61; on detached service with signal corps; dis. Oct. 29, '64.
Cook, James; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Corcoran, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Councellor, Henry; March 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Coyle, Michael; Jan. 14, '65; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Crane, Stephen W.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Cunningham, Lawrence; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Davis, Joseph H. (2); March 12, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, N. J., July 19, '65.
Delaney, Thomas; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62, and also at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Devine, Isaac N.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Dilmore, Benjamin H.; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. I; dis. July 12, '65.
English, Owen; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. B; dis. July 12, '65.
Fairbrother, John; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Force, Sobieski; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Forsyth, George; Jan. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Frank, Albert; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Gaffney, Andrew J.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Garrabrant, Andrew; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Gerth, Robert G.; Sept. 13, '61; corp. Sept. 13, '61; private Nov. 17, '62; trans. from Co. A; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hamler, Abner; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hamler, James E.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Dec. 20, '63; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Hamler, William H.; Dec. 31, '63; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Harrison, James; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Hatfield, Ira, Jr.; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hinton, Thomas W.; March 9, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Hoffman, Charles; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Horton, William; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Houghtaling, Henry; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Hubert, Joseph C.; Feb. 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Huey, Isaac; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Jackson, John K.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Kaiser, Harris; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. A; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64, and at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 19, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Keene, George W.; Dec. 27, '63; recruit; dis. at Balfour gen. hosp., Portsmouth, Va., May 31, '65.
Kneller, Frederick; Feb. 19, '64; recruit; dis. at New York, June 2, '65.
Kneller, William; Feb. 12, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Kniller, Jacob F.; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Kuntz, Joseph; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. A; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Lampe, Albrecht; Sept. 13, '61; trans. from Co. A; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

Lawrence, John; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Levy, William P.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Longtin, Tencrel; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Longtin, Zotique; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, 65.
MacQuaide, Thomas G.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; corp. Nov. 24, '63; private July 1, '64; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Maloy, James; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; July 12, '65.
Malone, Peter; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; dis. July 12, '65.
Matthews, Thomas; April 6, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
McCarty, William; Dec. 24, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
McCormick, Thomas; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
McGovern, James; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Minnis, Robert; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Moran, Edward; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. July 12, '65.
Murray, Thomas; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Nelson, James H. C.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Neirman, Joseph; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Park, Walter L.; April 8, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.
Peacock, John; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Rame, Ferdinand; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Randolph, Phineas; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, '62; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Reinhart, George A.; March 5, '64; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Ricketts, John W.; Aug. 31, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Robertson, Henry H.; March 21, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. F; dis. July 12, '65.
Ross, William H.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62, and at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. at New York, Aug. 9, '65.
Sayre, James E.; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. from Co. G; dis. July 12, '65.
Schneider, Frederick; Sept. 8, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Mansfield gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., June 6, '65.
Seaman, Lansing; March 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Skillman, John G.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; re-en. Jan. 18, '64; dis. July 12, '65.
Smith, James H.; March 8, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Sucke, Wenzell; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Swain, Edward M.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64.
Sweeney, Michael; Jan. 2, '64; recruit; dis. July 12, '65.
Teates, George W.; Oct. 15, '61; re-en. Nov. 25, '63; dis. at Philadelphia, July 12, '65; prisoner of war; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 7, '64.
Tonkin, George W.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Townley, George R.; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Tracy, Patrick; Feb. 26, '64; recruit; trans. from Co. D; dis. July 12, '65.
Van Ardsdale, William H.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 30, '64.
Vaughn, John; Dec. 8, '64; substitute; dis. at Trenton, July 19, '65.
Von Cloedt, Julius; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Walker, George; April 11, '65; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. July 12, '65.

Weiss, Adolph; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wellbrook, Henry; Oct. 1, '64; substitute; dis. at Greensboro, N. C., June 14, '65.
Wilson, Cummings H.; Jan. 5, '64; recruit; dis. at Trenton, June 12, '65.
Winans, Elias C.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.
Woolery, Jerome W.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 7, '64.

DISCHARGED.

Eleazer Hankins, sergt.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
John Lorence, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Sept. 30, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; both legs amputated.
John H. Good, corp.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., April 24, '63; disability; corp. May 8, '62.
John Bell, musician; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 14, '62; disability.
Allgeyer, Philip; Sept. 13, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., March 18, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Ashley, William; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 10, '62; disability.
Atchison, Moses; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 11, '62; disability.
Ayres, Ezra F.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 18, '62, to join regular army.
Babcock, William O.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Baldwin, Edward; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Morehead City, Nov. 18, '62.
Billings, Charles M.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 12, '62; disability.
Bural, Jonathan A.; Oct. 15,'61; dis. at gen. hosp., New York, Aug. 18, '62, of wounds received at Roanoke Island, N. C.; leg amputated.
Chester, Reuben; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Sept. 15, '63; disability.
Davis, Joseph H. (1); Oct. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 18, '62.
Davison, Luke; Dec. 3, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., May 29, '63; disability.
Dobbs, Joseph P.; Jan. 5, '64; recruit; dis. at Newark, N. J., January 10, '65.
Doran, Joseph; Aug. 9, '62; recruit; dis. at Newbern, N. C., May 7, '63; disability.
Freeman, Thomas; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Chesapeake gen. hosp., Fortress Monroe, Va., Nov. 11, '62, of wounds received at Newbern.
Hale, Edward C.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Hankins, George S.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 24, '62; disability.
Hillyer, John E.; Oct. 16, '61; dis. at Morehead City, N. C., Nov. 18, '62.
Hughes, Robert; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 28, '63; disability.
Koenig, John M.; Oct. 19, '61; dis. at Carolina City, N. C., April 24, '63; disability; trans. from Co. A.
Marshall, William D.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 1, '63; disability.
Ranear, John; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, '62; disability.
Reeves, Jarvis; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 12, '62; disability.
Robert, Vincent; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 23, '62; disability.
Southard, William H.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 18, '62, to join regular army.

Ward, John; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; dis. at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Aug. 18, '65, of wounds received at Weir Bottom Church, Va., May 9, '64; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Watkins, Joseph S.; Oct. 15, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., June 30, '64; disability.
Williams, Charles A.; March 7, '62; recruit; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, '64; dis. at gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., Feb. 16, '65; disability; re-en. March 11, '64.

TRANSFERRED.

Anglo, Charles P.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Bellis, Henry W.; Oct. 15, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, May 13, '64; dis. Oct. 15, '64.
Bowers, Paul; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Brown, Charles M.; April 12, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Brown, Henry L.; Feb. 24, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Chew, William; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Cliff, John L.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Colfer, James; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. H.
Covert, Louces C.; March 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Crist, John P.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Dawson, John E.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Doughty, Benjamin F.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Douglass, Robert J.; March 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
English, Henry B.; Feb. 24, '64; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
English, Samuel W.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Fredericks, David; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Fredericks, Henry; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Franck, Emil; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Giles, David S.; Jan. 15, '64; recruit; wounded at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, Jan. 19, '65; dis. Aug. 11, '65.
Graham, Robert; March 25, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Harbert, David S.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. to Co. F.
Herning, John; March 29, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Hoffman, John J.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Holston, John M.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Hoover, Absalom; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 16, '62, and at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, Oct. 17, '64; dis. Aug. 14, '65; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Hull, Benjamin; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, '62; trans. to vet. res. corps, March. 31, '64; dis. Sept. 9, '64; arm ampu.
Johnson, William M.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Kellum, Josiah; March 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Kell, Nathan; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
Ledden, Nathan D.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Ledden, Samuel; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Lidgett, James; Jan. 28, '64; recruit; trans. to Co. B.
Little, Isaac; March 3, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. F.
Lutz, Joel E.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Major, Timothy; Jan. 30, '65; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Maxwell, Henry; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
McLaughlin, William; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. I.
McIlvaine, William; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Murray, John; March 28, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Newbern, William H.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Parker, John; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Parker, Richard; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Reed, David; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Reitz, Francis; Feb. 28, '65; 1 yr.; drafted; trans. to Co. I.
Rice, James H.; Sept. 30, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; trans. to dept. northwest, March 22, '65; dis. July 19, '65.

Rose, Delancy M.; Oct. 15, '61; trans. to vet. res. corps, March 20, '65; dis. Oct. 11, '65; re-en. Nov. 25, '63.
Shields, George; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Simmerman, Abram; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Smith, David R.; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. C.
Smith, John; April 13, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. E.
Souders, George; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Stalford, William F.; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.
Sullivan, Francis; April 7, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Thomas, Edwin W.; Jan. 4, '64; recruit; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, '64; trans. to vet. res. corps, May 8, '65; dis. June 12, '65.
Vannaman, William; March 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Westcott, Daniel; Feb. 24, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. D.
Whitney, George W.; April 10, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; trans. to Co. G.

DIED.

Levi Depue, corp.; Dec. 3, '61; wounded at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62; died at Newbern, N. C., March 17, '62, of wounds received at Newbern, N. C.; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 97.
Davis, Luther; Aug. 21, '62; recruit; died of typhoid fever on board transport "Dudley Buck," at Hatteras Inlet, Aug. 20, '63.
Denman, Theodore; Oct. 15, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.
Fisher, Isaac; Oct. 15, '61; died at Balfour gen. hosp., Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 7, '62, of wounds received near Blackwater river, N. C.; buried at nat. cemetery, Hampton, Va., row 6, sec. D, grave 43.
Foster, Elvy; Feb. 23, '65; 1 yr.; recruit; recorded at war dept. as died March 9, '65.
Klotz, John G.; Sept. 13, '61; killed at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Kunder, Adam; Sept. 13, '61; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; recorded at war dept. as dead, and buried at Wilmington nat. cemetery, N. C., grave 1,955; prisoner of war; trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Parkhurst, John S.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; died of yellow fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 8, '64; buried at Old cemetery, Newbern, N. C.
Peer, Tunis; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 20, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 6,298.
Purcell, Henry P.; Oct. 15, '61; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died of congestive fever at Ward gen. hosp., Newark, N. J., June 15, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Shreve, Alexander; Oct. 15, '61; died of typhoid fever at 18th army corps hosp., Point of Rocks, Va., Sept. 17, '64.
Simmonds, John; Jan. 5, '64; recruit; taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, '64; died of diarrhœa at Andersonville, Ga., Aug. 9, '64; buried at nat. cemetery, Andersonville, Ga., grave 5,087.
Smith, George H.; Oct. 15, '61; killed at Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, '62.
Space, Henry; Oct. 15, '61; died of fever at Newbern, April 23, '62.
Townley, Moses E.; Oct. 15, '61; died of fever at Newbern, N. C., April 6, '62.
Trumbull, John; Sept. 19, '64; recruit; died of fever at reg. hosp., Carolina City, N. C., Oct. 19, '64.
Weder, John; Oct. 15, 61, killed at Walthall, Va., May 6, '64; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.

DESERTED.

Baker, John; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; deserted July 10, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.

Bennett, William; April 22, '64; recruit; deserted April 25, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Brown, Charles; Feb. 16, '64; recruit; deserted March 10, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Delaney, John; March 19, '64; recruit; deserted en route to regt.
Derbrow, John J.; Oct. 15, '61; deserted May 26, '63, at Carolina City, N. C.
Farron, John; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; deserted June 26, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Hicks, Adam; Oct. 15, '61; deserted Nov. 10, '61; returned to duty; deserted Oct. 15, '62.
Kane, John; Dec. 28, '64; substitute; deserted June 25, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Kavanaugh, James; Nov. 20, '63; recruit; deserted Dec. 8, '63, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Kurtze, William; Oct. 17, '61; deserted July 10, '65, at Greensboro, N. C., trans. from Co. A; re-en. Jan. 18, '64.
Lynch, James; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; deserted Jan. 23, '65, while on furlough; trans. from Co. A.
Morris, William J.; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Oct. 30, '64, at camp near Carolina City, N. C.
Pettit, John; April 20, '64; recruit; deserted April 29, '64, at draft rendezvous, Trenton, N. J.
Quinn, James; Sept. 29, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted Dec. 18, '64, at Carolina City, N. C.
Smith, James; Dec. 27, '64; substitute; deserted May 29, '65, at Greensboro, N. C.
Williams, William; Sept. 28, '64; 1 yr.; substitute; deserted April 15, '65, at DeCamp gen. hosp., David's Island, New York harbor.
Wilson, Charles; Sept. 30, '64; substitute; deserted Oct. 30, '64, at camp at Carolina City, N. C.

COMPANY L.

Charles H. Erb, capt.; Nov. 14, '61; mustered out as super. Nov. 18, '62.
Henry M. Heinold, 1st lieut.; Nov. 14, '61; resigned March 9, '62.
Edward Wilborn, 1st lieut.; March 9, '62; 2d lieut. Co. A, Dec. 7, '61; 1st lieut. vice Heinold resigned; mustered out as super. Nov. 18, '62.
Francis E. Adler, 2d lieut.; Oct. 21, '61; resigned Feb. 16, '62.
Anton C. Moll, 2d lieut.; Sept. 5, '62; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; 1st sergt. Aug. 5, '62; 2d lieut. vice Adler resigned; mustered out as super. Nov. 18, '62.

DISCHARGED.

John Muller, (1), 1st sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Aug. 4, '62; disability.
Conrad Kraft, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Boucher, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., Aug. 4, '62; disability.
Brien, David; March 8, '62; recruit; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Buck, John; Sept. 1, '62; recruit; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Frank, Anton; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Graff, Christian; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 21, '62; disability.
Hagel, Andreas; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Moll, Christian; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Walters, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Newport Barracks, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.

Weiser, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.
Wirth, John; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62.

TRANSFERRED.

Adam Weinrich, sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Henry Mathes, sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Axel Chiwitz, sergt.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Philip Ebert, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
John Miller, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
John Walker, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Henry Trilk, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Christian Hurnburg, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Gustav Binder, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
John Albert, bugler; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62; trans. from Co. A.
Charles Beyer, musician; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Daniel B. Geroe, wagoner; Oct. 21, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Barrett, John F.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Barrett, Joseph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Bauer, Andreas; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Benner, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Bertrand, Albert; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Bettinger, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Bettinger, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Brem, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Burgard, Daniel; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A, Nov. 19, '62.
Deishler, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Dreher, August; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Eckert, Leo; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Eier, Daniel; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Heilmann, John G.; July 16, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Heller, John; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Hoffman, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Hoyer, Gottleib; Oct. 21, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Jurgens, Martin; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Kaiser, Charles; Oct. 21, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Kaiser, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Kirchguessner, Peter; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Klaproth, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Koenig, Albert; March 1, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Koenig, William; March 1, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Kramer, John; May 30, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Kuhn, Rudolph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.
Lauer, Sebastian; Dec. 28, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Lowe, Augustus; Sept. 20, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Meyers, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Muller, John (2); Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Nast, Rudolph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Neycomer, Conrad R.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Oberst, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Ostertag, John; May 28, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Pratsh, Thomas; Sept. 20, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Rink, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Rothenhofer, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Schaffer, Berghard; Sept. 3, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Scherf, Ludwick A.; Sept. 3, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Schieck, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Schmidt, Jacob; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 17, '62.
Schmidt, Philip; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Schmitz, Joseph; Oct. 21, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Scholz, Henry; July 21, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.

Schwartz, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. H, Nov. 17, '62.
Schweibel, John; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Steibertz, Herman; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Stoll, Leonard; June 16, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Tenetus, Herman; Oct. 21, '61; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Weber, Frederick; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Wellendorf, Christian; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. I, Nov. 18, '62.
Werner, Herman; March 1, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. C, Nov. 17, '62.
Yeager, Benjamin; March 7, '62; recruit; trans to Co. M, Nov. 19, '62.

DIED.

Edward Zorn, corp.; Sept. 30, '61; died of heart disease at Douglass gen. hosp., Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, '62.
Ensle, Henry (or Inslee); Sept. 30, '61; died at Newbern, N. C., April 18, '62, of wounds.
Green, Charles; Sept. 30, '61; died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 4, '62.
Karl, Michael A.; Sept. 30, '61; died of typhoid fever on board transport "Dragoon," on passage from Roanoke to Newbern, N. C., May 4, '62.
Merz, John; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; died at gen. hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 15, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, sec. 12, grave 122.

DESERTED.

Baden, John; Sept. 25, '62; recruit; deserted Oct. 28, '62, en route to regt.
Dean, Ludwick; Aug. 14, '62; recruit; deserted Aug. 21, '62, at Trenton, N. J.
Matzinger, John; Sept. 10, '62; recruit; deserted Sept. 18, '62, at Trenton, N. J.

COMPANY M.

Joseph M. McChesney, capt.; Nov. 15, '61; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62; trans. to Co. A, Nov. 24, '62.
Thomas J. Smith, 1st lieut.; Nov. 15, '61; resigned March 9, '62.
Jonathan Townley, 1st lieut.; March 9, '62; 2d lieut. Co. K, Nov. 13, '61; 1st lieut. vice Smith resigned; trans. to Co. K, May 16, '62.
Thomas B. Appleget, 1st lieut.; May 16, '62; sergt. Sept. 17, '61; 1st sergt. Nov. 17, '61; 2d lieut. March 9, '62; 1st lieut. vice Townley trans.; trans. to Co. A, Nov. 24, '62.
Andrew Canse, Jr., 2d lieut.; Nov. 15, '61; 1st sergt. Sept. 17, '61; resigned March 9, '62.
John E. McDougal, 2d lieut.; May 16, '62; corp. Sept. 17, '61; sergt.; 2d lieut. vice Appleget prom.; prom. 1st lieut. Co. A, June 19, '63.
John M. Davies, 1st sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; sergt. Sept. 17, '61; 1st sergt. March 9, '62; prom. asst. surg. May 1, '62.

DISCHARGED.

Baylis, Elias; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 12, '61; disability.
Dobbs, Joseph P.; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.
DeHart, David; Sept. 30, '61; dis. at Camp Olden, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 12, '61; disability.
Giles, John H.; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 24, '62; disability.
McElwee, Daniel; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Hammond hosp., Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 22, '62; disability.
Messeroll, Williamson; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 17, '62; disability.

Muddell, Trayton; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 20, '62; disability.
Nolan, John A.; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Beaufort, N. C., June 9, '62; disability.
Obert, Frederick; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., June 24, '62; disability.
Slover, Stephen; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Newbern, N. C., July 19, '62; disability.
Vandewater, James; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 4, '61; minority.
Van Nortwick, Nicholas; Sept. 17, '61; dis. at Meridian Hill, Va., Feb. 1, '62; disability.

TRANSFERRED.

Charles W. Grover, 1st sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Symmes H. Stillwell, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Charles W. Conover, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Albert Edwards, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Arunah D. Applegate, sergt.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
John G. Mount, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Nelson Barricklow, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Lucius C. Bonham, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Thomas C. Burke, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
David C. Clayton, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Mahlon DeCamp, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Charles Messeroll, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Reuben V. P. Wood, corp.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Samuel F. Cox, bugler; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
William Hinton, musician; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Cornelius B. Hoagland, wagoner; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Albert, John; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Appleget, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Arlow, Robert; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Bader, John; Sept. 25, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Barrett, John F.; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Barrett, Joseph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Bauer, Andreas; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Bendy, William H.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Benner, George; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Biehl, Ernest; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Buckley, Nathan; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Clayton, William; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Clevenger, Edward; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Conover, Leonard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Cook, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Cox, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Dreher, August; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Dugan, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Dunn, Andrew B.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Dunomore, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Evers, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Flower, Charles; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Garry, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Giles, Enoch; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Haines, Charles G.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Harris, William; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Heilman, John G.; July 16, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Heller, John; Aug. 27, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Hoagland, Calvin; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Hopp, John; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.

Hubner, Charles; Oct. 1, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Huttish, Caleb; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Hunt, William A.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Ives, Milton J.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Jackson, Thomas A.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Jones, Peter; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Kuhn, Rudolph; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Macker, Francis; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Marsh, George; Aug. 20, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Mathes, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; sergt. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 19, '62; trans. from Co. L.
Matthews, James; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
McGintay, Michael; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
McLarren, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Messeroll, Isaac B.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Muller, Charles; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Muller, John; Oct. 9, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Mulligan, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Noll, Herman; Sept. 18, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Nulty, Bernard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Perrine, George; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Perrine, Thomas; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Petty, Charles; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Plondke, Julius; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Probst, Lewis; Aug. 18, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Quigley, Daniel A.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Reamer, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Rieger, Joseph; Sept. 13, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Rolfe, George N.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Roxberry, Joseph; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Rudolph, Augustus; Oct. 9, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Schmalstick, Charles; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Scholl, Frederick; Nov. 21, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Scully, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Selby, Richard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Shorbell, Edward; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Slover, Abram; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Smith, Amzi W.; Sept. 16, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Smith, George A.; Sept. 15, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Smith, Jasper S.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Snediker, Howard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Snediker, Richard; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Stout, William K.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Stults, Salter S.; June 5, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A.
Stults, Simeon; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Stussy, Jacob; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Trilk, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A; corp. Sept. 30, '61; private Nov. 19, '62; trans. from Co. L.
Vannise, Andrew M.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Voigt, Christian; Sept. 28, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Wade, William S.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Webb, William W.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A; wounded at Newbern, N. C., March 14, '62.
Webb, William W.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Wessels, Jacob H.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Williams, William H.; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Witcraft, Albert; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Witcraft, John; Sept. 17, '61; trans. to Co. A.
Yeager, Benjamin; March 7, '62; recruit; trans. to Co. A; trans. from Co. L.
Zink, Henry; Sept. 30, '61; trans. to Co. A.

DIED.

Ingling, Ridgway S.; Sept. 17, '61; killed at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, '62.

Perrine, Alfred; Sept. 17, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., April 10, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 11.

Perrine, Spatford; Sept. 17, '61; died of typhoid fever at Newport barracks, N. C., May 23, '62; buried at Newbern nat. cemetery, N. C., sec. 12, grave 92.

DESERTED.

Brown, Samuel E.; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Newark, N. J.

Eldridge, Thomas S.; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 16, '61, at Trenton.

Grover, Joseph; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Hamilton, James; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Dec. 2, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Handell, Michael; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Johnson, Thomas; Sept. 15, '62; recruit; deserted Sept. 19, '62, en route to regt.

Leer, John; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Morris, Michael; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Vannote, Bartine; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.

Voorhees, John D.; Sept. 17, '61; deserted Nov. 12, '61, at Trenton, N. J.